

FAIRY LEGENDS

AND TRADITIONS
OF SOUTHERN IRELAND



T. CROFTON CROKER

1825



"What's your name my darling?" says Dick

First Published by
John Murray in 1825

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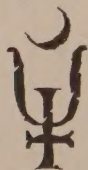
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FAIRY LEGENDS

AND

TRADITIONS

OF THE

SOUTH OF IRELAND.

The New Series.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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TO
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.
THIS VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED,
IN ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS,
AND
IN GRATITUDE FOR HIS KINDNESS,
BY
T. CROFTON CROKER.

The Etchings by, and Wood Engravings after the drawings of
W. H. Brooke, F. S. A.

P R E F A C E.

IN redeeming a promise made in the preface to the second edition of the *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, and placing before the public a second part of the same work, I trust that the indulgence which the former volume has experienced will be extended to the present collection.

The literary intercourse of European nations is now so great, and translation so common, that a writer has in general but little reason to plume himself on his work having appeared in a French or German dress. But the character of the translator may confer value on that otherwise indifferent circumstance; and I cannot but feel and express a considerable degree of satisfaction at observing my former volume translated into German by

such eminent scholars as the brothers Grimm, whose friendship and valuable correspondence it has also procured me. Their version, which I had not seen when the second edition appeared, is, as might be expected, faithful and spirited; and to it they have prefixed a most learned and valuable introduction respecting Fairy superstition in general.

“Whoever,” says Dr. Grimm, in the preface to the German translation, “has a relish for innocent and simple poetry, will feel attracted by these tales. They possess a peculiar flavour which is not without its charms, and they come to us from a country of which we are in general reminded in but few, and those not very pleasant relations. It is, moreover, inhabited by a people whose antiquity and early civilization is attested by history; and who, as they in part still speak their own language, must retain living traces of their former times, to show which the belief in supernatural beings here exhibited yields, perhaps, one of the best examples.”

The following extracts from the public prints are evidences of the popular superstition of Ireland, and are in themselves too re-

markable to be omitted in a work professing to illustrate the subject. Deeply as I lament that such delusion should exist, these facts will sufficiently prove that I have not (as has been insinuated) conjured up forgotten tales, or attempted to perpetuate a creed which had disappeared. On the contrary, my aim has been to bring the twilight tales of the peasantry before the view of the philosopher; as, if suffered to remain unnoticed, the latent belief in them may long have lingered among the inhabitants of the wild mountain and lonesome glen, to retard the progress of their civilization.

“TRALEE ASSIZES, July, 1826.—*Child Murder*.—Ann Roche, an old woman of very advanced age, was indicted for the murder of Michael Leahy, a young child, by drowning him in the Flesk. This case, which at first assumed a very serious aspect, from the meaning imputed to words spoken by the prisoner, ‘that the sin of the child’s death was on the grandmother, and not on the prisoner,’ turned out to be a homicide committed under the delusion of the grossest superstition. The child, though four years old, could neither stand, walk, or speak—it was thought to be *fairy-struck*—and the grandmother ordered the prisoner and one of

the witnesses, Mary Clifford, to bathe the child every morning in that pool of the river Flesk where the boundaries of three farms met ; they had so bathed it for three mornings running, and on the last morning the prisoner kept the child longer under the water than usual, when her companion (the witness, Mary Clifford) said to the prisoner, ‘ How can you hope ever to see God after this ? ’ to which the prisoner replied, ‘ that the sin was on the grandmother and not on her. ’ Upon cross-examination, the witness said it was not done with intent to kill the child, but to cure it—to put the fairy out of it.

“ The policeman who apprehended her stated, that on charging her with drowning the child, she said it was no matter if it had died four years ago.

“ Baron Pennefather said, that though it was a case of suspicion, and required to be thoroughly examined into, yet the jury would not be safe in convicting the prisoner of murder, however strong their suspicions might be. Verdict—Not guilty.”—*Morning Post*.

“ An inquest was held on Saturday last, on the body of a man of the name of Connor, a schoolmaster, in the neighbourhood of Castle Nenor, county of Sligo. This unfortunate man had expressed his determination to read his recantation on the following Sunday, notwithstanding all the efforts of his friends to dissuade him ; they succeeded in enticing him into a house, where he was found suspended from the ceiling. A verdict of Wilful Murder against persons unknown

was found at the inquest, and warrants were issued against his own father and two of his cousins on suspicion of having perpetrated the deed. These persons endeavoured to circulate a report that he had been hanged by the *fairies*. It appeared on the inquest that those persons, who were the first to give the alarm, had passed by some houses in the immediate vicinity of the house where the body was found hanging.”—*Dublin Evening Mail*, 18th April, 1827.

It would be in the power of every one conversant with the manners of the country to produce instances of the undoubting belief in these superstitions, if not so formal and revolting as the foregoing, yet fully as convincing.

Notwithstanding the collection of Irish fairy legends, which I have formed in this and the former volume, the subject is far from being exhausted. But here, at least as relates to Ireland, I have determined to finish my task. A third or supplementary volume will, however, appear under the same title; and although forming a separate work on the fairy superstitions of Wales and other countries, it may be considered as illustrative of those current in Ireland.

In conclusion, I have to offer my very best acknowledgments for the many communications with which I have been favoured. To Mr. Lynch, in particular, my thanks are due for a manuscript collection of legends, from which those of “Diarmid Bawn, the Piper,” and “Rent Day” have been selected. The material assistance, however, derived from various sources will be evident, and these sources are so numerous as almost to preclude individual mention.



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FAIRY LEGENDS.

THE MERROW.



———“The mysterious depths
And wild and wond’rous forms of ocean old.”

THE CONCHOLOGIST.

LEGENDS OF THE MERROW.

THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

ON the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at day-break, stood Dick Fitzgerald "shoghing the dudeen," which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists clearing away out of the valleys went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth.

"'Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning," said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he, after a pause, "'tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul

to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or may be the misfortune," said Dick, with a melancholy smile, "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He's no more surely than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissars, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is no ways complete.—Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuleen driuth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her; and he had heard, that if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away into the water: so he seized it with

all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow saw that her little diving-cap was gone, the salt tears—doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry with just the tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come out of it. Yet he could not help pitying her; and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own.

“Don't cry, my darling,” said Dick Fitzgerald; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand, by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot; but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

“What's your name, my darling?” says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him; but

he got no answer; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him: he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeased at this mode of conversation; and, making an end of her whining all at once—"Man," says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face, "Man, will you eat me?"

"By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you, my pet?—Now, 'twas some ugly ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!"

"Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me, if you won't eat me?"

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife: he saw, at the first glimpse, that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man, that settled the matter entirely.

"Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion; "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed morning, that I'll make you mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do."

"Never say the word twice," says she; "I'm ready and willing to be yours, mister Fitzgerald; but stop, if you please, 'till I twist up my hair."

It was some time before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rock.

Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along, and, says he, in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?"

"It's nothing else," says she, quite carelessly, "I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

"And who's your father, my duck?" says Dick.

“What!” said the Merrow, “did you never hear of my father? he’s the king of the waves, to be sure!”

“And yourself, then, is a real king’s daughter?” said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be.

“Oh, I’m nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father;—to be sure he has all the money that’s down in the bottom of the sea!”

“Money,” repeated the Merrow, “what’s money?”

“’Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it,” replied Dick; “and may be now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?”

“Oh! yes,” said the Merrow, “they bring me what I want.”

“To speak the truth then,” said Dick, “’tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that, I’m thinking, is no ways fitting for a king’s daughter; so if ’twould not be displeasing to you, just to mention, a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets—but what am I talking about? may be you have not such things as beds down under the water?”

“By all means,” said she, “Mr. Fitzgerald—

plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones."

"You have," says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. "'Tis a feather bed I was speaking of—but clearly, yours is the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one, need never ask for the other."

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went, therefore, across the Strand, from Gollerus to Ballinrunnig, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

"There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald," said his Reverence, looking mighty glum. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry?—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever she came from."

Dick had the *cohuleen driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then, says he—

"Please your Reverence, she's a king's daughter."

"If she was the daughter of fifty kings," said

Father Fitzgibbon, "I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish."

"Please your Reverence," said Dick again, in an under tone, "she is as mild and as beautiful as the moon."

"If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald," said the Priest, stamping his right foot, "you can't marry her, she being a fish!"

"But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made man if I marry her; and," said Dick, looking up sily, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job."

"Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the Priest; "why there's some reason now in what you say: why didn't you tell me this before?—marry her by all means if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hansel of it as another, that may be would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done."

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus well pleased with each other. Every thing prospered with Dick—he was at the

sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for, at the end of three years, there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl.

In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take proper care of what he had got; many another man, however, beside Dick, has not had wit enough to do that.

One day when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife, minding the children at home after him; and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing tackle.

Dick was no sooner gone than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her own *cohuleen driuth*.

She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them.

She sat down on a little stool and thought over

the happy days she had spent under the sea ; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. “ But,” says she, “ he won’t lose me entirely, for I’ll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them ? ”

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it, a tear trembled for an instant in her eye and then fell on its rosy cheek. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand.—The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the *cohuleen driuth* on her head, she plunged in.

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathelin, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and

he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the *cohuleen driuth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him.

Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade him but that her father the king kept her below by main force; "For," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children."

While she was with him, she was so good a wife in every respect, that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country as the pattern for one, under the name of THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

The people of Feroe say, that the seal every ninth night puts off its skin and gets a human form, and then dances and sports like the "human mortals," till it resumes its skin and becomes a seal again. It once happened that a man came by while this took place, and seeing the skin, he seized it and hid it.

When the seal, which was in the shape of a woman, could not find its skin to creep into, it was forced to remain in the human form, and, as she was fair to look upon, the same man took her to wife, had children by her, and lived right happy with her. After a long time, the wife found the skin that had been stolen and could not resist the temptation to creep into it, and so she became a seal again.

Danske Folkesagn, vol. 3. p. 51.

Mr. Hibbert, in his Description of the Shetland Islands, relates the same story in such a pleasing manner, that it is impossible to refrain from quoting his words. "Sometimes," he informs us, "Mermen and Merwomen have formed connubial attachments with the human race. A story is told of an inhabitant of Unst, who, in walking on the sandy margin of a voe, saw a number of these beings dancing by moonlight, and several seal-skins strewed beside them on the ground. At his approach, they immediately fled to secure their garbs, and taking upon themselves the form of seals, plunged immediately into the sea. But as the Shetlander perceived that one skin lay close to his feet, he snatched it up, bore it swiftly away, and placed it in concealment. On returning to the shore, he met the fairest damsel that was ever gazed upon by mortal eyes lamenting the robbery by which she should become an exile from her submarine friends and a tenant of the upper world. Vainly she implored the restitution of her property: the man had drunk deeply of love, and was inexorable, but offered her

protection beneath his roof as his betrothed spouse. The Merlady perceiving that she must become an inhabitant of the earth, found that she could not do better than accept of the offer. This strange connubial attachment subsisted for many years, and several children were the fruits of it, who retained no farther marks of their origin, than in the resemblance which a sort of web between their fingers bore to the fore-feet of a seal—this peculiarity being possessed by the descendants of the family to the present day. The Shetlander's love for his Merwife was unbounded, but his affection was coldly returned. The lady would often steal alone to the desert strand, and, on a signal being given, a large seal would make his appearance, with whom she would hold, in an unknown tongue, an anxious conference. Years had thus glided away, when it happened that one of the children, in the course of his play, found concealed beneath a stack of corn a seal's skin, and, delighted with the prize, ran with it to his mother. Her eyes glistened with rapture—she gazed upon it as her own—as the means by which she could pass through the ocean that led to her native home. She burst forth into an ecstasy of joy, which was only moderated when she beheld her children whom she was now about to leave, and after hastily embracing them, fled with all speed towards the sea side. The husband immediately returned—learned the discovery that had taken place—ran to overtake his wife, but only arrived in time to see her transformation of shape completed—to see her in the

form of a seal, bound from the ledge of a rock into the sea. The large animal of the same kind with whom she had held a secret converse soon appeared, and evidently congratulated her in the most tender manner on her escape. But before she dived to unknown depth, she cast a parting glance at the wretched Shetlander, whose despairing looks excited in her breast a few transient feelings of commiseration. 'Farewell,' said she to him: 'I loved you very well when I resided upon earth, but I always loved my first husband much better.' "—Page 569.

Mr. Thiele tells us, in a note on the *Danske Folkesagn*, that there are still families who believe themselves to be descended from such marriages. A similar belief exists in Kerry respecting the O'Flaherty and the O'Sullivan families; and the Macnamaras, a Clare family, have their name from a tradition of the same nature. Morgan, according to Ussher, signified in the ancient British "*Born of the Sea.*" It was the real name of the celebrated Pelagius; and is at present a very common one in Wales.

Vade, the father of the famous smith Velent, was the son of king Vilkinus and a Mermaid whom he met in a wood on the sea shore in Russia.

Vilkina Saga, c. 18.

The stories of Peleus and Thetis in classical, and of king Beder and the fair Gulnare in oriental literature, may be referred to, as well as the ballad of *Rosmer Havmand* translated by Mr. Jamieson from the *Koempe Viser*, and many others.

“Paracelsus,” says old Burton, “hath several stories of them” (Water devils), “how they have lived, and been married to mortal men, and so continued for several years with them, and after, upon some dislike, have forsaken them.”—*Anatomie of Melancholy*, p. 47.

The Irish word Merrow, correctly written *Morúadh*, or *Morúach*, answers exactly to the English mermaid, and is the compound of *muir*, the sea, and *oigh*, a maid. It is also used to express a sea monster, like the Armoric and Cornish *morhuch*, to which it evidently bears analogy. A mermaid is called in Basse Bretagne, *Mary Morgan*. Is Mary, Marie, or is it derived from the sea? Morgan has been already mentioned.

In Irish, *Murdhucha'n*, *Muir-gheilt*, *Samhghubha*, and *Suire*, are various names for sea-nymphs or mermaids. The romantic historians of Ireland describe the *Suire*, or sea-nymphs, as playing round the ships of the Milesians when on their passage to that Island.

The poem of *Moira Borb* (to be found in Miss Brooke's Relics of Irish Poetry) celebrates the valour of the Finian heroes in the cause of a lady, who introduces herself in pretty nearly the words of the Merrow, in the foregoing story. “*Ar mé iníseán níos ro éinne.*” *I am the daughter of the king under the waves.*

The *cohuleen driuth* bears some resemblance to the feather dresses of the ladies, in the oriental tales of Jahanshah, and Hassan of Bassora. There is some-

thing also of the same nature in a modern German Tale. It may be explained as an enchanted cap, from *cuthdarùn*, a sort of montera or monmouth cap; and *drùadh*, a charmer or magician.

In the tale, a rock on the shore is said to look as bold as ever Kerry witness did. A Kerry witness (no offence to MacGillicuddy) signifies a witness who will swear any thing.

“The dudeen,” or the pipe, “the woman,” and such expressions, are examples of the practice so common among the Irish of using the article instead of the possessive pronoun. In this, and the preceding volume, there are many instances. It agrees extremely with the Greek idiom; and the late bishop of Calcutta might have found in it a strong exemplification of some points of his doctrine respecting the article. It has, at all events, a better effect than the emphatically expressed *my* of the English.

Dick calls the echo the child of his voice: the daughter, according to General Vallancey, is a literal translation of the Irish compound name for Echo, and a convincing argument of our eastern origin. “What people in the world,” says that fanciful antiquary, “the orientalists and the Irish excepted, called the copy of a book the son of a book, and echo the daughter of a voice?” The General here evidently alludes to the Rabbinical mode of divination by *בַּת־קוֹל*, i. e. *the daughter of the voice*.

Mucalla is the Hibernian term for the “*Jocosa Montis imago*” of Horace, and is explained by Dr.

O'Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, as *the pig of the rock or cliff*; query, if it be not *Macalla*, son of the cliff, which General Vallancey, with his usual ingenuity in the confounding of words, has translated daughter? *Allabhair*, another Irish name for echo, or rather a compound echo, is, literally, *the cliffs game at goal*, or the bounding and rebounding of the voice, as the ball in that game.

In Iceland they assign a supernatural origin to Echo, and call it *Dvergmál* or the voice of the Dvergs or Dwarfs.

Smerwick harbour, where the scene of the tale is laid, is situated on the north side of a little "tongue" of land, which the county Kerry shoots forth into the Atlantic, and which, to use the words of Camden, is "beaten on with barking billows on both sides." It is memorable in history, from the landing of some Spaniards and Italians, in 1579, under the pope's consecrated banner, who threw up a defence there, called Fort del Ore. Sir Walter Raleigh's butchery of the garrison in cold blood still remains a subject of execration in the mouths of the Irish peasantry, and a stain upon English history, which even the pens of Spenser and Camden fail in vindicating. To it, however, we are said to be indebted for the poet's truly valuable work, "a View of the State of Ireland," undertaken for the purpose of excusing his patron, lord Grey de Wilton, then lord deputy of Ireland.

A map of Smerwick harbour, illustrative of this

event, is preserved in the State Paper Office, which that zealous and distinguished antiquary, Mr. Lemon, conjectures, from the writing, to be the performance of the author of the “ Fairie Queen.”

Gollerus is a small village on the eastern side of the harbour, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, near which there is a very ancient stone cell or chapel, a building probably coeval with the round tower.

FLORY CANTILLON'S FUNERAL.

THE ancient burial-place of the Cantillon family was on an island in Ballyheigh Bay. This island was situated at no great distance from the shore, and at a remote period was overflowed in one of the incroachments which the Atlantic has made on that part of the coast of Kerry. The fishermen declare they have often seen the ruined walls of an old chapel beneath them in the water, as they sailed over the clear green sea, of a sunny afternoon. However this may be, it is well known that the Cantillons were, like most other Irish families, strongly attached to their ancient burial-place; and this attachment led to the custom, when any of the family died, of carrying the corpse to the sea side, where the coffin was left on the shore within reach of the tide. In the morning it had disappeared, being, as was traditionally believed, conveyed away by the ancestors of the deceased to their family tomb.

Connor Crowe, a county Clare man, was re-

lated to the Cantillons by marriage. "Connor Mac in Cruagh, of the seven quarters of Brein-tragh," as he was commonly called, and a proud man he was of the name. Connor, be it known, would drink a quart of salt water, for its medicinal virtues, before breakfast; and for the same reason, I suppose, double that quantity of raw whiskey between breakfast and night, which last he did with as little inconvenience to himself as any man in the barony of Moyferta; and were I to add Clanderalaw and Ibrickan, I don't think I should say wrong.

On the death of Florence Cantillon, Connor Crowe was determined to satisfy himself about the truth of this story of the old church under the sea: so when he heard the news of the old fellow's death, away with him to Ardfert, where Flory was laid out in high style, and a beautiful corpse he made.

Flory had been as jolly and as rollocking a boy in his day as ever was stretched, and his wake was in every respect worthy of him. There was all kind of entertainment and all sort of diversion at it, and no less than three girls got husbands there—more luck to them. Every thing was as it should be: all that side of the country, from Dingle to Tarbert, was at the funeral. The Keen was sung long and bitterly; and according to the

family custom, the coffin was carried to Ballyheigh strand, where it was laid upon the shore with a prayer for the repose of the dead.

The mourners departed, one group after another, and at last Connor Crowe was left alone; he then pulled out his whiskey bottle, his drop of comfort as he called it, which he required, being in grief; and down he sat upon a big stone that was sheltered by a projecting rock, and partly concealed from view, to await with patience the appearance of the ghostly undertakers.

The evening came on mild and beautiful; he whistled an old air which he had heard in his childhood, hoping to keep idle fears out of his head; but the wild strain of that melody brought a thousand recollections with it, which only made the twilight appear more pensive.

“If ’twas near the gloomy tower of Dunmore, in my own sweet county, I was,” said Connor Crowe, with a sigh, “one might well believe that the prisoners, who were murdered long ago, there in the vaults under the castle, would be the hands to carry off the coffin out of envy, for never a one of them was buried decently, nor had as much as a coffin amongst them all. ’Tis often, sure enough, I have heard lamentations and great mourning coming from the vaults of Dunmore Castle; but,” continued he, after fondly pressing

his lips to the mouth of his companion, and silent comforter, the whiskey bottle, "didn't I know all the time well enough, 'twas the dismal sounding waves working through the cliffs and hollows of the rocks, and fretting themselves to foam. Oh then, Dunmore Castle, it is you that are the gloomy looking tower on a gloomy day, with the gloomy hills behind you; when one has gloomy thoughts on their heart, and sees you like a ghost rising out of the smoke made by the kelp burners on the strand, there is, the Lord save us! as fearful a look about you as about the Blue Man's Lake at midnight. Well then, any how," said Connor, after a pause, "is it not a blessed night, though surely the moon looks mighty pale in the face? St. Senan himself between us and all kinds of harm."

It was, in truth, a lovely moonlight night; nothing was to be seen around but the dark rocks, and the white pebbly beach, upon which the sea broke with a hoarse and melancholy murmur. Connor, notwithstanding his frequent draughts, felt rather queerish, and almost began to repent his curiosity. It was certainly a solemn sight to behold the black coffin resting upon the white strand. His imagination gradually converted the deep moaning of old ocean into a mournful wail for the dead, and from the shadowy recesses of

the rocks he imaged forth strange and visionary forms.

As the night advanced, Connor became weary with watching; he caught himself more than once in the fact of nodding, when suddenly giving his head a shake, he would look towards the black coffin. But the narrow house of death remained unmoved before him.

It was long past midnight, and the moon was sinking into the sea, when he heard the sound of many voices, which gradually became stronger, above the heavy and monotonous roll of the sea: he listened, and presently could distinguish a Keen, of exquisite sweetness, the notes of which rose and fell with the heaving of the waves, whose deep murmur mingled with and supported the strain!

The Keen grew louder and louder, and seemed to approach the beach, and then fell into a low plaintive wail. As it ended, Connor beheld a number of strange, and in the dim light, mysterious-looking figures, emerge from the sea, and surround the coffin, which they prepared to launch into the water.

"This comes of marrying with the creatures of earth," said one of the figures, in a clear, yet hollow tone.

"True," replied another, with a voice still

more fearful, "our king would never have commanded his gnawing white-toothed waves to devour the rocky roots of the island cemetery, had not his daughter, Durfulla, been buried there by her mortal husband!"

"But the time will come," said a third, bending over the coffin,

"When mortal eye—our work shall spy,
And mortal ear—our dirge shall hear."

"Then," said a fourth, "our burial of the Cantillons is at an end for ever!"

As this was spoken, the coffin was borne from the beach by a retiring wave, and the company of sea people prepared to follow it; but at the moment, one chanced to discover Connor Crowe, as fixed with wonder and as motionless with fear as the stone on which he sat.

"The time is come," cried the unearthly being, "the time is come; a human eye looks on the forms of ocean, a human ear has heard their voices: farewell to the Cantillons; the sons of the sea are no longer doomed to bury the dust of the earth!"

One after the other turned slowly round, and regarded Connor Crowe, who still remained as if bound by a spell. Again arose their funeral song; and on the next wave they followed the coffin. The sound of the lamentation died away,

and at length nothing was heard but the rush of waters. The coffin and the train of sea people sank over the old church-yard, and never, since the funeral of old Flory Cantillon, have any of the family been carried to the strand of Ballyheigh, for conveyance to their rightful burial-place, beneath the waves of the Atlantic,

Another version of this wild and picturesque tradition has been communicated to the writer by Mr. Lynch, of the King's German legion. In both legends the locality is the same; but the name of the M'Ellicot family is substituted for that of the Cantillons. The latter, however, accords with the statement of Doctor Smith, in his History of Kerry, p. 210.

"The neighbouring inhabitants," says that writer, speaking of Ballyheigh, "show some rocks visible in this bay only at low tides, which they say are the remains of an island that was formerly the burial-place of the family of Cantillon, the ancient proprietors of Ballyheigh."

In the preceding note mention has been made of the conjugal union contracted between the human race and the inhabitants of the deep. An attachment, however, between the finny tribes and man has some foundation in fact, if we are to credit the testimony of the ancients. In the following story

given by Athenæus, though dolphins do not exactly act as undertakers, they seem to have performed the part of mourners.

The dolphin, says Athenæus (Lib. 13. Cap. 8.), is of all animals the fondest of men, the most sensible, and one possessing the virtue of gratitude. Phylarchus relates, in his 12th Book, that Coiranus, the Milesian, seeing some fishermen who had caught a dolphin in their nets, and were about to cut him up, gave them some money, and prevailed on them to throw him back into the sea. Some time after happening to be shipwrecked near Myconos, all on board perished except Coiranus, who was saved by a dolphin. Coiranus died when an old man, in his own country; and the funeral happening to take place on the shore, by Miletus, a great number of dolphins appeared in the harbour on that day, and swam at a little distance along the shore after those who attended the funeral, joining, as it were, the procession, as mourners, and attending on the funeral of the man.

Pliny mentions a pretty anecdote of the friendship existing between a boy and a dolphin, which seems to have been a favourite tale, as it is also related both by Ælian and Aulus Gellius.

Connor Crowe will be recognised by those acquainted with the county Clare, as a faithful sketch from nature. The Blue Man's Lake mentioned in his soliloquy is situated in the Bog of Shragh, about four

miles from Kilrush. It is so named from the tradition, that a spectral figure enveloped in a bluish flame haunts its melancholy waters.

Durfulla, the name of the sea-king's daughter, who married Flory Cantillon's ancestor, signifies *leaping water*. "Gnawing white toothed waves" is the literal translation of a common Irish epithet.

THE SOUL CAGES.

JACK DOGHERTY lived on the coast of the county Clare. Jack was a fisherman, as his father and grandfather before him had been. Like them, too, he lived all alone (but for the wife), and just in the same spot. People used to wonder why the Dogherty family were so fond of that wild situation, so far away from all human kind, and in the midst of huge shattered rocks, with nothing but the wide ocean to look upon. But they had their own good reasons for it.

The place was just the only spot on that part of the coast where any body could well live; there was a neat little creek, where a boat might lie as snug as a puffin in her nest, and out from this creek a ledge of sunken rocks ran into the sea. Now when the Atlantic, according to custom, was raging with a storm, and a good westerly wind was blowing strong on the coast, many a richly laden ship went to pieces on these rocks; and then the fine bales of cotton and tobacco, and such like things, and the pipes of wine, and the

puncheons of rum, and the casks of brandy, and the kegs of Hollands that used to come ashore! Dunbeg Bay was just like a little estate to the Doghertys.

Not but they were kind and humane to a distressed sailor, if ever one had the good luck to get to land; and many a time indeed did Jack put out in his little *corragh* (which, though not quite equal to honest Andrew Hennessy's canvas life-boat, would breast the billows like any gannet), to lend a hand towards bringing off the crew from a wreck. But when the ship had gone to pieces, and the crew were all lost, who would blame Jack for picking up all he could find?

"And who is the worse of it?" said he. "For as to the king, God bless him! every body knows he's rich enough already without getting what's floating in the sea."

Jack, though such a hermit, was a goodnatured jolly fellow. No other, sure, could ever have coaxed Biddy Mahony to quit her father's snug and warm house in the middle of the town of Ennis, and to go so many miles off to live among the rocks, with the seals and sea gulls for next door neighbours. But Biddy knew that Jack was the man for a woman who wished to be comfortable and happy; for, to say nothing of the fish, Jack had the supplying of half the gentlemen's

houses of the country with the *Godsends* that came into the bay. And she was right in her choice ; for no woman ate, drank, or slept better, or made a prouder appearance at chapel on Sundays, than Mrs. Dogherty.

Many a strange sight, it may well be supposed, did Jack see, and many a strange sound did he hear, but nothing daunted him. So far was he from being afraid of Merrows, or such beings, that the very first wish of his heart was to fairly meet with one. Jack had heard that they were mighty like Christians, and that luck had always come out of an acquaintance with them. Never, therefore, did he dimly discern the Merrows moving along the face of the waters in their robes of mist, but he made direct for them ; and many a scolding did Biddy, in her own quiet way, bestow upon Jack for spending his whole day out at sea, and bringing home no fish. Little did poor Biddy know the fish Jack was after !

It was rather annoying to Jack, that, though living in a place where the Merrows were as plenty as lobsters, he never could get a right view of one. What vexed him more was that both his father and grandfather had often and often seen them ; and he even remembered hearing, when a child, how his grandfather, who was the first of the family that had settled down at

the creek, had been so intimate with a Merrow, that only for fear of vexing the priest, he would have had him stand for one of his children. This, however, Jack did not well know how to believe.

Fortune at length began to think that it was only right that Jack should know as much as his father and grandfather did. Accordingly, one day when he had strolled a little farther than usual along the coast to the northward, just as he turned a point, he saw something, like to nothing he had ever seen before, perched upon a rock at a little distance out to sea: it looked green in the body, as well as he could discern at that distance, and he would have sworn, only the thing was impossible, that it had a cocked hat in its hand. Jack stood for a good half hour straining his eyes and wondering at it, and all the time the thing did not stir hand or foot. At last Jack's patience was quite worn out, and he gave a loud whistle and a hail, when the Merrow (for such it was) started up, put the cocked hat on its head, and dived down, head foremost, from the rock.

Jack's curiosity was now excited, and he constantly directed his steps towards the point; still he could never get a glimpse of the sea gentleman with the cocked hat; and with thinking

and thinking about the matter, he began at last to fancy he had been only dreaming. One very rough day, however, when the sea was running mountains high, Jack Dogherty determined to give a look at the Merrow's rock (for he had always chosen a fine day before), and then he saw the strange thing cutting capers upon the top of the rock, and then diving down, and then coming up, and then diving down again.

Jack had now only to choose his time (that is, a good blowing day), and he might see the man of the sea as often as he pleased. All this, however, did not satisfy him—"much will have more;" he wished now to get acquainted with the Merrow, and even in this he succeeded. One tremendous blustering day, before he got to the point, whence he had a view of the Merrow's rock, the storm came on so furiously that Jack was obliged to take shelter in one of the caves which are so numerous along the coast; and there, to his astonishment, he saw sitting before him a thing with green hair, long green teeth, a red nose, and pig's eyes. It had a fish's tail, legs with scales on them, and short arms like fins: it wore no clothes, but had the cocked hat under its arm, and seemed engaged thinking very seriously about something.

Jack, with all his courage, was a little daunted ; but now or never, thought he : so up he went boldly to the cogitating fishman, took off his hat, and made his best bow.

“ Your servant, sir,” said Jack.

“ Your servant, kindly, Jack Dogherty,” answered the Merrow.

“ To be sure, then, how well your honour knows my name !” said Jack.

“ Is it I not know your name, Jack Dogherty ? Why, man, I knew your grandfather long before he was married to Judy Regan, your grandmother ! Ah, Jack, Jack, I was fond of that grandfather of yours ; he was a mighty worthy man in his time : I never met his match above or below, before or since, for sucking in a shellful of brandy. I hope, my boy,” said the old fellow, with a merry twinkle in his little eyes, “ I hope you ’re his own grandson !”

“ Never fear me for that,” said Jack ; “ if my mother had only reared me on brandy, ’tis myself that would be a sucking infant to this hour !”

“ Well, I like to hear you talk so manly ; you and I must be better acquainted, if it were only for your grandfather’s sake. But, Jack, that father of yours was not the thing ; he had no head at all.”

“ I ’m sure,” said Jack, “ since your honour

lives down under the water, you must be obliged to drink a power to keep any heat in you in such a cruel, damp, *could* place. Well, I've often heard of Christians drinking like fishes: and might I be so bold as to ask where you get the spirits?"

"Where do you get them, yourself, Jack?" said the Merrow, twitching his red nose between his forefinger and thumb.

"Hubbubboo," cries Jack, "now I see how it is; but I suppose, sir, your honour has got a fine dry cellar below to keep them in."

"Let me alone for the cellar," said the Merrow, with a knowing wink of his left eye.

"I'm sure," continued Jack, "it must be mighty well worth the looking at."

"You may say that, Jack," said the Merrow; "and if you meet me here, next Monday, just at this time of the day, we will have a little more talk with one another about the matter."

Jack and the Merrow parted the best friends in the world.

On Monday they met, and Jack was not a little surprised to see that the Merrow had two cocked hats with him, one under each arm.

"Might I take the liberty to ask, sir," said Jack, "why your honour has brought the two hats with you to-day? You would not, sure, be

going to give me one of them, to keep for the *curoosity* of the thing?"

"No, no, Jack," said he, "I don't get my hats so easily, to part with them that way; but I want you to come down and dine with me, and I brought you the hat to dive with."

"Lord bless and preserve us!" cried Jack, in amazement, "would you want me to go down to the bottom of the salt sea ocean? Sure I'd be smothered and choked up with the water, to say nothing of being drowned! And what would poor Biddy do for me, and what would she say?"

"And what matter what she says, you *pin-keen*? Who cares for Biddy's squalling? It's long before your grandfather would have talked in that way. Many's the time he stuck that same hat on his head, and dived down boldly after me; and many's the snug bit of dinner and good shellful of brandy he and I have had together below, under the water."

"Is it really, sir, and no joke?" said Jack; "why, then, sorrow from me for ever and a day after, if I'll be a bit worse man nor my grandfather was! Here goes—but play me fair now. Here's neck or nothing!" cried Jack.

"That's your grandfather all over," said the old fellow; "so come along then, and do as I do."

They both left the cave, walked into the sea, and then swam a piece until they got to the rock. The Merrow climbed to the top of it, and Jack followed him. On the far side it was as straight as the wall of a house, and the sea beneath looked so deep that Jack was almost cowed.

“Now, do you see, Jack,” said the Merrow: “just put this hat on your head, and mind to keep your eyes wide open. Take hold of my tail, and follow after me, and you’ll see what you’ll see.”

In he dashed, and in dashed Jack after him boldly. They went and they went, and Jack thought they’d never stop going. Many a time did he wish himself sitting at home by the fireside with Biddy. Yet, where was the use of wishing now, when he was so many miles as he thought below the waves of the Atlantic? Still he held hard by the Merrow’s tail, slippery as it was; and, at last, to Jack’s great surprise, they got out of the water, and he actually found himself on dry land at the bottom of the sea. They landed just in front of a nice house that was slated very neatly with oyster shells! and the Merrow turning about to Jack, welcomed him down.

Jack could hardly speak, what with wonder, and what with being out of breath with travelling so fast through the water. He looked

about him and could see no living things, barring crabs and lobsters, of which there were plenty walking leisurely about on the sand. Overhead was the sea like a sky, and the fishes like birds swimming about in it.

“Why don’t you speak, man?” said the Merrow: “I dare say you had no notion that I had such a snug little concern here as this? Are you smothered, or choked, or drowned, or are you fretting after Biddy, eh?”

“Oh! not myself, indeed,” said Jack, showing his teeth with a good-humoured grin:—“but who in the world would ever have thought of seeing such a thing?”

“Well, come along and let’s see what they’ve got for us to eat?”

Jack really was hungry, and it gave him no small pleasure to perceive a fine column of smoke rising from the chimney, announcing what was going on within. Into the house he followed the Merrow, and there he saw a good kitchen, right well provided with every thing. There was a noble dresser, and plenty of pots and pans, with two young Merrows cooking. His host then led him into the room, which was furnished shabbily enough. Not a table or a chair was there in it; nothing but planks and logs of wood to sit on, and eat off. There was, however, a good fire

blazing on the hearth—a comfortable sight to Jack.

“Come now, and I’ll show you where I keep—you know what,” said the Merrow, with a sly look; and opening a little door, he led Jack into a fine long cellar well filled with pipes, and kegs, and hogsheads, and barrels.

“What do you say to that, Jack Dogherty?—Eh!—may be a body can’t live snug under the water?”

“Never the doubt of that,” said Jack, with a convincing smack of his under lip, that he really thought what he said.

They went back to the room, and found dinner laid. There was no table-cloth, to be sure—but what matter? It was not always Jack had one at home. The dinner would have been no discredit to the first house of the county on a fast day. The choicest of fish, and no wonder, was there. Turbots, and soles, and lobsters, and oysters, and twenty other kinds were on the planks at once, and plenty of the best of foreign spirits. The wines, the old fellow said, were too cold for his stomach.

Jack ate and drank till he could eat no more: then taking up a shell of brandy, “Here’s to your honour’s good health, sir,” said he; “though, begging your pardon, it’s mighty odd, that as long

as we've been acquainted, I don't know your name yet."

"That's true, Jack," replied he; "I never thought of it before, but better late than never. My name's Coomara."

"And a mighty decent name it is," cried Jack, taking another shellful: "here's to your good health, Coomara, and may you live these fifty years to come!"

"Fifty years!" repeated Coomara; "I'm obliged to you, indeed! If you had said five hundred, it would have been something worth the wishing."

"By the laws, sir," cries Jack, "*youz* live to a powerful great age here under the water! You knew my grandfather, and he's dead and gone better than these sixty years. I'm sure it must be a mighty healthy place to live in."

"No doubt of it; but come, Jack, keep the liquor stirring." Shell after shell did they empty, and to Jack's exceeding surprise, he found the drink never got into his head, owing, I suppose, to the sea being over them, which kept their noddles cool.

Old Coomara got exceedingly comfortable, and sung several songs; but Jack, if his life had depended on it, never could remember more than

*Rum fum boodle boo,
Ripple dipple nitty dob ;
Dum duo doodle coo,
Raffle taffle chittibob !*

It was the chorus to one of them ; and to say the truth, nobody that I know has ever been able to pick any particular meaning out of it ; but that, to be sure, is the case with many a song now-a-days.

At length said he to Jack, " Now, my dear boy, if you follow me, I 'll show you my *curositities* !" He opened a little door and led Jack into a large room, where Jack saw a great many odds and ends that Coomara had picked up at one time or another. What chiefly took his attention, however, were things like lobster pots ranged on the ground along the wall.

" Well, Jack, how do you like my *curositities* ?" said old Co.

" Upon my *sowkins*, sir," said Jack, " they 're mighty well worth the looking at ; but might I make so bold as to ask what these things like lobster pots are ?"

" Oh ! the Soul Cages, is it ?"

" The what ? Sir !"

" These things here that I keep the Souls in."

“ *Arrah!* what Souls, sir?” said Jack in amazement: “sure the fish have got no souls in them?”

“Oh! no,” replied Coo, quite coolly, “that they have not; but these are the souls of drowned sailors.”

“The Lord preserve us from all harm!” muttered Jack, “how in the world did you get them?”

“Easily enough: I’ve only when I see a good storm coming on, to set a couple of dozen of these, and then, when the sailors are drowned and the souls get out of them under the water, the poor things are almost perished to death, not being used to the cold; so they make into my pots for shelter, and then I have them snug, and fetch them home, and keep them here dry and warm; and is it not well for them poor souls to get into such good quarters?”

Jack was so thunderstruck, he did not know what to say, so he said nothing. They went back into the dining-room and had a little more brandy, which was excellent, and then as Jack knew that it must be getting late, and as Biddy might be uneasy, he stood up, and said he thought it was time for him to be on the road.

“Just as you like, Jack,” said Coo, “but take

a *duc an durrus* before you go; you 've a cold journey before you."

Jack knew better manners than to refuse the parting glass. "I wonder," said he, "will I be able to make out my way home?"

"What should ail you," said Coo, "when I'll show you the way?"

Out they went before the house, and Coomara took one of the cocked hats, and put it upon Jack's head the wrong way, and then lifted him up on his shoulder that he might launch him up into the water.

"Now," says he, giving him a heave, "you'll come up just in the same spot you came down in, and, Jack, mind and throw me back the hat."

He canted Jack off his shoulder, and up he shot like a bubble—whirr, whirr, whiz—away he went up through the water, till he came to the very rock he had jumped off, where he found a landing-place, and then in he threw the hat, which sunk like a stone.

The sun was just going down in the beautiful sky of a calm summer's evening. *Feascor* was seen dimly twinkling in the cloudless heaven, a solitary star, and the waves of the Atlantic flashed in a golden flood of light. So Jack, perceiving it was late, set off home; but when he got

there, not a word did he say to Biddy of where he had spent his day.

The state of the poor Souls cooped up in the lobster pots gave Jack a great deal of trouble, and how to release them cost him a great deal of thought. He at first had a mind to speak to the priest about the matter. But what could the priest do, and what did Coo care for the priest? Besides, Coo was a good sort of an old fellow, and did not think he was doing any harm. Jack had a regard for him too, and it also might not be much to his own credit if it were known that he used to go dine with Merrows. On the whole, he thought his best plan would be to ask Coo to dinner, and to make him drunk, if he was able, and then to take the hat and go down and turn up the pots. It was first of all necessary, however, to get Biddy out of the way; for Jack was prudent enough, as she was a woman, to wish to keep the thing secret from her.

Accordingly, Jack grew mighty pious all of a sudden, and said to Biddy, that he thought it would be for the good of both of their souls if she was to go and take her rounds at Saint John's Well, near Ennis. Biddy thought so too, and accordingly off she set one fine morning at day dawn, giving Jack a strict charge to have an eye to the place.

The coast being clear, away went Jack to the rock to give the appointed signal to Coomara, which was throwing a big stone into the water. Jack threw, and up sprang Coo!

“Good morrow, Jack,” said he; “what do you want with me?”

“Just nothing at all to speak about, sir,” returned Jack, “only to come and take a bit of dinner with me, if I might make so free as to ask you, and sure I ’m now after doing so.”

“It’s quite agreeable, Jack, I assure you; what’s your hour?”

“Any time that’s most convenient to you, sir—say one o’clock, that you may go home, if you wish, with the day-light.”

“I’ll be with you,” said Coo, “never fear me.”

Jack went home, and dressed a noble fish dinner, and got out plenty of his best foreign spirits, enough for that matter to make twenty men drunk. Just to the minute came Coo, with his cocked hat under his arm. Dinner was ready—they sat down, and ate and drank away manfully. Jack thinking of the poor Souls below in the pots, plied old Coo well with brandy and encouraged him to sing, hoping to put him under the table, but poor Jack forgot that he had not the sea over his own head to keep it cool. The brandy got into it and did his business for him, and Coo

reeled off home, leaving his entertainer as dumb as a haddock on a Good Friday.

Jack never woke till the next morning, and then he was in a sad way. "'Tis to no use for me thinking to make that old Rapparee drunk," said Jack, "and how in this world can I help the poor Souls out of the lobster pots?" After ruminating nearly the whole day, a thought struck him. "I have it," says he, slapping his knee; "I'll be sworn that Coo never saw a drop of *poteen* as old as he is, and that's the *thing* to settle him! Oh! then is not it well that Biddy will not be home these two days yet; I can have another twist at him."

Jack asked Coo again, and Coo laughed at him for having no better head, telling him, he'd never come up to his grandfather.

"Well, but try me again," said Jack, "and I'll be bail to drink you drunk and sober, and drunk again."

"Any thing in my power," said Coo, "to oblige you."

At this dinner, Jack took care to have his own liquor well watered, and to give the strongest brandy he had to Coo. At last, says he; "Pray, sir, did you ever drink any *poteen*?—any real Mountain dew?"

“ No,” says Coo ; “ what ’s that, and where does it come from ? ”

“ Oh, that ’s a secret,” said Jack, “ but it ’s the right stuff—never believe me again, if ’tis not fifty times as good as brandy or rum either. Biddy’s brother just sent me a present of a little drop, in exchange for some brandy, and as you ’re an old friend of the family, I kept it to treat you with.”

“ Well, let ’s see what sort of thing it is,” said Coomara.

The *poteen* was the right sort. It was first rate, and had the real smack upon it. Coo was delighted ; he drank and he sung, *Rum bum boodle boo* over and over again ; and he laughed and he danced till he fell on the floor fast asleep. Then Jack, who had taken good care to keep himself sober, snapt up the cocked hat—ran off to the rock—leaped in, and soon arrived at Coo’s habitation.

All was as still as a church-yard at midnight—not a Merrow old or young was there. In he went and turned up the pots, but nothing did he see, only he heard a sort of a little whistle or chirp as he raised each of them. At this he was surprised, till he recollected what the priest had often said, that nobody living could see the

soul, no more than they could see the wind or the air ! Having now done all that he could do for them, he set the pots as they were before, and sent a blessing after the poor souls, to speed them on their journey wherever they were going. Jack now began to think of returning ; he put the hat on, as was right, the wrong way ; but when he got out, he found the water so high over his head, that he had no hopes of ever getting up into it, now that he had not old Coomara to give him a lift. He walked about looking for a ladder, but not one could he find, and not a rock was there in sight. At last he saw a spot where the sea hung rather lower than any where else, so he resolved to try there. Just as he came to it, a big cod happened to put down his tail. Jack made a jump and caught hold of it, and the cod, all in amazement, gave a bounce and pulled Jack up. The minute the hat touched the water, pop away Jack was whisked, and up he shot like a cork, dragging the poor cod, that he forgot to let go, up with him, tail foremost. He got to the rock in no time, and without a moment's delay hurried home, rejoicing in the good deed he had done. But, meanwhile, there was fine work at home ; for our friend Jack had hardly left the house on his soul-freeing expedition, when back came Biddy from her soul-saving one to the well.

When she entered the house and saw the things lying *thrie-na helah* on the table before her,

“Here’s a pretty job!” said she—“that black-guard of mine—what ill-luck I had ever to marry him! He has picked up some vagabond or other, while I was praying for the good of his soul, and they’ve been drinking all the *poteen* that my own brother gave him, and all the spirits, to be sure, that he was to have sold to his honour.”—Then hearing an outlandish kind of grunt, she looked down, and saw Coomara lying under the table.—“The blessed Virgin help me,” shouted she, “if he has not made a real beast of himself! Well, well, I’ve often heard of a man making a beast of himself with drink!—Oh hone—oh hone—Jack, honey, what will I do with you, or what will I do without you? How can any decent woman ever think of living with a beast?”—

With such like lamentations Biddy rushed out of the house, and was going, she knew not where, when she heard the well-known voice of Jack singing a merry tune. Glad enough was Biddy to find him safe and sound, and not turned into a thing that was like neither fish nor flesh. Jack was obliged to tell her all, and Biddy, though she had half a mind to be angry with him for not telling her before, owned that he had done a great service to the poor souls. Back they both went

most lovingly to the house, and Jack wakened up Coomara ; and perceiving the old fellow to be rather dull, he bid him not be cast down, for 'twas many a good man's case ; said it all came of his not being used to the *poteen*, and recommended him, by way of cure, to swallow a hair of the dog that bit him. Coo, however, seemed to think he had had quite enough : he got up, quite out of sorts, and without having the manners to say one word in the way of civility, he sneaked off to cool himself by a jaunt through the salt water.

Coomara never missed the souls. He and Jack continued the best friends in the world, and no one, perhaps, ever equalled Jack at freeing souls from purgatory ; for he contrived fifty excuses for getting into the house below the sea, unknown to the old fellow, and then turning up the pots and letting out the souls. It vexed him, to be sure, that he could never see them ; but as he knew the thing to be impossible, he was obliged to be satisfied.

Their intercourse continued for several years. However, one morning, on Jack's throwing in a stone as usual, he got no answer. He flung another, and another ; still there was no reply. He went away, and returned the following morning, but it was to no purpose. As he was without the hat, he could not go down to see what had

become of old Coo, but his belief was, that the old man, or the old fish, or whatever he was, had either died, or had removed away from that part of the country.

In Grimm's *Deutsche Sagan*, there is a story which has a striking resemblance to the foregoing ; and it is accurately translated for the sake of comparison.

A waterman once lived on good terms with a peasant, who dwelt not far from his lake ; he often visited him, and at last begged that the peasant would, in return, visit him in his house under the water. The peasant consented, and went with him. There was every thing below, in the water, as in a stately palace on the land,—halls, chambers, and cabinets, with costly furniture of every description. The waterman led his guest through the whole, and showed him every thing that was in it. They came at length to a little chamber, where there were standing several new pots turned upside down. The peasant asked what was in them. "They contain," said he, "the souls of drowned people which I put under the pots, and keep them close so that they cannot get away." The peasant said nothing, and came up again on the land. The affair of the souls caused him much uneasiness for a long time, and he watched till the waterman should be gone out. When this happened, the pea-

sant who had marked the right road down, descended into the water-house, and succeeded in finding again the little chamber ; and when he was there, he turned up all the pots, one after another ; immediately the souls of the drowned men ascended out of the water, and were again at liberty.

Grimm says that he was told the waterman is like any other man, only that when he opens his mouth, his green teeth may be seen ; he also wears a green hat, and appears to the girls, as they go by the lake he dwells in, measures out ribbon and flings it to them.

Dunbeg Bay is situated on the coast of the county Clare, and may be readily found on any map of Ireland. Corragh, or currugh, is a small boat used by the fishermen of that part, and is formed of cow hides, or pitched cloth, strained on a frame of wicker-work. The boldness and confidence of the navigators of these fragile vessels often surprises the stranger. By the Irish poets they are invariably termed broad-chested or strong-bowed corraghs ; “ *Curraghaune aulin cleavorshin*,” as it is pronounced. It is the *carabus* of the later Latin writers, thus described by Isidore : *Carabus, parva scapha ex vimine facta, quæ contexta crudo corio genus navigii præbet.*—Isidorus, Orig. l. xviii. c. 1. It is also described in some pleasing verses by Festus Avienus. Græcè *καραβος*, see Suidas and Et. Mag.

Of honest Andrew Hennessy's canvas life-boat it is only necessary to state, that the inventor, with a crew

of five seamen, weathered the equinoctial gale of October 1825 (the severest remembered for many years), in an experimental passage from Cork to Liverpool. After so convincing a trial, it is to be regretted that Mr. Hennessy and his plans for the preservation of human life have not experienced more attention.

St. John's Well, whither Mrs. Dogherty journeyed to take her rounds, lies at the foot of a hill, about three miles from Ennis, and close to it is a rude altar, at which the superstitious offer up their prayers. The water of this, like other holy wells, is believed to possess the power of restoring the use of the limbs, curing defective vision, &c. Near the well there is a small lough, said to be the abode of a strange kind of fish or mermaid, which used to appear very frequently. This lady of the lake was observed resorting to the cellar of Newhall, the seat of Mr. M'Donall. The butler, perceiving the wine decrease rapidly, determined, with some of his fellow-servants, to watch for the thief, and at last they caught the mermaid in the fact of drinking it. The enraged butler threw her into a chaldron of boiling water, when she vanished, after uttering three piercing shrieks, leaving only a mass of jelly behind. Since that period, her appearances have been restricted to once in every seven years.

Merrows are said to be as fond of wine as snakes are of milk, and for the sake of it to steal on board of ships in the night time. Pausanias tells us, that the citizens of Tanagra were greatly annoyed by a Triton

who frequented the neighbouring coast. By the advice of the oracle, they set a large vessel of wine on the beach, which the Triton emptied on his next visit ; the liquor made him drunk, and the citizens cut off his head as he slept.

Coómara or *cú-mara*, means the sea-hound. The Irish family of Macnamara or Maconmara are, according to tradition, descended from *cúmara*, and hence their name from *mac* a son, *con* the genitive of *cu* a greyhound, and *mara* of the sea.

The Macnamara clan inhabited the western district of the county Clare, and were dependant on the O'Briens.

Cumara's song, if indeed it be not altogether the invention of the narrator, may be considered as an extremely curious lyrical fragment. But few will feel inclined to acknowledge its genuineness, as nothing appears to be more easy than to fabricate a short effusion of this kind, or even an entire language. Psalmanazar's Formosan language is well known. Rabelais abounds in specimens. Shakespeare, in "All's well that ends well," has tried his hand at it. Swift has given some morsels of Liliputian, Brobdignagian, and other tongues ; and any one curious about fairy language has only to look into Giraldus Cambrensis. Even the inhabitants of the lower regions have had a dialect invented for them, as the following valuable extract from the *Macaronica* of the profound Merlinus Cocaius will prove. See the opening of the xxiv. book :

“Cra cra tif trafnot sgnefflet canatanta riogna
Ecce venit gridando Charon—”

which, in a marginal note, he kindly informs us—
“nec Græcum nec Hebræum, sed diabolicum est.”
And perhaps even the well known line of Dante, of
which it is an imitation—

“Pape Satan, pape Satan Aleppè,”

is nec Latinum, nec Hebræum, sed diabolicum, also.

A translation of old Cu's song, however, it is expected, would add little to our stock of knowledge, as, judging from the indubitable specimens which exist, the remarks of the sea folk are not very profound, although they evince singular powers of observation.

Waldron, in his account of the Isle of Man, relates that an amphibious damsel was once caught, and after remaining three days on shore was allowed to escape. On plunging into the water she was welcomed by a number of her own species, who were heard to inquire what she had seen among the natives of earth. —“Nothing,” she answered, “wonderful, except that they were silly enough to throw away the water in which they had boiled their eggs!”

Bochart tells us, on the authority of Alkazuinius, an Arabic author, that there is a sea-animal which exactly resembles a man, only that he has a tail; he has, moreover, a grey beard; hence he is called the old man of the sea. Once upon a time one of them was brought to a certain king, who, out of curiosity, gave him a wife. They had a son who could speak

the languages of both his parents. The boy was asked one day what his father said ; but as the reply must necessarily lose by translation, it is given in the original Greek. He answered, “ Τὸν πατέρα λίαν θαυμάζουν ὅτι τὰ ἄλλα ζῶα ἔχουσιν τοὺς κέρκας εἰς τὸ ὀπισθεν αὐτοῖς δὲ εἰς τὸ ἔμπροσθεν.”

On the Irishisms used in the Legend of “ the Soul Cages” a few words. *Arrah* is a common exclamation of surprise. It is correctly written *ara*, and, according to Dr. O’Brien, signifies a conference. A popular phrase is, “ Arrah come here now,” i. e. come here and let us talk over the matter.

Duc an Durras, Anglicè, the stirrup cup, means literally, the drink at the door ; from *Deoch*, to drink, and *Doras* or *Duras*, a door. In Devonshire and Cornwall it is called *Dash and Darra*s, probably a corruption of the old Cornish expression.

Rapparee was the name given to certain freebooters in the times of James and William. It is used in the story rather as a term of regard, as we sometimes employ the word rogue.

Thrie-na-helah may be translated by the English word topsy-turvey.

Pinkeen and *Sowkin* are diminutives ; the former of *Penk* or *Pink*, the name of the little fish more commonly called in England, Minnow. *Sowkin* is evidently a contraction of *Soulkin*, the diminutive of soul. It answers to the German *Seelchen*, and is an old English expression, no longer, it is believed, to be met with in that country, but very common as a minor oath in Ireland.

By the Laws, is, as is well known, a softening down of a very solemn asseveration. If taken literally, people may fancy it an oath not very binding in the mouth of an Irishman, who is seldom distinguished by his profound veneration for the Statute Book. This, however, only proves that law and justice in Ireland were essentially different things; for sir John Davies, himself a lawyer, remarked, long since, how fond the natives were of justice; and it is to be hoped that a regular and impartial administration will speedily impress them as synonymes on the minds of the Irish peasantry.

Few need to be informed that the lower orders in Ireland, although their tone is different, speak the English language more grammatically than those of the same rank in England. The word *yez* or *youz* affords an instance of their attention to etymology; for as they employ *you* in speaking to a single person, they naturally enough imagined that it should be employed in the plural when addressed to more than one.

“A hair of the dog that bit him,” is the common recommendation of an old toper to a young one, on the morning after a debauch.

“Shall we pluck a hair of the same wolf to-day, Proctor John?”—*Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair*, Act 1. Scene 1.

THE LORD OF DUNKERRON.

THE lord of Dunkerron—O'Sullivan More,
Why seeks he at midnight the sea-beaten shore?
His bark lies in haven, his hounds are asleep;
No foes are abroad on the land or the deep.

Yet nightly the lord of Dunkerron is known
On the wild shore to watch and to wander alone;
For a beautiful spirit of ocean, 'tis said,
The lord of Dunkerron would win to his bed.

When, by moonlight, the waters were hush'd to
 repose,

That beautiful spirit of ocean arose;
Her hair, full of lustre, just floated and fell
O'er her bosom, that heaved with a billowy swell.

Long, long had he loved her—long vainly essay'd
To lure from her dwelling the coy ocean maid;
And long had he wander'd and watch'd by the tide,
To claim the fair spirit O'Sullivan's bride!

The maiden she gazed on the creature of earth,
Whose voice in her breast to a feeling gave birth :
Then smiled ; and abashed, as a maiden might be,
Looking down, gently sank to her home in the sea.

Though gentle that smile, as the moonlight above,
O'Sullivan felt 'twas the dawning of love,
And hope came on hope, spreading over his mind,
As the eddy of circles her wake left behind.

The lord of Dunkerron he plunged in the waves,
And sought, through the fierce rush of waters,
 their caves ;
The gloom of whose depths, studded over with
 spars,
Had the glitter of midnight when lit up by stars.

Who can tell or can fancy the treasures that sleep
Intombed in the wonderful womb of the deep ?
The pearls and the gems, as if valueless, thrown
To lie 'mid the sea-wrack concealed and unknown.

Down, down went the maid,—still the chieftain
 pursued ;
Who flies must be followed ere she can be wooed.
Untempted by treasures, unawed by alarms,
The maiden at length he has claspt in his arms !

They rose from the deep by a smooth-spreading
strand,
Whence beauty and verdure stretch'd over the land.
'Twas an isle of enchantment ! and lightly the
breeze,
With a musical murmur, just crept through the
trees.

The haze-woven shroud of that newly born isle
Softly faded away, from a magical pile,
A palace of crystal, whose bright-beaming sheen
Had the tints of the rainbow—red, yellow, and
green.

And grottoes, fantastic in hue and in form,
Were there, as flung up—the wild sport of the
storm ;
Yet all was so cloudless, so lovely, and calm,
It seemed but a region of sunshine and balm.

“ Here, here shall we dwell in a dream of delight,
Where the glories of earth and of ocean unite !
Yet, loved son of earth ! I must from thee away ;
There are laws which e'en spirits are bound to
obey !

“ Once more must I visit the chief of my race,
His sanction to gain ere I meet thy embrace.

In a moment I dive to the chambers beneath :
One cause can detain me—one only—'tis death !”

They parted in sorrow, with vows true and fond ;
The language of promise had nothing beyond.
His soul all on fire, with anxiety burns :
The moment is gone—but no maiden returns.

What sounds from the deep meet his terrified ear—
What accents of rage and of grief does he hear ?
What sees he ? what change has come over the
flood—

What tinges its green with a jetty of blood ?

Can he doubt what the gush of warm blood would
explain ?

That she sought the consent of her monarch in
vain !—

For see all around him, in white foam and froth,
The waves of the ocean boil up in their wroth !

The palace of crystal has melted in air,
And the dies of the rainbow no longer are there ;
The grottoes with vapour and clouds are o’ercast,
The sunshine is darkness—the vision has past !

Loud, loud was the call of his serfs for their chief ;
They sought him with accents of wailing and grief :

He heard, and he struggled—a wave to the shore,
Exhausted and faint, bears O'Sullivan More!

Kenmare, 27th April, 1825.

An attempt has been made at throwing into the ballad form one of the many tales told of the O'Sullivan family to the writer, by an old boatman, with whom he was becalmed an entire night in the Kenmare river, on his return from a pilgrimage to the Skellig Rocks.

Grimm relates precisely the same legend of the Elbe maid, who, it appears, in rather an unearthly fashion, used to come to the market at Magdeburg to buy meat. A young butcher fell in love with her, and followed her until he found whence she came and whither she returned. At last he went down into the water with her. They told a fisherman, who assisted them and waited for them on the bank, that if a wooden trencher with an apple on it should come up through the water, all was well; if not, it was otherwise. Shortly after, a red streak shot up; a proof that the bridegroom had not pleased the kindred of the Elbe maid, and that they had put him to death. Another variation of this legend, and the one alluded to on account of its similarity, relates that the maid went down alone, and her lover remained sitting on the bank to wait her answer. She (dutiful girl)

wished to get the consent of her parents to her marriage, or to communicate the affair to her brothers. However, instead of an answer, there only appeared a spot of blood upon the water, a sign that she had been put to death.

Mr. Barry St. Leger's tale of "the Nymph of the Lurley," in his clever work, "Mr. Blount's MSS.," bears a striking resemblance to another tradition related of the O'Sullivan family, and their strange intercourse with the "spirits of the vasty deep;" particularly in the circumstance of the attempt at wounding the mermaid, and the fate of the person making it.

A well known Manx legend relates that a sea maiden once carried off a beautiful youth, of whom she became enamoured, to the Isle of Man, and conjured up a mist around the island to prevent his escape; hence it has sometimes been called the Isle of Mists. Mermaid love is an extremely common fiction, and tales founded on it are abundant, although they contain little variety of incident. In the *Ballades et Chants populaires de la Provence*, lately published, there is a very pretty tale "of *La Fée aux Cheveux Verts*," who entices a fisherman to her palace beneath the sea. The amour, as is generally the case with fairy love, produces unhappy consequences.

The Annals of the Four Masters give us rather a gigantic idea of mermaids, although expressly mentioning the delicacy and beauty of their skin. According to this veritable record (which Irish historians are so fond of quoting as an authority), Pontoppidan's

Norway kraken is not without a fair companion:
 “A. D. 887. A mermaid of an enormous size was
 cast on the north-east coast of Scotland by the sea:
 her height was 195 feet; her hair was 18 feet; her
 fingers 7 feet; and her nose 7 feet: she was all over
 as white as a swan.”

For an account of Dunkerron the reader is referred
 to Smith's History of Kerry, p. 88. The castle lies
 about a mile below the town of Kenmare, on the west
 side of the river. Its present remains are part of a
 square keep, and one side of a castellated mansion,
 which probably adjoined the keep, and was built at a
 more recent period. The Rev. Mr. Godfrey kindly
 pointed out to the writer two rudely sculptured stones,
 which had been removed from Dunkerron castle and
 placed in the boat-house at Lansdown lodge. One of
 these bears the following inscription:

I. H. S. MARIA
 DEO GRATIAS
 * THIS WORK
 WAS MADE THE
 XX OF APRIL
 1596: BY OWEN
 O SULLIVAN MORE
 * * * DONOGH
 MAC CARTY RIEOGH.

The other, the O'Sullivan arms, in which a barbarous
 attempt to express the figure of a mermaid is evident
 above the “Manus Sullivanis.”

In allusion to the galley which appears on the shield,

it may be mentioned that a favourite name of the O'Sullivans is Morty or Murty (correctly written *Muirheartach* or *Muirheardach*), which literally means "expert at sea," or an able navigator. Murrough, a common Christian name of the O'Briens, signifies "the sea hound." Murphy, Murley, &c. have doubtless a marine origin.



THE WONDERFUL TUNE.

MAURICE CONNOR was the king, and that 's no small word, of all the pipers in Munster. He could play jig and planxty without end, and Ollistrum's March, and the Eagle's Whistle, and the Hen's Concert, and odd tunes of every sort and kind. But he knew one, far more surprising than the rest, which had in it the power to set every thing dead or alive dancing.

In what way he learned it is beyond my knowledge, for he was mighty cautious about telling how he came by so wonderful a tune. At the very first note of that tune, the brogues began shaking upon the feet of all who heard it—old or young, it mattered not—just as if their brogues had the ague ; then the feet began going—going—going from under them, and at last up and away with them, dancing like mad !—whisking here, there, and every where, like a straw in a storm—there was no halting while the music lasted !

Not a fair, nor a wedding, nor a patron in

the seven parishes round, was counted worth the speaking of without "blind Maurice and his pipes." His mother, poor woman, used to lead him about from one place to another, just like a dog.

Down through Iveragh—a place that ought to be proud of itself, for 'tis Daniel O'Connel's country—Maurice Connor and his mother were taking their rounds. Beyond all other places Iveragh is the place for stormy coast and steep mountains: as proper a spot it is as any in Ireland to get yourself drowned, or your neck broken on the land, should you prefer that. But, notwithstanding, in Ballinskellig bay there is a neat bit of ground, well fitted for diversion, and down from it, towards the water, is a clean smooth piece of strand—the dead image of a calm summer's sea on a moonlight night, with just the curl of the small waves upon it.

Here it was that Maurice's music had brought from all parts a great gathering of the young men and the young women—*O the darlints!*—for 'twas not every day the strand of Trafraska was stirred up by the voice of a bagpipe. The dance began; and as pretty a rinkafadda it was as ever was danced. "Brave music," said every body, "and well done," when Maurice stopped.

"More power to your elbow, Maurice, and a fair wind in the bellows," cried Paddy Dorman,

a hump-backed dancing-master, who was there to keep order. "'Tis a pity," said he, "if we 'd let the piper run dry after such music; 't would be a disgrace to Iveragh, that didn't come on it since the week of the three Sundays." So, as well became him, for he was always a decent man, says he: "Did you drink, piper?"

"I will, sir," says Maurice, answering the question on the safe side, for you never yet knew piper or schoolmaster who refused his drink.

"What will you drink, Maurice?" says Paddy.

"I'm no ways particular," says Maurice; "I drink any thing, and give God thanks, barring *raw* water: but if 'tis all the same to you, mister Dorman, may be you wouldn't lend me the loan of a glass of whiskey."

"I've no glass, Maurice," said Paddy; "I've only the bottle."

"Let that be no hindrance," answered Maurice; "my mouth just holds a glass to the drop; often I've tried it, sure."

So Paddy Dorman trusted him with the bottle—more fool was he; and, to his cost, he found that though Maurice's mouth might not hold more than the glass at one time, yet, owing to the hole in his throat, it took many a filling.

"That was no bad whiskey neither," says Maurice, handing back the empty bottle.

“By the holy frost, then !” says Paddy, “’tis but *could* comfort there’s in that bottle now ; and ’tis your word we must take for the strength of the whiskey, for you’ve left us no sample to judge by :” and to be sure Maurice had not.

Now I need not tell any gentleman or lady with common understanding, that if he or she was to drink an honest bottle of whiskey at one pull, it is not at all the same thing as drinking a bottle of water ; and in the whole course of my life, I never knew more than five men who could do so without being overtaken by the liquor. Of these Maurice Connor was not one, though he had a stiff head enough of his own—he was fairly tipsy. Don’t think I blame him for it ; ’tis often a good man’s case ; but true is the word that says, “when liquor’s in sense is out ;” and puff, at a breath, before you could say “Lord, save us !” out he blasted his wonderful tune.

’Twas really then beyond all belief or telling the dancing. Maurice himself could not keep quiet ; staggering now on one leg, now on the other, and rolling about like a ship in a cross sea, trying to humour the tune. There was his mother too, moving her old bones as light as the youngest girl of them all ; but her dancing, no, nor the dancing of all the rest, is not worthy the speaking about to the work that was going on down upon

the strand. Every inch of it covered with all manner of fish jumping and plunging about to the music, and every moment more and more would tumble in out of the water, charmed by the wonderful tune. Crabs of monstrous size spun round and round on one claw with the nimbleness of a dancing-master, and twirled and tossed their other claws about like limbs that did not belong to them. It was a sight surprising to behold. But perhaps you may have heard of father Florence Conry, a Franciscan friar, and a great Irish poet ; *bolg an dàna*, as they used to call him—a wallet of poems. If you have not, he was as pleasant a man as one would wish to drink with of a hot summer's day ; and he has rhymed out all about the dancing fishes so neatly, that it would be a thousand pities not to give you his verses ; so here 's my hand at an upset of them into English :

The big seals in motion,
Like waves of the ocean,
Or gouty feet prancing,
Came heading the gay fish,
Crabs, lobsters, and cray fish,
Determined on dancing.

The sweet sounds they follow'd,
The gasping cod swallow'd ;
'Twas wonderful, really !

And turbot and flounder,
'Mid fish that were rounder,
Just caper'd as gaily.

John-dories came tripping ;
Dull hake by their skipping
To frisk it seem'd given ;
Bright mackrel went springing,
Like small rainbows winging
Their flight up to heaven.

The whiting and haddock
Left salt water paddock
This dance to be put in :
Where skate with flat faces
Edged out some odd plaices ;
But soles kept their footing.

Sprats and herrings in powers
Of silvery showers
All number out-number'd.
And great ling so lengthy
Were there in such plenty
The shore was encumber'd.

The scollop and oyster
Their two shells did roister,
Like castanets fitting ;

While limpeds moved clearly,
And rocks very nearly
With laughter were splitting.

Never was such an ullabulloo in this world, before or since; 'twas as if heaven and earth were coming together; and all out of Maurice Connor's wonderful tune!

In the height of all these doings, what should there be dancing among the outlandish set of fishes but a beautiful young woman—as beautiful as the dawn of day! She had a cocked hat upon her head; from under it her long green hair—just the colour of the sea—fell down behind, without hinderance to her dancing. Her teeth were like rows of pearl; her lips for all the world looked like red coral; and she had an elegant gown, as white as the foam of the wave, with little rows of purple and red sea weeds settled out upon it; for you never yet saw a lady, under the water or over the water, who had not a good notion of dressing herself out.

Up she danced at last to Maurice, who was flinging his feet from under him as fast as hops—for nothing in this world could keep still while that tune of his was going on—and says she to him, chaunting it out with a voice as sweet as honey—

“ I ’m a lady of honour
Who live in the sea ;
Come down, Maurice Connor,
And be married to me.
Silver plates and gold dishes
You shall have, and shall be
The king of the fishes,
When you ’re married to me.”

Drink was strong in Maurice’s head, and out he chaunted in return for her great civility. It is not every lady, may be, that would be after making such an offer to a blind piper ; therefore ’twas only right in him to give her as good as she gave herself—so says Maurice,

“ I ’m obliged to you, madam :
Off a gold dish or plate,
If a king, and I had ’em,
I could dine in great state.
With your own father’s daughter
I ’d be sure to agree ;
But to drink the salt water
Wouldn’t do so with me !

The lady looked at him quite amazed, and swinging her head from side to side like a great scholar,

“Well,” says she, “Maurice, if you’re not a poet, where is poetry to be found?”

In this way they kept on at it, framing high compliments; one answering the other, and their feet going with the music as fast as their tongues. All the fish kept dancing too: Maurice heard the clatter and was afraid to stop playing lest it might be displeasing to the fish, and not knowing what so many of them may take it into their heads to do to him if they got vexed.

Well, the lady with the green hair kept on coaxing of Maurice with soft speeches, till at last she overpersuaded him to promise to marry her, and be king over the fishes, great and small. Maurice was well fitted to be their king, if they wanted one that could make them dance; and he surely would drink, barring the salt water, with any fish of them all.

When Maurice’s mother saw him, with that unnatural thing in the form of a green-haired lady as his guide, and he and she dancing down together so lovingly to the water’s edge, through the thick of the fishes, she called out after him to stop and come back. “Oh then,” says she, “as if I was not widow enough before, there he is going away from me to be married to that scaly woman. And who knows but ’tis grandmother I

may be to a hake or a cod—Lord help and pity me, but 'tis a mighty unnatural thing!—and may be 'tis boiling and eating my own grandchild I'll be, with a bit of salt butter, and I not knowing it!—Oh Maurice, Maurice, if there's any love or nature left in you, come back to your own *ould* mother, who reared you like a decent christian!"

Then the poor woman began to cry and ulla-goane so finely that it would do any one good to hear her.

Maurice was not long getting to the rim of the water; there he kept playing and dancing on as if nothing was the matter, and a great thundering wave coming in towards him ready to swallow him up alive; but as he could not see it, he did not fear it. His mother it was who saw it plainly through the big tears that were rolling down her cheeks; and though she saw it, and her heart was aching as much as ever mother's heart ached for a son, she kept dancing, dancing, all the time for the bare life of her. Certain it was she could not help it, for Maurice never stopped playing that wonderful tune of his.

He only turned the bothered ear to the sound of his mother's voice, fearing it might put him out in his steps, and all the answer he made back was—

"Whisht with you, mother—sure I'm going

to be king over the fishes down in the sea, and for a token of luck, and a sign that I'm alive and well, I'll send you in, every twelvemonth on this day, a piece of burned wood to Trafraska." Maurice had not the power to say a word more, for the strange lady with the green hair seeing the wave just upon them, covered him up with herself in a thing like a cloak with a big hood to it, and the wave curling over twice as high as their heads, burst upon the strand, with a rush and a roar that might be heard as far as Cape Clear.

That day twelvemonth the piece of burned wood came ashore in Trafraska. It was a queer thing for Maurice to think of sending all the way from the bottom of the sea. A gown or a pair of shoes would have been something like a present for his poor mother; but he had said it, and he kept his word. The bit of burned wood regularly came ashore on the appointed day for as good, ay, and better than a hundred years. The day is now forgotten, and may be that is the reason why people say how Maurice Connor has stopped sending the luck-token to his mother. Poor woman, she did not live to get as much as one of them; for what through the loss of Maurice, and the fear of eating her own grandchildren, she died in three weeks after the dance—some say it was the fatigue that killed her, but whichever it

was, Mrs. Connor was decently buried with her own people.

Seafaring people have often heard, off the coast of Kerry, on a still night, the sound of music coming up from the water ; and some, who have had good ears, could plainly distinguish Maurice Connor's voice singing these words to his pipes :—

Beautiful shore, with thy spreading strand,
Thy crystal water, and diamond sand ;
Never would I have parted from thee
But for the sake of my fair ladie.

The wonderful effects of music on brutes, and even inanimate matter, have been the theme of traditions in all ages. Trees and rocks gave ear to the tones of the Orphean lyre ; the stones of Thebes ranged themselves in harmony to the strains of Amphion ; the dolphin, delighted by the music of Arion, bore him in safety through the seas ; even

“ Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark.”

Lord of the Isles, c. i. st. 2.

The tales of Germany, and other countries, contain instances of magically endowed tunes. The effect of Oberon's horn is now well known in this country

through Weber's opera, and Mr. Sotheby's elegant translation of Wieland's poem.

In Hogg's ballad of the Witch of Fife, the pipe of the "Wee wee man" makes

"—the troutis laup out of the Leven Loch
Charmit with the melodye."

And as to "fish out of water" feeling uncomfortable, Irish fish are said occasionally to prefer dry land. For this, if the language of nature be that of truth, we have no less an authority than Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker, the historian of the Irish bards, and a distinguished writer on matters of taste.

"Mr. O'Halloran informs me," says Mr. Walker, "that there is preserved in the Leabher Lecan, or Book of Sligo, a beautiful poem on the storm that arose on the second landing of the Milesians, which is attributed to Amergin. In this poem there appears a boldness of metaphor which a cold critic would despise, because it offends against the rules of Aristotle, though the Stagyrte was not then born: *however, it is the language of Nature!* The author, in order to heighten the horrors of the storm, represents the fish as being so much terrified, that they quit their element for dry land:—

Inreac' Fluir, molla'c Air;
Lonnaide'n eirc la'c do tu'n'd,
Re taib' na Saille puad;
Lar air S'ind," &c.

The odd tunes mentioned as being known to Maurice Connor are great favourites in Ireland. "The Eagle's Whistle" is a singularly wild strain, which was a march or war-tune of the O'Donoghues, and is not to be met with in print. "The Hens' Concert" has been published in O'Farrell's Companion for the Pipes, and is a melodious imitation of the *tuc-tuc-a-tuc-too* of the barn-door gentry. "Ollistrum's March" may be found in Researches in the South of Ireland, p. 116.

The Rinka fada is a national dance mentioned in a note in the tale of "Master and Man," in the preceding volume. It is said to mean "the long dance," from the Irish words *Rinceadh*, a dance, and *fada*, long. In Ben Jonson's Irish Masque, the words *fading* and *faders* occur; on the former Mr. Gifford observes: "This word, which was the burthen of a popular Irish song, gave name to a dance frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. Both the song and the dance appear to have been of a licentious character, and merit no further elucidation." Notwithstanding the high critical reputation of the late editor of the Quarterly, the writer, in justice to his country, must state his ignorance of any such Irish song as that mentioned by Mr. Gifford; although, from the attention which he has paid to the subject, and his personal intercourse with the peasantry, it could hardly have escaped his acquaintance. He has frequently witnessed the Rinka fada performed, but has never observed the really graceful movements of that dance to partake of licentiousness. The mere explanation, that

Feadán is the Irish for a pipe or reed, and *Feadánach*, a piper, appears to be all the comment which the passage in "rare Ben" requires. But Mr. Gifford was fond of volunteering incorrect information respecting Ireland: witness his note on "Harper," which occurs in the Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies, and where a reference to Simon's work on Coins would have prevented a series of inaccuracies uncalled for by the text.

"When liquor's in, the wit is out,"—a common Irish saying; resembles the old legend still to be seen over the cellar-door of Doddershall Park, Bucks, the venerable seat of colonel Pigott, where it was put up about the time of Elizabeth:

"Welcome, my freinde, drinke with a noble hearte,
But yet, before you drinke too much, departe;
For though good drinke will make a coward stout,
Yet when too much is in the wit is out."

Father Conry's poem respecting the dancing fish is freely translated from the Irish. The concluding verse of the tale, which, it is said, Maurice Connor has been heard singing under the water, is almost a literal translation of the following rann from the song of Deardra:

Ionmhun tpa151n, 1r tpean tpa15,
Ionmhun vrze an 5a1n1m 5la1n;
Aloca dtlocfynh a1rde on o1r,
Aluna dtlocfynh ne m1onmhyn.

Specimens of this beautiful poem have been given by Dr. Neilson in his Irish grammar (Dublin, 1808), to which the reader is referred.

Maurice is said to have turned "the bothered ear" to his mother. This Hiberno Anglicism is exactly the same as the English phrase "turning the deaf ear;" deaf being, in the Ibero Celtic, *Bódhar*. The word bother, indeed, appears to have in some degree become naturalized in England:

"O Kitty Clover, she bothers me so, &c."

Smith, in his History of Kerry (p. 102), thus describes the scene of the dance at Trafraska:—"Near the mouth of the river Inny there is a fine extensive strand, which I mention because it is almost the only smooth place that a person might venture to put an horse to gallop for many miles round it. It is esteemed also a rarity, all the cliffs of the coast being exceeding high, and washed by the ocean at low water."



FAIRY LEGENDS.

THE DULLAHAN.



“ Men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ Says the friar, 'tis strange headless horses should trot.”

OLD SONG.

THE DULLAHAN.

THE GOOD WOMAN.

IN a pleasant and not unpicturesque valley of the White Knight's Country, at the foot of the Galtee mountains, lived Larry Dodd and his wife Nancy. They rented a cabin and a few acres of land, which they cultivated with great care, and its crops rewarded their industry. They were independent and respected by their neighbours; they loved each other in a marriageable sort of way, and few couples had altogether more the appearance of comfort about them.

Larry was a hard working, and, occasionally, a hard drinking, Dutch-built, little man, with a fiddle head and a round stern; a steady-going straight-forward fellow, barring when he carried too much whiskey, which, it must be confessed, might occasionally prevent his walking the chalked

line with perfect philomathical accuracy. He had a moist ruddy countenance, rather inclined to an expression of gravity, and particularly so in the morning; but, taken all together, he was generally looked upon as a marvellously proper person, notwithstanding he had, every day in the year, a sort of unholy dew upon his face, even in the coldest weather, which gave rise to a supposition, (amongst censorious persons, of course), that Larry was apt to indulge in strong and frequent potations. However, all men of talents have their faults—indeed, who is without them—and as Larry, setting aside his domestic virtues and skill in farming, was decidedly the most distinguished breaker of horses for forty miles round, he must be in some degree excused, considering the inducements of “the stirrup cup,” and the fox-hunting society in which he mixed, if he had also been the greatest drunkard in the county—but in truth this was not the case.

Larry was a man of mixed habits, as well in his mode of life and his drink, as in his costume. His dress accorded well with his character—a sort of half-and-half between farmer and horse-jockey. He wore a blue coat of coarse cloth, with short skirts, and a stand-up collar; his waistcoat was red, and his lower habiliments were made of leather, which in course of time had shrunk so much

that they fitted like a second skin, and long use had absorbed their moisture to such a degree that they made a strange sort of crackling noise as he walked along. A hat covered with oil skin; a cutting-whip, all worn and jagged at the end; a pair of second-hand, or, to speak more correctly, second-footed, greasy top-boots, that seemed never to have imbibed a refreshing draught of Warren's blacking of matchless lustre!—and one spur without a rowel, completed the every-day dress of Larry Dodd.

Thus equipped was Larry returning from Cashel, mounted on a rough-coated and wall-eyed nag, though, notwithstanding these and a few other trifling blemishes, a well-built animal; having just purchased the said nag, with a fancy that he could make his own money again of his bargain, and, maybe, turn an odd penny more by it at the ensuing Kildorrery fair. Well pleased with himself, he trotted fair and easy along the road in the delicious and lingering twilight of a lovely June evening, thinking of nothing at all, only whistling, and wondering would horses always be so low. "If they go at this rate," said he to himself, "for half nothing, and that paid in butter buyer's notes, who would be the fool to walk?" This very thought, indeed, was passing in his mind, when his attention was roused by a woman pacing quickly

by the side of his horse, and hurrying on, as if endeavouring to reach her destination before the night closed in. Her figure, considering the long strides she took, appeared to be under the common size—rather of the dumpy order ; but further, as to whether the damsel was young or old, fair or brown, pretty or ugly, Larry could form no precise notion, from her wearing a large cloak (the usual garb of the female Irish peasant), the hood of which was turned up, and completely concealed every feature.

Enveloped in this mass of dark and concealing drapery, the strange woman, without much exertion, contrived to keep up with Larry Dodd's steed for some time, when his master very civilly offered her a lift behind him, as far as he was going her way. "Civility begets civility," they say ; however, he received no answer ; and thinking that the lady's silence proceeded only from bashfulness, like a man of true gallantry, not a word more said Larry, until he pulled up by the side of a gap, and then says he, "*Ma colleen beg**, just jump up behind me, without a word more, though never a one have you spoke, and I'll take you safe and sound through the lonesome bit of road that is before us."

She jumped at the offer, sure enough, and up

* My little girl.

with her on the back of the horse as light as a feather. In an instant there she was seated up behind Larry, with her hand and arm buckled round his waist holding on.

“I hope you’re comfortable there, my dear,” said Larry, in his own good-humoured way; but there was no answer; and on they went—trot, trot, trot—along the road; and all was so still and so quiet that you might have heard the sound of the hoofs on the limestone a mile off: for that matter there was nothing else to hear except the moaning of a distant stream, that kept up a continued *cronane**, like a nurse *hushoing*. Larry, who had a keen ear, did not however require so profound a silence to detect the click of one of the shoes. “’Tis only loose the shoe is,” said he to his companion, as they were just entering on the lonesome bit of road of which he had before spoken. Some old trees, with huge trunks, all covered, and irregular branches festooned with ivy, grew over a dark pool of water, which had been formed as a drinking-place for cattle; and in the distance was seen the majestic head of Galtee-more. Here the horse, as if in grateful recognition, made a dead halt; and Larry, not knowing what vicious tricks his new purchase might have, and unwilling

* A monotonous song; a drowsy humming noise.

that through any odd chance the young woman should get *spilt* in the water, dismounted, thinking to lead the horse quietly by the pool.

“By the piper’s luck, that always found what he wanted,” said Larry, recollecting himself, “I’ve a nail in my pocket: ’tis not the first time I’ve put on a shoe, and may be it wo’n’t be the last; for here is no want of paving-stones to make hammers in plenty.”

No sooner was Larry off than off with a spring came the young woman just at his side. Her feet touched the ground without making the least noise in life, and away she bounded like an ill-mannered wench, as she was, without saying “by your leave,” or no matter what else. She seemed to glide rather than run, not along the road, but across a field, up towards the old ivy-covered walls of Kilnaslattery church—and a pretty church it was.

“Not so fast, if you please, young woman—not so fast,” cried Larry, calling after her; but away she ran, and Larry followed, his leathern garment, already described, crack, crick, crackling at every step he took. “Where’s my wages?” said Larry: “*Thorum pog, ma colleen oge* *;—sure I’ve earned a kiss from your pair of pretty

* Give me a kiss, my young girl.

lips—and I'll have it too!" But she went on faster and faster, regardless of these and other flattering speeches from her pursuer; at last she came to the churchyard wall, and then over with her in an instant.

"Well, she's a mighty smart creature anyhow. To be sure, how neat she steps upon her pasterns! Did any one ever see the like of that before;—but I'll not be baulked by any woman that ever wore a head, or any ditch either," exclaimed Larry, as with a desperate bound he vaulted, scrambled, and tumbled over the wall into the churchyard. Up he got from the elastic sod of a newly made grave in which Tade Leary that morning was buried—rest his soul!—and on went Larry, stumbling over head-stones and foot-stones, over old graves and new graves, pieces of coffins, and the skulls and bones of dead men—the Lord save us!—that were scattered about there as plenty as paving-stones; floundering amidst great overgrown dock-leaves and brambles that, with their long prickly arms, tangled round his limbs, and held him back with a fearful grasp. Mean time the merry wench in the cloak moved through all these obstructions as evenly and as gaily as if the churchyard, crowded up as it was with graves and gravestones (for people came to be buried there from far and near), had been the floor of a

dancing-room. Round and round the walls of the old church she went. "I'll just wait," said Larry, seeing this, and thinking it all nothing but a trick to frighten him; "when she comes round again, if I don't take the kiss, I won't, that's all,—and here she is!" Larry Dodd sprung forward with open arms, and clasped in them—a woman, it is true—but a woman without any lips to kiss, by reason of her having no head!

"Murder!" cried he. "Well, that accounts for her not speaking." Having uttered these words, Larry himself became dumb with fear and astonishment; his blood seemed turned to ice, and a dizziness came over him; and, staggering like a drunken man, he rolled against the broken window of the ruin, horrified at the conviction that he had actually held a Dullahan in his embrace!

When he recovered to something like a feeling of consciousness, he slowly opened his eyes, and then, indeed, a scene of wonder burst upon him. In the midst of the ruin stood an old wheel of torture, ornamented with heads, like Cork gaol, when the heads of Murty Sullivan and other gentlemen were stuck upon it. This was plainly visible in the strange light which spread itself around. It was fearful to behold, but Larry could not choose but look, for his limbs were powerless through the wonder and the fear. Useless as it was, he would

have called for help, but his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and not one word could he say. In short, there was Larry gazing through a shattered window of the old church, with eyes bleared and almost starting from their sockets ; his breast rested on the thickness of the wall, over which, on one side, his head and outstretched neck projected, and on the other, although one toe touched the ground, it derived no support from thence : terror, as it were, kept him balanced. Strange noises assailed his ears, until at last they tingled painfully to the sharp clatter of little bells which kept up a continued ding—ding—ding—ding : marrowless bones rattled and clanked, and the deep and solemn sound of a great bell came booming on the night wind.

'Twas a spectre rung
That bell when it swung—
 Swing-swang !
And the chain it squeaked,
And the pulley creaked,
 Swing-swang !

And with every roll
Of the deep death toll
 Ding-dong !

The hollow vault rang
As the clapper went bang,
Ding-dong !

It was strange music to dance by ; nevertheless, moving to it, round and round the wheel set with skulls, were well dressed ladies and gentlemen, and soldiers and sailors, and priests and publicans, and jockeys and jennys, but all without their heads. Some poor skeletons, whose bleached bones were ill covered by moth-eaten palls, and who were not admitted into the ring, amused themselves by bowling their brainless noddles at one another, which seemed to enjoy the sport beyond measure.

Larry did not know what to think ; his brains were all in a mist, and losing the balance which he had so long maintained, he fell headforemost into the midst of the company of Dullahans.

“ I ’m done for and lost for ever,” roared Larry, with his heels turned towards the stars, and souse down he came.

“ Welcome, Larry Dodd, welcome,” cried every head, bobbing up and down in the air. “ A drink for Larry Dodd,” shouted they, as with one voice, that quavered like a shake on the bagpipes. No sooner said than done, for a player at heads,

catching his own as it was bowled at him, for fear of its going astray, jumped up, put the head, without a word, under his left arm, and, with the right stretched out, presented a brimming cup to Larry, who, to show his manners, drank it off like a man.

“ ’Tis capital stuff,” he would have said, which surely it was, but he got no further than cap, when decapitated was he, and his head began dancing over his shoulders like those of the rest of the party. Larry, however, was not the first man who lost his head through the temptation of looking at the bottom of a brimming cup. Nothing more did he remember clearly, for it seems body and head being parted is not very favourable to thought, but a great hurry scurry with the noise of carriages and the cracking of whips.

When his senses returned, his first act was to put up his hand to where his head formerly grew, and to his great joy there he found it still. He then shook it gently, but his head remained firm enough, and somewhat assured at this, he proceeded to open his eyes and look around him. It was broad daylight, and in the old church of Kilnaslattery he found himself lying, with that head, the loss of which he had anticipated, quietly resting, poor youth, “ upon the lap of earth.” Could it have been an ugly dream? “ Oh no,” said Larry,

“ a dream could never have brought me here, stretched on the flat of my back, with that death’s head and cross marrow bones forenenting me on the fine old tombstone there that was *faced* by Pat Kearney* of Kilcrea—but where is the horse?” He got up slowly, every joint aching with pain from the bruises he had received, and went to the pool of water, but no horse was there. “ ’Tis home I must go,” said Larry, with a rueful countenance; “ but how will I face Nancy?—what will I tell her about the horse, and the seven I. O. U.’s that he cost me?—’Tis them Dullahans that have made their own of him from me—the horsestealing robbers of the world, that have no fear of the gallows!—but what’s gone is gone, that’s a clear case!”—so saying, he turned his steps homewards, and arrived at his cabin about noon without encountering any further adventures. There he found Nancy, who, as he expected, looked as black as a thundercloud at him for being out all night. She listened to the marvellous relation which he gave with exclamations of astonishment, and when he had concluded, of grief, at the loss of the horse that he had paid for like an honest man in I. O. U.’s, three of which she knew to be as good as gold.

* *Faced*, so written by the Chantrey of Kilcrea for “*fecit*.”

“ But what took you up to the old church at all, out of the road, and at that time of the night, Larry?” inquired his wife.

Larry looked like a criminal for whom there was no reprieve; he scratched his head for an excuse, but not one could he muster up, so he knew not what to say.

“ Oh! Larry, Larry,” muttered Nancy, after waiting some time for his answer, her jealous fears during the pause rising like barm; “ ’tis the very same way with you as with any other man—you are all alike for that matter—I’ve no pity for you—but, confess the truth!”

Larry shuddered at the tempest which he perceived was about to break upon his devoted head. “ Nancy,” said he, “ I do confess:—it was a young woman without any head that ——”

His wife heard no more. “ A woman I knew it was,” cried she; “ but a woman without a head, Larry!—well, it is long before Nancy Gollagher ever thought it would come to that with her!—that she would be left dissolute and alone here by her *baste* of a husband, for a woman without a head!—O father, father! and O mother, mother! it is well you are low to-day!—that you don’t see this affliction and disgrace to your daughter that you reared decent and tender. O Larry, you vil-

lian, you 'll be the death of your lawful wife going after such O—O—O—”

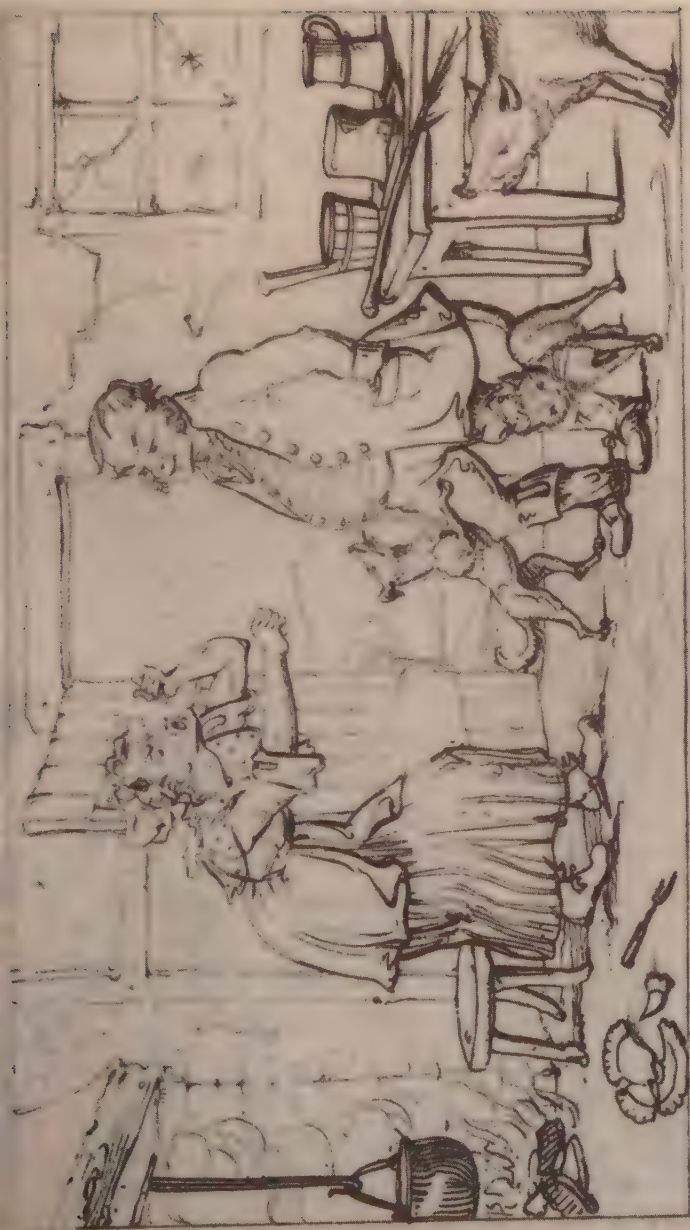
“ Well,” says Larry, putting his hands in his coat-pockets, “ least said is soonest mended. Of the young woman I know no more than I do of Moll Flanders; but this I know, that a woman without a head may well be called a Good Woman, because she has no tongue !”

How this remark operated on the matrimonial dispute history does not inform us. It is, however, reported that the lady had the last word.

Mr. O'Reilly, author of the best Irish Dictionary extant, respecting the name Dullahan thus expresses himself in a communication to the writer.

“ Dulachan (in Irish Dubhlachan) signifies a dark, sullen person. The word Durrachan, or Dullahan, by which in some places the goblin is known, has the same signification. It comes from *Dorr*, or *Durr*, anger, or *Durrach*, malicious, fierce, &c.” The correctness of this last etymology may be questioned, as *Dubh*, black, is evidently a component part of the word.

Headless people are not peculiar to Ireland, although there alone they seem to have a peculiar name. Legends respecting them are to be found in most coun-



O Larcy you villain! you'll be the death of me going after such a

tries. It cannot be asserted that the ancients had any idea of people appearing after death without heads, but they firmly believed that whole nations contrived to live without them. St. Augustine, whose veracity it is to be supposed no one will question, not merely heard of them, but actually preached the gospel to such beings. In his 37th sermon, *Ad Fratres in Eremito*, he thus expresses himself. “Ego jam Episcopus Hipponensis eram et cum quibusdam servis Christi ad Æthiopiam perrexi ut eis sanctum Christi Evangelium prædicarem et vidimus ibi multos homines ac mulieres *capita non habentes*.” Kornmann in his “*de Miraculis Vivorum*” (Frankf. 1694, p. 58) endeavours to account, philosophically, for the production of headless people.

If one saint preached to people “*capita non habentes*,” the history of other saints will prove that the head is not so essential a part of man as is generally believed. The Legend of St. Denis, who, *sans tête*, walked from Paris to the place which now bears his name, is too well known to require repetition. At Zaragosa, in Spain, there is a church called *Engracia*, the patron saint of which is said to have marched a league, carrying his head in his hands, talking all the way; and in this manner he presented himself at the gate of the convent. The marvellous expertness of the Orrilo of Bojardo and Ariosto at sticking on his head and limbs, when they chanced to be struck off by the adverse knight, must be familiar to the Italian reader. His chase of Astolpho, who gallops off with

the head, far exceeds the sober walk of the aforesaid patron saints. See Orlando Furioso, c. 15.

Blind Harry records the adventure of an Irish chieftain who pitched his head at the renowned Sir William Wallace, which Sir William, dexterously catching by the hair, flung back at his adversary.

The idea of decollated persons walking probably began thus :—“ The old painters represented the martyrs by characteristic badges, allusive of the mode of their execution ; some with a knife in the bosom ; others, who were decapitated, with their heads upon a table hard by, or in their hands. Hence, perhaps, arose the singular sign, still so great a favourite with our oil-men, ‘ The good woman,’ originally expressive of a female saint ; a holy or good woman, who had met her death by the privation of her head.” There is no authority to prove that headless people were unable to speak ; on the contrary, a variation of the story of the Golden Mountain given in a note in the *Kindermärchen*, relates, that a servant *without a head* informed the fisherman (who was to achieve the adventure), of the enchantment of the king’s daughter, and of the mode of liberating her. How by the waggery of after ages the good woman came to be converted down into the silent woman, as if it were a matter of necessity, is thus explained by the poet :

“ A silent woman, sir ! you said—

Pray, was she painted without head ?

Yes, sir, she was !—you never read on

A silent woman with her head on :

Besides, you know, there's nought but speaking
Can keep a woman's heart from breaking!"

Mr. M. W. Praed, in his pretty tale of Lillian, by an ingenious metaphor of a beautiful idiot, would explain a headless woman.

"And hence the story had ever run,
That the fairest of dames was a headless one."

To pass from the living to the dead. "The Irish Dullahan," said a high authority on such matters, "puts me in mind of a spectre at Drumlanrick castle of no less a person than the duchess of Queensberry—'Fair Kitty, blooming, young, and gay,'—who, instead of setting fire to the world in mamma's chariot, amuses herself with wheeling her own head in a wheelbarrow through the great gallery."

At Odense, in the Island of Funen, the people relate that a priest, who seduced a girl and murdered her babe, was buried alive for his crimes. His Ghost is now condemned to walk, and Sunday children (those born on Sunday, who are gifted with the power of seeing what is invisible to other eyes) have beheld him going about with his *head under his arm*.—*Thiele's Danske Folksagn*, vol. ii. p. 84.

In notes on the subsequent stories of this section, headless appearances, connected with horses and carriages, will be noticed. Such apparitions are sometimes looked on as the forerunners of death. Camerarius, in his *Operæ Subseciva*, c. i. p. 336., says, It not unfrequently happens in monasteries that the

spectres (wraiths) of monks and nuns, whose death is at hand, are seen in the chapel, occupying their usual seats, but *without* heads. Dr. Ferrier, in his Theory of Apparitions, speaking of second sight in Scotland, (p. 65) mentions an old northern chieftain, who owned to a relative of his (Dr. F's.) "that the door" (of the room in which they and some ladies were sitting) "had appeared to open, and that a little woman *without* a head had entered the room ;—that the apparition indicated the sudden death of some person of his acquaintance," &c.

This last circumstance of death being presaged by apparitions without heads seems to have something symbolical in it, as it was very natural to denote the cessation of life by a figure devoid of the seat of sensation and thought.

HANLON'S MILL.

ONE fine summer's evening Michael Noonan went over to Jack Brien's, the shoemaker, at Ballyduff, for the pair of brogues which Jack was mending for him. It was a pretty walk the way he took, but very lonesome ; all along by the riverside, down under the oak-wood, till he came to Hanlon's mill, that used to be, but that had gone to ruin many a long year ago.

Melancholy enough the walls of that same mill looked ; the great old wheel, black with age, all covered over with moss and ferns, and the bushes all hanging down about it. There it stood, silent and motionless ; and a sad contrast it was to its former busy clack, with the stream which once gave it use rippling idly along.

Old Hanlon was a man that had great knowledge of all sorts ; there was not an herb that grew in the field but he could tell the name of it and its use, out of a big book he had written, every word of it in the real Irish *karácter*. He kept a school once, and could teach the Latin ; that surely is a blessed tongue all over the wide world ; and

I hear tell as how "the great Burke" went to school to him. Master Edmund lived up at the old house, there, which was then in the family, and it was the Nagles that got it afterwards, but they sold it.

But it was Michael Noonan's walk I was about speaking of. It was fairly between lights, the day was clean gone, and the moon was not yet up, when Mick was walking smartly across the Inch. Well, he heard, coming down out of the wood, such blowing of horns and hallooing, and the cry of all the hounds in the world, and he thought they were coming after him; and the galloping of the horses, and the voice of the whipper-in, and he shouting out, just like the fine old song,

"Hallo Piper, Lily, agus Finder;"

and the echo over from the gray rock across the river giving back every word as plainly as it was spoken. But nothing could Mick see, and the shouting and hallooing following him every step of the way till he got up to Jack Brien's door; and he was certain, too, he heard the clack of old Hanlon's mill going, through all the clatter. To be sure, he ran as fast as fear and his legs could carry him, and never once looked behind him, well knowing that the Duhallow hounds were out in

quite another quarter that day, and that nothing good could come out of the noise of Hanlon's mill.

Well, Michael Noonan got his brogues, and well heeled they were, and well pleased was he with them ; when who should be seated at Jack Brien's before him, but a gossip of his, one Darby Haynes, a mighty decent man, that had a horse and car of his own, and that used to be travelling with it, taking loads like the royal mail coach between Cork and Limerick ; and when he was at home, Darby was a near neighbour of Michael Noonan's.

"Is it home you're going with the brogues this blessed night?" said Darby to him.

"Where else would it be?" replied Mick : "but, by my word, 'tis not across the Inch back again I'm going, after all I heard coming here ; 'tis to no good that old Hanlon's mill is busy again."

"True, for you," said Darby ; "and may be you'd take the horse and car home for me, Mick, by way of company, as 'tis along the road you go. I'm waiting here to see a sister's son of mine that I expect from Kilcoleman." "That same I'll do," answered Mick, "with a thousand welcomes." So Mick drove the car fair and easy, knowing that the poor beast had come off a long journey ; and Mick—God reward him for it—

was always tender-hearted and good to the dumb creatures.

The night was a beautiful one ; the moon was better than a quarter old ; and Mick, looking up at her, could not help bestowing a blessing on her beautiful face, shining down so sweetly upon the gentle Awbeg. He had now got out of the open road and had come to where the trees grew on each side of it : he proceeded for some space in the half-and-half light which the moon gave through them. At one time when a big old tree got between him and the moon, it was so dark that he could hardly see the horse's head ; then, as he passed on, the moonbeams would stream through the open boughs and variegate the road with lights and shades. Mick was lying down in the car at his ease, having got clear of the plantation, and was watching the bright piece of a moon in a little pool at the road side, when he saw it disappear all of a sudden as if a great cloud came over the sky. He turned round on his elbow to see if it was so, but how was Mick astonished at finding, close along-side of the car, a great high black coach drawn by six black horses, with long black tails reaching almost down to the ground, and a coachman dressed all in black sitting up on the box. But what surprised Mick the most was, that he could see no sign of a head either upon

coachman or horses. It swept rapidly by him, and he could perceive the horses raising their feet as if they were in a fine slinging trot, the coachman touching them up with his long whip, and the wheels spinning round like hoddy-doddies ; still he could hear no noise, only the regular step of his gossip Darby's horse, and the squeaking of the gudgeons of the car, that were as good as lost entirely for want of a little grease.

Poor Mick's heart almost died within him, but he said nothing, only looked on ; and the black coach swept away, and was soon lost among some distant trees. Mick saw nothing more of it, or indeed of any thing else. He got home just as the moon was going down behind Mount Hillery—took the tackling off the horse, turned the beast out in the field for the night, and got to his bed.

Next morning, early, he was standing at the road-side thinking of all that had happened the night before, when he saw Dan Madden, that was Mr. Wrixon's huntsman, coming on the master's best horse down the hill, as hard as ever he went at the tail of the hounds. Mick's mind instantly misgave him that all was not right, so he stood out in the very middle of the road, and caught hold of Dan's bridle when he came up.

“ Mick, dear—for the love of God ! don't stop me,” cried Dan.

“ Why, what 's the hurry ?” said Mick.

“ Oh, the master !—he 's off—he 's off—he 'll never cross a horse again till the day of judgment !”

“ Why, what would ail his honour ?” said Mick ; “ sure it is no later than yesterday morning that I was talking to him, and he stout and hearty ; and says he to me, Mick, says he”—

“ Stout and hearty was he ?” answered Madden ; “ and was he not out with me in the kennel last night, when I was feeding the dogs ; and didn't he come out to the stable, and give a ball to Peg Pullaway with his own hand, and tell me he 'd ride the old General to-day ; and sure,” said Dan, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, “ who 'd have thought that the first thing I'd see this morning was the mistress standing at my bed-side, and bidding me get up and ride off like fire for Doctor Johnson ; for the master had got a fit, and”—poor Dan's grief choked his voice—“ oh, Mick ! if you have a heart in you, run over yourself, or send the gessoon for Kate Finnigan, the midwife ; she 's a cruel skilful woman, and maybe she might save the master, till I get the doctor.”

Dan struck his spurs into the hunter, and Michael Noonan flung off his newly-mended brogues, and cut across the fields to Kate Finnigan's ; but neither the doctor nor Katty was of any avail,

and the next night's moon saw Ballygibblin—and more's the pity—a house of mourning.

To an anonymous correspondent (A. H. B. Clonmel) the compiler is chiefly indebted for the foregoing legend. Burke's residence in the neighbourhood of, and early education at Castletown roche, are noticed by Mr. Prior in his excellent life of that illustrious man.

Another legend of the same district relates, that a black coach, drawn by headless horses, goes every night from Castle Hyde till it comes to Glana Fauna, a little beyond Ballyhooly, when it proceeds up the valley, and then returns back again. The same coach is also reported to drive every Saturday night through the town of Doneraile, and to stop at the doors of different houses; but should any one be so fool-hardy as to open the door, a basin of blood is instantly flung in their face.

The appearance of "the Headless Coach," as it is called, is a very general superstition, and is generally regarded as a sign of death, or an omen of some misfortune.

"The people of Basse Bretagne believe, that when the death of any person is at hand, a hearse drawn by skeletons (which they call *carriquet an nankon*), and covered with a white sheet, passes by the house where the sick person lies, and the creaking of the

wheels may be plainly heard.”—*Journal des Sciences*, 1826, *communicated by Dr. Grimm*.

The Glasgow Chronicle (January, 1826) records the following occurrence at Paisley, on the occasion of some silkweavers being out of employment.

“Visions have been seen of carts, caravans, and coaches going up Gleniffer braes without horses, or with horses without heads. Not many nights ago, mourning coaches, too, were seen going up the Cart above the town, with all the solemnity of a funeral. Some hoary-headed citizens relate, that about thirty years backward in their history, a famine was prognosticated in much the same way, by unusual appearances in the Causey-side. The most formidable witnesses in favour of the visions come from Neilston, who declare that they have seen the coaches, &c. two by two, coming over the braes, and are quite willing to depose to said facts whenever asked, before the Paisley magistrates.”

Places where any fatal accident has occurred, or any murder been committed, are seldom without a supernatural tale of terror, in which the headless coach and horses perform their part. One instance will probably suffice.

Many years ago, a clergyman belonging to St. Catharine's church in Dublin resided at the old castle of Donore, in the vicinity of that city. From melancholy, or some other cause, he put an end to his existence, by hanging himself out of a window near the top of the castle, so small that it was matter of surprise how he was able to force his body through it.

That he had supernatural aid in accomplishing the deed is the belief of the neighbourhood ; for, besides the smallness of the window, there is the farther evidence that, to this very day, the mark of his figure is seen on the wall beneath it, and no whitewashing is able to efface it. After his death, a coach, sometimes driven by a coachman without a head, sometimes drawn by horses without heads, was frequently observed at night driving furiously by Roper's Rest, so the castle was called from him.

Popular legends are full of accounts of wild huntsmen, and such restless personages. King Arthur, we are told, used to hunt in the English woods : no one could see the monarch himself, but the sounding of the horns and the cry of the hounds might be plainly heard ; and when any one called out after him, an answer was returned—" We are king Arthur and his kindred." In France there was Le Grand Veneur, who haunted the woods round Fontainebleau ; in Germany, Hackelberg, who gave up his share of heaven for permission to hunt till doomsday ; in Sleswick, king Abel ; in the Danish islands, Græn Jette, who rides with his head under his arm ; Palna Jäger, and king Wolmar, or Waldemar : this last monarch also hunts in Jutland, where he may be heard continually crying out, *Hei ! Hou ! Lystig ! Courage !* which are the names of his four hounds. For hunting fairies, see Waldron, p. 132 ; also Cromek's Remains of Nithisdale and Galloway Song, p. 298, and note on subsequent story.

THE HARVEST DINNER.

IT was Monday, and a fine October morning. The sun had been some time above the mountains, and the hoar frost and the drops on the gossamers were glittering in the light, when Thady Byrne, on coming in to get his breakfast, after having dug out a good piece of his potatoes, saw his neighbour, Paddy Cavenagh, who lived on the other side of the road, at his own door tying his brogues.

“A good morrow to you, Paddy, honey,” said Thady Byrne.

“Good morrow, kindly, Thady,” said Paddy.

“Why then, Paddy avick, it is not your early rising, any how, that will do you any harm this morning.”

“It’s true enough for you, Thady,” answered Paddy, casting a look up at the sky; “for I believe it’s pretty late in the day. But I was up, you see, murdering late last night.”

“To be sure, then, Paddy, it was up at the great dinner, yesterday, above at the big house you were.”

“ Ay was it ; and a rattling fine dinner we had of it, too.”

“ Why, then, Paddy, agra, what is to ail you now, but you ’d just sit yourself down here, on this piece of green sod, and tell us all about it, from beginning to end.”

“ Never say the word twice, man ; I ’ll give you the whole full and true account of it, and welcome.”

They sat down on the road side, and Paddy thus began :

“ Well, you see, Thady, we ’d a powerful great harvest of it, you know, this year, and the men all worked like jewels as they are ; and the master was in great spirits, and he promised he ’d give us all a grand dinner when the drawing-in was over, and the corn all safe in the haggard. So this last week crowned the business ; and on Saturday night the last sheaf was neatly tied and sent in to the mistress, and every thing was finished, all to the thatching of the ricks. Well, you see, just as Larry Toole was come down from heading the last rick, and we were taking away the ladder, out comes the mistress, herself—long life to her—by the light of the moon ; and ‘ Boys,’ says she, ‘ yez have finished the harvest bravely, and I invite yez all to dinner here, to-morrow ; and if yez come

early, yez shall have mass in the big hall, without the trouble of going up all the ways to the chapel for it.' ”

“ Why, then, did she really say so, Paddy ? ”

“ That she did—the sorrow the lie in it.”

“ Well, go on.”

“ Well, if we did not set up a shout for her, it's no matter ! ”

“ Ay, and good right you had too, Paddy, avick.”

“ Well, you see, yesterday morning—which, God be praised ! was as fine a day as ever came out of the sky—when I had taken the beard off me, Tom Connor and I set out for the big house. And I don't know, Thady, whether it was the fineness of the day, or the thoughts of the good dinner we were to have, or the kindness of the mistress, that made my heart so light, but I felt, anyhow, as gay as any sky-lark.—Well, when we got up to the house, there was every one of the people that's in the work, men, women, and childer, all come together in the yard ; and a pretty sight it was to look upon, Thady—they were all so gay, and so clean, and so happy.”

“ True for you, Paddy, agraph ; and a fine thing it is, too, to work with a real gentleman, like the master. But tell us, avick, how it was the mistress contrived to get the mass for yez :

sure father Clancey, himself, or the coadjutor, didn't come over?"

"No, in troth didn't they; but the mistress managed it better nor all that. You see, Thady, there's a priest, an old friend of the family's, one father Mullin, on a visit this fortnight past, up at the big house. He's as gay a little man as ever spoke, only he's a little too fond of the drop—the more is the pity—and it's whispered about among the servants, that by means of it he has lost a parish he had down the country; and he was on his way up to Dublin, when he stopped to spend a few days with his old friends, the master and mistress.

"Well, you see, the mistress, on Saturday, without saying a single word of it to any living soul, writes a letter with her own hand, and sends Tom Freen off with it to father Clancey, to ax him for a loan of the vestments. Father Clancey, you know, is a mighty *genteel* man, and one that likes to oblige the quality in any thing that does not go against his duty; and glad he was to have it in his power to serve the mistress; and he sent off the vestments with all his heart and soul, and as civil a letter, Tommy Freen says—for he heard the mistress reading it—as ever was penned.

"Well, there was an altar, you see, got up in the big hall, just between the two doors—if ever

you were in it—leading into the store-room and the room the childer sleep in; and when every thing was ready we all came in, and the priest gave us as good mass every bit as if we were up at the chapel for it. The mistress and all the family attended themselves, and they stood just within-side of the parlour-door; and it was really surprising, Thady, to see how decently they behaved themselves. If they 'd been all their lives going to chapel they could not have behaved themselves better nor they did."

"Ay, Paddy, mavourneen, I'll be bail they didn't skit and laugh the way some people would be doing."

"Laugh!—not themselves, indeed! They 'd more manners, if nothing else, nor to do that.—Well, to go on with my story: when the mass was over we went strolling about the lawn and place till three o'clock come, and then, you see, the big bell rung out for dinner, and maybe it was not we that were glad to hear it. So away with us to the long barn where the dinner was laid out; and upon my conscience, Thady Byrne, there's not one word of lie in what I'm going to tell you; but at the sight of so much victuals every taste of appetite in the world left me, and I thought I'd have fainted down on the ground that was under me. There was, you see, two

rows of long tables laid the whole length of the barn, and table-cloths spread upon every inch of them; and there was rounds of beef, and rumps of beef, and ribs of beef, both boiled and roast; and there was legs of mutton, and hands of pork, and pieces of fine bacon; and there was cabbage and potatoes to no end, and a knife and fork laid for every body; and barrels of beer and porter, with the cocks in every one of them, and mugs and porringers in heaps. In all my born days, Thady dear, I never laid eyes on such a load of victuals."

"By the powers of delph! Paddy ahayger, and it *was* a grand sight sure enough. Tear and ayjers! what ill luck I had not to be in the work this year! But go on, agrah."

"Well, you see, the master, himself, stood up at the end of one of the tables, and cut up a fine piece of the beef for us; and right forenent him sat, at the other end, old Paddy Byrne; for, though you know he is a farmer himself, yet the mistress is so fond of him—he is such a decent man—that she would, by all manner of means, have him there. Then the priest was at the head of the other table, and said grace for us, and then fell to slashing up another piece of the beef for us; and forenent him sat Jem Murray the stewart; and sure enough, Thady, it was our-

selves that played away in grand style at the beef, and the mutton, and the cabbage, and all the other fine things. And there was Tom Freen, and all the other servants waiting upon us, and handing us drink, just as if we were so many grand gentlemen that were dining with the master.—Well, you see, when we were about half done, in walks the mistress herself, and the young master, and the young ladies, and the ladies from Dublin that's down on a visit with the mistress, just, as she said, to see if we were happy and merry over our dinner; and then, Thady, you see, without any body saying a single word, we all stood up like one man, and every man and boy, with his full porringer of porter in his hand, drank long life and success to the mistress and master, and every one of the family.—I don't know for others, Thady, but for myself, I never said a prayer in all my life more from the heart; and a good right I had, sure, and every one that was there, too; for, to say nothing of the dinner, is there the like of her in the whole side of the country for goodness to the poor, whether they're sick or they're well? Would not I myself, if it was not but for her, be a lone and desolate man this blessed day?"

"It's true for you, avick, for she brought Judy through it better nor any doctor of them all."

"Well, to make a long story short, we ate and

we drank, and we talked and we laughed, till we were tired, and as soon as it grew dusk we were all called again into the hall ; and there, you see, the mistress had got over Tim Connel, the blind piper, and had sent for all the women that could come, and the cook had tea for them down below in the kitchen ; and they came up to the hall, and there was chairs set round it for us all to sit upon, and the mistress came out of the parlour, and ‘ Boys,’ says she, ‘ I hope yez have made a good dinner, and I ’ve been thinking of yez, you see, and I ’ve got yez plenty of partners, and it ’s your own faults if yez don’t spend a pleasant evening.’ So with that we set up another shout for the mistress, and Tim struck up, and the master took out Nelly Mooney into the middle of the floor to dance a jig, and it was they that footed it neatly. Then the master called out Dinny Moran, and dragged him up to one of the Dublin young ladies, and bid Dinny be stout and ax her out to dance with him. So Dinny, you see, though he was ashamed to make so free with the lady, still he was afeard not to do as the master bid him ; so, by my conscience, he bowled up to her manfully, and held out the fist and axed her out to dance with him, and she gave him her hand in a crack, and Dinny whipped her out into the middle of the hall, forenent us all, and pulled up his

breeches, and called out to Tim to blow up ‘The Rocks of Cashel’ for them. And then, my jewel, if you were to see them ! Dinny flinging the legs about as if they’d fly from off him, and the lady now here now there, just for all the world as if she was a spirit, for not a taste of noise did she make on the floor that ever was heard ; and Dinny calling out to Tim to play it up faster and faster, and Tim almost working his elbow through the bag, till at last the lady was fairly tired, and Dinny clapped his hands and called out Peggy Reilly, and she attacked him boldly, and danced down Dinny, and then up got Johnny Regan, and put her down completely. And since the world was a world, I believe there never was such dancing seen.”

“ The sorrow the doubt of it, avick, I’m certain ; they’re all of them such real fine dancers. And only to think of the lady dancing with the likes of Dinny !”

“ Well, you see, poor old Paddy Byrne, when he hears that the women were all to be there, in he goes into the parlour to the mistress, and axes her if he might make so bold as to go home and fetch his woman. So the mistress, you see—though you know Katty Byrne is no great favourite with her—was glad to oblige Paddy, and so Katty Byrne was there too. And then old

Hugh Carr axed her out to move a *minnet* with him ; and there was Hugh, as stiff as if he had dined upon one of the spits, with his black wig and his long brown coat, and his blue stockings, moving about with his hat in his hand, and leading Katty about, and looking so soft upon her ; and Katty, in her stiff mob-cap, with the ears pinned down under her chin, and her little black hat on the top of her head ; and she at one corner *curcheying* to Hugh, and Hugh at another bowing to her, and every body wondering at them, they moved it so elegantly."

" Troth, Paddy, avourneen, that was well worth going a mile of ground to see."

" Well, you see, when the dancing was over, they took to the singing, and Bill Carey gave the ' Wounded Hussar ' and the ' Poor but Honest Soldier ' in such style, that you 'd have heard him up on the top of Slee Roo ; and Dinny Moran and old Tom Freen gave us the best songs they had, and the priest sung the Cruiskeen Laun for us gaily, and one of the young ladies played and sung upon a thing within in the parlour like a table, that was prettier nor any pipes to listen to."

" And didn't Bill give yez ' As down by Banna's banks I strayed ? ' Sure that 's one of the best songs he has."

" And that he did, till he made the very seats

shake under us ; but a body can't remember every thing, you know. Well, where was I?—oh, ay ! —You see, my dear, the poor little priest was all the night long going backwards and forwards, every minute, between the parlour and the hall, and the spirits, you see, was lying open upon the sideboard, and the dear little man he couldn't keep himself from it, but kept helping himself to a drop now and a drop then, till at last he became all as one as tipsy. So, then, he comes out into the hall among us, and goes about whispering to us to go home, and not be keeping the family out of their beds. But the mistress saw what he was at, and she spoke out, and she said, ' Good people,' says she, ' never mind what the priest says to yez —yez are my company, and not his, and yez are heartily welcome to stay as long as yez like.' So when he found he could get no good of us, he rolled off with himself to his bed ; and his head, you see, was so bothered with the liquor he'd been taking that he never once thought of taking off his boots, but tumbled into bed with them upon him—Tommy Freen told us when he went into the room to look after him ; and devil be in Tim, when he heard it, but he lilts up the ' Priest in his boots ;' and, God forgive us ! we all burst out laughing ; for sure who could help it, if it was the bishop himself?"

“ Troth it was a shame for yez, anyhow. But Paddy, agraph, did yez come away at all ? ”

“ Why at last we did, after another round of punch to the glory and success of the family. And now, Thady, comes the most surprisingest part of the whole story. I was all alone, you see ; for my woman, you know, could not leave the childer to come to the dance, so, as it was a fine moonshiny night, nothing would do me but I must go out into the paddock to look after poor Rainbow, the plough-bullock, that has got a bad shoulder ; so by that means, you see, I missed the company, and had to go home all alone. Well, you see, it was out by the back gate I went, and it was then about twelve in the night, as well as I could judge by the plough, and the moon was shining as bright as a silver dish, and there was not a sound to be heard but the screeching of the old owl down in the ivy-wall ; and I felt it all pleasant, for I was somehow rather hearty with the drink I’d been taking ; for you know, Thady Byrne, I’m a sober man.”

“ That ’s no lie for you, Paddy, avick. A little, as they say, goes a great way with you.”

“ Well, you see, on I went whistling to myself some of the tunes they’d been singing, and thinking of any thing, sure, but the good people ; when just as I came to the corner of the planta-

tion, and got a sight of the big bush, I thought, faith, I saw some things moving backwards and forwards, and dancing like, up in the bush. I was quite certain it was the fairies that, you know, resort to it, for I could see, I thought, their little red caps and green jackets quite plain. Well, I was thinking at first of going back and getting home through the fields: but, says I to myself, what should I be afeard of? I'm an honest man, says I, that does nobody any harm; and I heard mass this morning; and it's neither Hollyeve, nor St. John's eve, nor any other of their great days, and they can do me no hurt, I'm certain. So I made the sign of the cross, and on I went in God's name, till I came right under the bush; and what do you think they were, Thady, after all?"

"Arrah, how can I tell? But you were a stout man anyhow, Paddy, agra!"

"Why then, what was it but the green leaves of the old bush and the red bunches of the haws that were waving and shaking in the moonlight. Well, on I goes till I came to the corner of the crab-road, when I happened to cast my eyes over towards the little moat that is in the moat-field, and there, by my *sowl*! (God forgive me for swearing) I saw the fairies in real earnest."

"You did, then, did you?"

"Ay, by my faith, did I, and a mighty pretty

sight it was too, I can tell you. The side of the moat, you see, that looks into the field was open, and out of it there came the darlintest little cavalcade of the prettiest little fellows you ever laid your eyes upon. They were all dressed in green hunting frocks, with nice little red caps on their heads, and they were mounted on pretty little long-tailed white ponies, not so big as young kids, and they rode two and two so nicely. Well, you see, they took right across the field just above the sand-pit, and I was wondering in myself what they'd do when they came to the big ditch, thinking they'd never get over it. But I'll tell you what it is, Thady,—Mr. Tom and the brown mare, though they're both of them gay good at either ditch or wall, they're not to be talked of in the same day with them. They took the ditch, you see, big as it is, in full stroke; not a man of them was shook in his seat or lost his rank; it was pop, pop, pop, over with them, and then, hurra!—away with them like shot across the high field, in thie direction of the old church.

Well, my dear, while I was straining my eyes looking after, I hears a great rumbling noise coming out of the moat, and when I turned about to look at it, what should I see but a great old family coach and six coming out of the moat and making direct for the gate where I was standing. Well, says I,

I'm a lost man now anyhow. There was no use at all, you see, in thinking to run for it, for they were driving at the rate of a hunt ; so down I got into the gripe, thinking to sneak off with myself while they were opening the gate. But, by the laws ! the gate flew open without a soul laying a finger to it, the instant minute they came up to it, and they wheeled down the road just close to the spot where I was hiding, and I saw them as plain as I now see you ; and a queer sight it was, too, to see, for not a morsel of head that ever was, was there upon one of the horses or on the coachman either, and yet, for all that, Thady, the lord *Léffenent's* coach could not have made a handier or a shorter turn nor they did out of the gate ; and the blind thief of a coachman, just as they were making the wheel, was near taking the eye out of me with the lash of his long whip, as he was cutting up the horses to show off his driving. I've my doubts that the schemer knew I was there well enough, and that he did it all on purpose. Well, as it passed by me, I peeped in at the quality within-side, and not a head, no not as big as the head of a pin, was there among the whole kit of them, and four fine footmen that were standing behind the coach were just like the rest of them."

"Well, to be sure, but it was a queer sight."

"Well, away they went tattering along the

road, making the fire fly out of the stones at no rate. So when I saw they'd no eyes, I knew it was *unpossible* they could ever see me, so up I got out of the ditch and after them with me along the road as hard as ever I could drive. But when I got to the rise of the hill I saw they were a great way a-head of me, and had taken to the fields, and were making off for the old church too. I thought they might have some business of their own there, and that it might not be safe for strangers to be going after them ; so as I was by this time near my own house, I went in and got quietly to bed without saying any thing to the woman about it ; and long enough it was before I could get to sleep for thinking of them, and that's the reason, Thady, I was up so late this morning. But was not it a strange thing, Thady ?”

“ Faith, and sure it was, Paddy, ahayger, as strange a thing as ever was. But are you quite certain and sure now you saw them ?”

“ Am I certain and sure I saw them ? Am I certain and sure I see the nose there on your face ? What was to ail me not to see them ? Was not the moon shining as bright as day ? And did not they pass within a yard of where I was ? And did any one ever see me drunk or hear me tell a lie ?”

“ It’s true for you, Paddy, no one ever did, and myself does not rightly know what to say to it.”

The scene of the Harvest Dinner lies in Leinster ; and the nice observer will perceive some slight differences between the language in it, and the Munster dialect of the other tales. At the end of “ the drawing-in,” a sheaf very neatly bound up is sent in to “ the mistress,” a symbol of the termination of her harvest cares : as a matter of course, the bearer “ gets a glass” to drink her health, and a general invitation to “ the people in the work” follows.

Gossamers, a word used in the opening, Johnson says, are the long white cobwebs which fly in the air in calm sunny weather, and he derives the word from the low Latin gossapium. This is altogether very unsatisfactory. The gossamers are the cobwebs which may be seen, particularly during a still autumnal morning, in such quantities on the furze bushes, and which are raised by the wind and floated through the air, as thus exquisitely pictured by Browne in *Britannia’s Pastorals* :

“ The milk-white gossamers not upwards snowed.”

Book II. Song 2.

Every lover of nature must have observed and admired the beautiful appearance of the gossamers in

the early morning, when covered with dew-drops, which, like prisms, separate the rays of light, and shoot the blue, red, yellow, and other colours of the spectrum, in brilliant confusion. Of king Oberon we are told—

“ A rich mantle he did wear,
Made of tinsel gossamer,
Bestarred over with a few
Diamond drops of morning dew.”

The word gossamer is evidently derived from *goss*, the gorse or furze. Query, *Goss samy!*? Voss, in a note to Luise, III. 17, says, that in Germany the popular belief attributes the manufacture of the gossamer to the dwarfs and elves.

There is something peculiarly pleasing in the terms of affection used by the lower orders of the Irish in addressing each other; the expressions, *agrah* (my love) and *avick* (my son) resemble the *hijos* and *humanos* of the Spaniards, and the *fathers* and *sons* of the Hebrews and Arabs. It is curious that this orientalism, if it may be called such, should be only found in Spain and Ireland. Perhaps its common origin lies in warmth of affection, of which no country affords more instances than the one last mentioned. On turning over the unhappily too dark pages of Irish history, the reader must be struck with meeting, in the space of one reign, the deaths of no less than three persons ascribed to grief for the loss of friends. One is an

earl of Kildare, who, we are told, pined and died when death deprived him of his foster brother. The cause assigned may not be the true one, but the bond of affection must have been strong in a country where such could even be mentioned. Golownin gives an instance of nearly similar strength of affection among the Japanese.

The perfection of singing, in the opinion of an Irish peasant, consists in strength of lungs. "A powerful bass voice that could be heard at the top of a neighbouring mountain," carries off the palm of excellence, and is sought after and listened to with enthusiasm. The favourite songs display no mean degree of popular taste. Campbell's beautiful and pathetic ballad, mentioned in the tale, is an especial favourite; and "Adelaide," and "the dark-rolling Danube," are as familiar to the ears of the Irish peasantry as Ogle's "Molly Asthore," and "Banna's banks." As a further proof of their natural good taste, it may be mentioned, that of the books printed and circulated by the Kildare Street Society, none is found to equal in sale *Elizabeth*, or *the Exiles of Siberia*. The reader will probably call to mind Gilbert Burns' remarks on the kindred taste of the Scottish peasantry. Much may be said respecting educating the lower orders, according to their taste and through the medium of their superstitions, as the most attractive and effectual modes of instruction. But the great question of national education is one of too much importance to be trifled with in a hastily written note.

The appearance of the fairy hunters has some resemblance to the relation in M'Culloch's account of the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland,' vol. iv. p. 358. "One Highlander, in passing a mountain, hears the tramp of horses, the music of the horn, and the cheering of the huntsman; when suddenly a gallant crew of thirteen fairy hunters, dressed in green, sweep by him, the silver bosses of their bridles jingling in the night breeze."

The subsequent attested statement has been transmitted to the writer from Ireland, among other intelligence of fairy proceedings there.

"The accuracy of the following story I can vouch for, having heard it told several times by the person who saw the circumstances.

"About twenty years back William Cody, churn-boy to a person near Cork, had, after finishing his day's work, to go through six or eight fields to his own house, about 12 o'clock at night. He was passing alongside of the ditch (Anglicè, hedge) of a large field, and coming near a quarry, he heard a great cracking of whips at the other side; he went on to a gap in the same ditch, and out rode a little horseman, dressed in green, and mounted in the best manner, who put a whip to his breast and made him stop until several hundred horseman, all dressed alike, rode out of the gap at full speed, and swept round a glin: when the last horseman was clear off, the sentinel clapt spurs to his horse, gave three cracks of his whip, and was out of sight in a second.'

“The person would swear to the above, as he was quite sober and sensible at the time. The place had always before the name of being very airy *.”

(Signed)

P. BATH,

Royal Cork Institution, 3d June, 1825.

* A lonesome place, in Scotland and Ireland, is commonly said to be “an airy place,” from *airidhe*, which in Irish signifies spectres, visions.

Sir Walter Scott, in *Minstrelsy of Scottish Border*, vol. ii. explains this word “as producing superstitious dread.”

In the ballad of Tamlane we find

“Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And *ciry* was the way,” &c.

THE DEATH COACH.

'Tis midnight!—how gloomy and dark!

By Jupiter there's not a star!—

'Tis fearful!—'tis awful!—and hark!

What sound is that comes from afar?

Still rolling and rumbling, that sound

Makes nearer and nearer approach;

Do I tremble, or is it the ground?—

Lord save us!—what is it?—a coach!—

A coach!—but that coach has no head;

And the horses are headless as it;

Of the driver the same may be said,

And the passengers inside who sit.

See the wheels! how they fly o'er the stones!

And whirl, as the whip it goes crack;

Their spokes are of dead men's thigh bones,

And the pole is the spine of the back!

The hammer-cloth, shabby display,
Is a pall rather mildew'd by damps ;
And to light this strange coach on its way,
Two hollow skulls hang up for lamps !

From the gloom of Rathcooney church-yard,
They dash down the hill of Glanmire ;
Pass Lota in gallop as hard
As if horses were never to tire !

With people thus headless 'tis fun
To drive in such furious career ;
Since *headlong* their horses can't run,
Nor coachman be *headdy* from beer.

Very steep is the Tivoli lane,
But up-hill to them is as down ;
Nor the charms of Woodhill can detain
These Dullahans rushing to town.

Could they feel as I've felt—in a song—
A spell that forbade them depart ;
They'd a lingering visit prolong,
And after their head lose their heart !

No matter !—'tis past twelve o'clock ;
Through the streets they sweep on like the
wind,

And, taking the road to Blackrock,
Cork city is soon left behind.

Should they hurry thus reckless along,
To supper instead of to bed,
The landlord will surely be wrong,
If he charge it at so much a head !

Yet mine host may suppose them too poor
To bring to his wealth an increase ;
As till now, all who drove to his door,
Possess'd at least *one crown* a-piece.

Up the Deadwoman's hill they are roll'd ;
Boreenmannah is quite out of sight ;
Ballintemple they reach, and behold !
At its church-yard they stop and alight.

" Who 's there ?" said a voice from the ground ;
" We 've no room, for the place is quite full."
" O room must be speedily found,
For we come from the parish of Skull.

" Though Murphys and Crowleys appear
On headstones of deep-letter'd pride ;
Though Scannells and Murleys lie here,
Fitzgeralds and Toomies beside ;

“ Yet here for the night we lie down,
To-morrow we speed on the gale ;
For having no heads of our own,
We seek the Old Head of Kinsale.”

The Death Coach is called in Irish “ *Coach a bower.*” The time of its appearance is always midnight ; and when heard to drive round any particular house, with the coachman’s whip cracking loudly, it is said to be a sure omen of death.

The following account of the Dullahans and their coach was communicated to the writer by a lady resident in the neighbourhood of Cork :—

“ They drive particularly hard wherever a death is going to take place. The people about here thought that the road would be completely worn out with their galloping before Mrs. Spiers died. On the night the poor lady departed they brought an immense procession with them, and instead of going up the road, as usual, they turned into Tivoli: the lodge-people, according to their own account, ‘ were *kilt* from them that night.’ The coachman has a most marvellously long whip, with which he can whip the eyes out of any one, at any distance, that dares to look at him. I suppose the reason he is so incensed at being looked at, is because he cannot return the compliment, ‘*pon*

the 'count of having no head. What a pity it is none but the Dullahans can go without their heads! Some people's heads would be no loss to them, or any one else."

A like superstition to the circumstance of "whipping out the eyes," is related by Mr. Thiele as current in Denmark. He tells us, that the oppressive lords of Glorup drive every Christmas night, in a stately coach, from their magnificent tomb in St. Knud's church, in Odense, to Glorup. The coach is drawn by six white horses, with long glowing tongues; and he who dares not hide his face when he hears it coming, atones for his rashness with loss of sight.

Danske Folkesagn, vol. ii. p. 104.

"I cannot find," says a fair Welsh correspondent, "that we have any peculiar designation for the headless people beyond "*Fenyw heb un pen*," the headless woman—" *Ceffyl heb un pen*," the headless horse; further we have not aspired, nor have I heard that this headless race in Wales extends beyond an humble horse. With us they have not assumed the same importance as in Ireland, by setting up their carriage."

The localities mentioned in the verses are all in the immediate vicinity of the city of Cork, with the exception of Skull and the Old Head of Kinsale, both of which lie on the coast of that county.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

“ God speed you, and a safe journey this night to you, Charley,” ejaculated the master of the little sheebeen house at Ballyhooley after his old friend and good customer, Charley Culnane, who at length had turned his face homewards, with the prospect of as dreary a ride and as dark a night as ever fell upon the Blackwater, along whose banks he was about to journey.

Charley Culnane knew the country well, and, moreover, was as bold a rider as any Mallow-boy that ever *rattled* a four-year-old upon Drumrue race-course. He had gone to Fermoy in the morning, as well for the purpose of purchasing some ingredients required for the Christmas dinner by his wife, as to gratify his own vanity by having new reins fitted to his snaffle, in which he intended showing off the old mare at the approaching St. Stephen’s day hunt.

Charley did not get out of Fermoy until late ; for although he was not one of your “ nasty particular sort of fellows ” in any thing that related to

the common occurrences of life, yet in all the appointments connected with hunting, riding, leaping, in short, in whatever was connected with the old mare, "Charley," the saddlers said, "was the devil to *plāse*." An illustration of this fastidiousness was afforded by his going such a distance for a snaffle bridle. Mallow was full twelve miles nearer Charley's farm (which lay just three quarters of a mile below Carrick) than Fermoy; but Charley had quarrelled with all the Mallow saddlers, from hard-working and hard-drinking Tim Clancey, up to Mister Ryan, who wrote himself "Saddler to the Duhallow Hunt;" and no one could content him in all particulars but honest Michael Twomey of Fermoy, who used to assert—and who will doubt it?—that he could stitch a saddle better than the lord-lieutenant, although they made him all as one as king over Ireland.

This delay in the arrangement of the snaffle bridle did not allow Charley Culnane to pay so long a visit as he had at first intended to his old friend and gossip, Con Buckley, of the "Harp of Erin." Con, however, knew the value of time, and insisted upon Charley making good use of what he had to spare. "I won't bother you waiting for water, Charley, because I think you'll have enough of that same before you get home; so drink off your liquor, man. It's as good *parlia-*

ment as ever a gentleman tasted, ay, and holy church to, for it will bear "*x waters*," and carry the bead after that, may be."

Charley, it must be confessed, nothing loth, drank success to Con, and success to the jolly "*Harp of Erin*," with its head of beauty and its strings of the hair of gold, and to their better acquaintance, and so on, from the bottom of his soul, until the bottom of the bottle reminded him that Carrick was at the bottom of the hill on the other side of Castletown Roche, and that he had got no further on his journey than his gossip's at Ballyhooley, close to the big gate of Connamore. Catching hold of his oil-skin hat, therefore, whilst Con Buckley went to the cupboard for another bottle of "*the real stuff*," he regularly, as it is termed, bolted from his friend's hospitality, darted to the stable, tightened his girths, and put the old mare into a canter towards home.

The road from Ballyhooley to Carrick follows pretty nearly the course of the Blackwater, occasionally diverging from the river and passing through rather wild scenery, when contrasted with the beautiful seats that adorn its banks. Charley cantered gaily, regardless of the rain which, as his friend Con had anticipated, fell in torrents: the good woman's currants and raisins were carefully packed between the folds of his yeomanry cloak,

which Charley, who was proud of showing that he belonged to the "Royal Mallow Light Horse Volunteers," always strapped to the saddle before him, and took care never to destroy the military effect of by putting it on.—Away he went singing like a thrush—

"Sporting, belling, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows—(*hiccup!*)—sinking;
Ever raking—never thinking,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

"Spending faster than it comes,
Beating—(*hiccup, hic*), and duns,
Duhallow's true-begoiten sons,
Live the rakes of Mallow."

Notwithstanding that the visit to the jolly "Harp of Erin" had a little increased the natural complacency of his mind, the drenching of the new snaffle reins began to disturb him; and then followed a train of more anxious thoughts than even were occasioned by the dreaded defeat of the pride of his long-anticipated *turn out* on St. Stephen's day. In an hour of good fellowship, when his heart was warm, and his head not over cool, Charley had backed the old mare against Mr. Jepson's bay filly Desdemona for a neat hundred,

and he now felt sore misgivings as to the prudence of the match. In a less gay tone he continued

“ Living short, but merry lives,
Going where the devil drives,
Keeping——”

“ Keeping” he muttered, as the old mare had reduced her canter to a trot at the bottom of Kilcummer Hill. Charley’s eye fell on the old walls that belonged, in former times, to the Templars ; but the silent gloom of the ruin was broken only by the heavy rain which splashed and pattered on the gravestones. He then looked up at the sky to see if there was, among the clouds, any hopes for mercy on his new snaffle reins ; and no sooner were his eyes lowered, than his attention was arrested by an object so extraordinary as almost led him to doubt the evidence of his senses. The head, apparently, of a white horse, with short cropped ears, large open nostrils, and immense eyes, seemed rapidly to follow him. No connexion with body, legs, or rider, could possibly be traced—the head advanced—Charley’s old mare, too, was moved at this unnatural sight, and, snorting violently, increased her trot up the hill. The head moved forward, and passed on ;

Charley pursuing it with astonished gaze, and wondering by what means, and for what purpose, this detached head thus proceeded through the air, did not perceive the corresponding body until he was suddenly started by finding it close at his side. Charley turned to examine what was thus so sociably jogging on with him, when a most unexampled apparition presented itself to his view. A figure, whose height (judging as well as the obscurity of the night would permit him) he computed to be at least eight feet, was seated on the body and legs of a white horse full eighteen hands and a half high. In this measurement Charley could not be mistaken, for his own mare was exactly fifteen hands, and the body that thus jogged alongside he could at once determine, from his practice in horseflesh, was at least three hands and a half higher.

After the first feeling of astonishment, which found vent in the exclamation "I'm sold now for ever!" was over; the attention of Charley, being a keen sportsman, was naturally directed to this extraordinary body, and having examined it with the eye of a connoisseur, he proceeded to reconnoitre the figure so unusually mounted, who had hitherto remained perfectly mute. Wishing to see whether his companion's silence proceeded from bad temper, want of conversational powers,

or from a distate to water, and the fear that the opening of his mouth might subject him to have it filled by the rain, which was then drifting in violent gusts against them, Charley endeavoured to catch a sight of his companion's face, in order to form an opinion on that point. But his vision failed in carrying him further than the top of the collar of the figure's coat, which was a scarlet single-breasted hunting frock, having a waist of a very old fashioned cut reaching to the saddle, with two huge shining buttons at about a yard distance behind. "I ought to see farther than this, too," thought Charley, "although he is mounted on his high horse, like my cousin Darby, who was made barony constable last week, unless 'tis Con's whiskey that has blinded me entirely." However, see further he could not, and after straining his eyes for a considerable time to no purpose, he exclaimed, with pure vexation, "By the big bridge of Mallow, it is no head at all he has!"

"Look again, Charley Culnane," said a hoarse voice, that seemed to proceed from under the right arm of the figure.

Charley did look again, and now in the proper place, for he clearly saw, under the aforesaid right arm, that head from which the voice had proceeded, and such a head no mortal ever saw before.

It looked like a large cream cheese hung round with black puddings: no speck of colour enlivened the ashy paleness of the depressed features; the skin lay stretched over the unearthly surface, almost like the parchment head of a drum. Two fiery eyes of prodigious circumference, with a strange and irregular motion, flashed like meteors upon Charley, and a mouth that reached from either extremity of two ears, which peeped forth from under a profusion of matted locks of lustreless blackness. This head, which the figure had evidently hitherto concealed from Charley's eyes, now burst upon his view in all its hideousness. Charley, although a lad of proverbial courage in the county Cork, yet could not but feel his nerves a little shaken by this unexpected visit from the headless horseman, whom he considered this figure doubtless must be. The cropped-eared head of the gigantic horse moved steadily forward, always keeping from six to eight yards in advance. The horseman, unaided by whip or spur, and disdaining the use of stirrups, which dangled uselessly from the saddle, followed at a trot by Charley's side, his hideous head now lost behind the lappet of his coat, now starting forth in all its horror as the motion of the horse caused his arm to move to and fro. The ground shook under the weight of its supernatural burthen, and

the water in the pools was agitated into waves as he trotted by them.

On they went—heads with bodies, and bodies without heads.—The deadly silence of night was broken only by the fearful clattering of hoofs, and the distant sound of thunder, which rumbled above the mystic hill of Cecaune a Mona Finnea. Charley, who was naturally a merry-hearted, and rather a talkative fellow, had hitherto felt tongue-tied by apprehension, but finding his companion showed no evil disposition towards him, and having become somewhat more reconciled to the Patagonian dimensions of the horseman and his headless steed, plucked up all his courage, and thus addressed the stranger—

“Why, then, your honour rides mighty well without the stirrups!”

“Humph,” growled the head from under the horseman’s right arm.

“’Tis not an over civil answer,” thought Charley; “but no matter, he was taught in one of them riding-houses, may be, and thinks nothing at all about bumping his leather breeches at the rate of ten miles an hour. I’ll try him on the other tack. Ahem!” said Charley, clearing his throat, and feeling at the same time rather daunted at this second attempt to establish a conversation. “Ahem! that’s a mighty neat coat of your ho-

nour's, although 'tis a little too long in the waist for the present cut."

"Humph," growled again the head.

This second humph was a terrible thump in the face to poor Charley, who was fairly bothered to know what subject he could start that would prove more agreeable. "'Tis a sensible head," thought Charley, "although an ugly one, for 'tis plain enough the man does not like flattery." A third attempt, however, Charley was determined to make, and having failed in his observations as to the riding and coat of his fellow-traveller, thought he would just drop a trifling allusion to the wonderful headless horse, that was jogging on so sociably beside his old mare; and as Charley was considered about Carrick to be very knowing in horses, besides being a full private in the Royal Mallow Light Horse Volunteers, which were every one of them mounted like real Hessians, he felt rather sanguine as to the result of his third attempt.

"To be sure, that 's a brave horse your honour rides," recommenced the persevering Charley.

"You may say that, with your own ugly mouth," growled the head.

Charley, though not much flattered by the compliment, nevertheless chuckled at his success in obtaining an answer, and thus continued:

“ May be your honour wouldn’t be after riding him across the country ?”

“ Will you try me, Charley ?” said the head, with an inexpressible look of ghastly delight.

“ Faith, and that ’s what I ’d do,” responded Charley, “ only I ’m afraid, the night being so dark, of laming the old mare, and I ’ve every halfpenny of a hundred pounds on her heels.”

This was true enough, Charley’s courage was nothing dashed at the headless horseman’s proposal ; and there never was a steeple-chase, nor a fox-chase, riding or leaping in the country, that Charley Culnane was not at it, and foremost in it.

“ Will you take my word,” said the man who carried his head so snugly under his right arm, “ for the safety of your mare ?”

“ Done,” said Charley ; and away they started, helter, skelter, over every thing, ditch and wall, pop, pop, the old mare never went in such style, even in broad daylight : and Charley had just the start of his companion, when the hoarse voice called out “ Charley Culnane, Charley, man, stop for your life, stop !”

Charley pulled up hard. “ Ay,” said he, “ you may beat me by the head, because it always goes so much before you ; but if the bet was neck-and-neck, and that ’s the go between the old mare and Desdemona, I ’d win it hollow !”

It appeared as if the stranger was well aware of what was passing in Charley's mind, for he suddenly broke out quite loquacious.

"Charley Culnane," says he, "you have a stout soul in you, and are every inch of you a good rider. I've tried you, and I ought to know; and that's the sort of man for my money. A hundred years it is since my horse and I broke our necks at the bottom of Kilcummer hill, and ever since I have been trying to get a man that dared to ride with me, and never found one before. Keep, as you have always done, at the tail of the hounds, never baulk a ditch, nor turn away from a stone wall, and the headless horseman will never desert you nor the old mare."

Charley, in amazement, looked towards the stranger's right arm, for the purpose of seeing in his face whether or not he was in earnest, but behold! the head was snugly lodged in the huge pocket of the horseman's scarlet hunting-coat. The horse's head had ascended perpendicularly above them, and his extraordinary companion rising quickly after his avant courier, vanished from the astonished gaze of Charley Culnane.

Charley, as may be supposed, was lost in wonder, delight, and perplexity; the pelting rain, the wife's pudding, the new snaffle—even the match against squire Jepson—all were forgotten; no-

thing could he think of, nothing could he talk of, but the headless horseman. He told it, directly that he got home, to Judy; he told it the following morning to all the neighbours; and he told it to the hunt on St. Stephen's day: but what provoked him after all the pains he took in describing the head, the horse, and the man, was, that one and all attributed the creation of the headless horseman to his friend Con Buckley's "X water parliament." This, however, should be told, that Charley's old mare beat Mr. Jepson's bay filly, Desdemona, by Diamond, and Charley pocketed his cool hundred; and if he didn't win by means of the headless horseman, I am sure I don't know any other reason for his doing so.

It has been already mentioned that Groen Jette, the wild huntsman, usually rides with his head under his arm.

Cervantes mentions tales of the *Caballo sin cabeza* among the *cuentos de viejas con que se entretienen al fuego las dilatadas noches del invierno*. In the early part of the last century the headless horse was not unknown in England. The Spectator (No. 110) says—"My friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it" (the wood), "after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been

almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that had appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head."

The horse, probably, like the dog, on account of our intimacy with him, is a favourite actor in popular superstition. The following story from Gervase of Tilbury exhibits him in one of his mildest and most beneficent appearances :

"Est in Anglia quoddam dæmonum genus quod suo idiomate Grant nominant, ad instar pulli equini anniculi, tibiis erectum, oculis scintillantibus. Istud dæmonum genus sæpissime comparet in plateis, in ipsius diei fervore, aut circa solis oeciduum. Et quoties apparet futurum in urbe illa vel vico portendit incendium. Cum ergo, sequente die vel nocte, instat periculum, in plateis discursu facto canes provocat ad latrandum, et dum fugam simulat sequentes canes ad insequendum spe vana consequendi invitat. Hujusmodi illusio convicaneis de ignis custodia cautelam facit, et hic officiorum dæmonum genus, dum conspicientes terret, suo adventu munire ignorantes solet."—
C. 62.

In Denmark an extraordinary custom prevailed of burying a live animal—a horse, a lamb, a pig, and even a child—at the commencement of a building. It is strange that a similar custom appears, from the Servian Ballads, to have prevailed among the Slavonians. A lamb was generally entombed in the foundation of a church ; a horse in that of the churchyard. This horse, the peasants say, appears again and

goes round the churchyard on three legs; when he meets any one he displays his grinning teeth—and death accompanies him. He is therefore called the *Hælhest**, the death-horse; and it is usual for a person on recovering from a fit of sickness, to say—"I have given Death a bushel of oats." Keysler (*Antiq. Sept. et Celt.* p. 181) says; "In ducatu Slesvicensi ea superstitio etiamnum obtinet, ut Hel dicant mortem vel spectrum tempore pestis equo (qui tribus tantum pedibus incedit) inequitans mortalesque trucidans. Vico vel oppido fatali hoc contagio afflato vulgus ait Helam circumire *Der Hell geht umher*. Canes etiam tum ab ea inquietari indicant formula *Der Hell ist bey denen Hunden*." This last circumstance reminds us of the classic Hecate, the rest of the sublime apparition of Death on his pale horse in the Apocalypse.

* Hæl was the Pluto of the ancient Scandinavians.



FAIRY LEGENDS.

THE FIR DARRIG.



Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greete,
And call them on, with me to roame
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke,
To play some tricke,
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho !

OLD SONG.

DIARMID BAWN, THE PIPER.

ONE stormy night Patrick Burke was seated in the chimney corner, smoking his pipe quite contentedly after his hard day's work ; his two little boys were roasting potatoes in the ashes, while his rosy daughter held a splinter* to her mother, who, seated on a siesteen†, was mending a rent in Patrick's old coat ; and Judy, the maid, was singing merrily to the sound of her wheel, that kept up a beautiful humming noise, just like the sweet drone of a bagpipe. Indeed they all seemed quite contented and happy ; for the storm howled without, and they were warm and snug within, by the side of a blazing turf fire. " I was just thinking," said Patrick, taking the du-

* A splinter, or slip of bog-deal, which, being dipped in tallow, is used as a candle.

† Siesteen is a low block-like seat, made of straw bands firmly sewed or bound together.

deen from his mouth and giving it a rap on his thumb-nail to shake out the ashes—"I was just thinking how thankful we ought to be to have a snug bit of a cabin this pelting night over our heads, for in all my born days I never heard the like of it."

"And that's no lie for you, Pat," said his wife; "but, whisht! what noise is that I *hard*?" and she dropped her work upon her knees, and looked fearfully towards the door. "The *Vargin* herself defend us all!" cried Judy, at the same time rapidly making a pious sign on her forehead, "if 'tis not the banshee!"

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said Patrick, "it's only the old gate swinging in the wind;" and he had scarcely spoken, when the door was assailed by a violent knocking. Molly began to mumble her prayers, and Judy proceeded to mutter over the muster-roll of saints; the youngsters scampered off to hide themselves behind the settle-bed; the storm howled louder and more fiercely than ever, and the rapping was renewed with redoubled violence.

"Whisht, whisht!" said Patrick—"what a noise ye're all making about nothing at all. Judy a roon, can't you go and see who's at the door?" for, notwithstanding his assumed bravery, Pat

Burke preferred that the maid should open the door.

“ Why, then, is it me you ’re speaking to?” said Judy, in the tone of astonishment; “ and is it cracked mad you are, Mister Burke; or is it, maybe, that you want me to be *rund* away with, and made a horse of, like my grandfather was?—the sorrow a step will I stir to open the door, if you were as great a man again as you are, Pat Burke.”

“ Bother you, then! and hold your tongue, and I ’ll go myself.” So saying, up got Patrick, and made the best of his way to the door. “ Who ’s there?” said he, and his voice trembled mightily all the while. “ In the name of Saint Patrick, who ’s there?” “ ’Tis I, Pat,” answered a voice which he immediately knew to be the young squire’s. In a moment the door was opened, and in walked a young man, with a gun in his hand, and a brace of dogs at his heels. “ Your honour’s honour is quite welcome, entirely,” said Patrick; who was a very civil sort of a fellow, especially to his betters. “ Your honour’s honour is quite welcome; and if ye ’ll be so condescending as to demean yourself by taking off your wet jacket, Molly can give ye a bran new blanket, and ye can sit forenent the fire while the clothes are drying.”

“ Thank you, Pat,” said the squire, as he wrapt himself, like Mr. Weld, in the proffered blanket.*

“ But what made you keep me so long at the door ?”

“ Why, then, your honour, ’twas all along of Judy, there, being so much afraid of the good people ; and a good right she has, after what happened to her grandfather—the Lord rest his soul !”

“ And what was that, Pat ?” said the squire.

“ Why, then, your honour must know that Judy had a grandfather ; and he was *ould* Diarmid Bawn, the piper, as personable a looking man as any in the five parishes he was ; and he could play the pipes so sweetly, and make them *spake* to such perfection, that it did one’s heart good to hear him. We never had any one, for that matter, in this side of the country like him, before or since, except James Gandsey, that is own piper to Lord Headly—his honour’s lordship is the real good gentleman—and ’tis Mr. Gandsey’s music that is the pride of Killarney lakes. Well, as I was saying, Diarmid was Judy’s grandfather, and he rented a small mountainy farm ; and he was walking about the fields one moonlight night, quite melancholy-like in himself for want of the *Tobaccy* ; because, why, the river was flooded, and he could not get

* See Weld’s Killarney, 8vo ed. p. 228.

across to buy any, and Diarmid would rather go to bed without his supper than a whiff of the dudeen. Well, your honour, just as he came to the old fort in the far field, what should he see? —the Lord preserve us! —but a large army of the good people, 'coutered for all the world just like the dragoons! 'Are ye all ready?' said a little fellow at their head dressed out like a general. 'No;' said a little curmudgeon of a chap all dressed in red, from the crown of his cocked hat to the sole of his boot. 'No, general,' said he; 'if you don't get the Fir darrig a horse he must stay behind, and ye'll lose the battle.'

" 'There's Diarmid Bawn,' said the general, pointing to Judy's grandfather, your honour, 'make a horse of him.'

" So with that master Fir darrig comes up to Diarmid, who, you may be sure, was in a mighty great fright; but he determined, seeing there was no help for him, to put a bold face on the matter; and so he began to cross himself, and to say some blessed words, that nothing bad could stand before.

" 'Is that what you'd be after, you spalpeen?' said the little red imp, at the same time grinning a horrible grin; 'I'm not the man to care a straw for either your words or your crossings.' So, without more to do, he gives poor Diarmid a rap with the flat side of his sword, and in a moment he was

changed into a horse, with little Fir darrig stuck fast on his back.

“ Away they all flew over the wide ocean, like so many wild geese, screaming and chattering all the time, till they came to Jamaica ; and there they had a murdering fight with the good people of that country. Well, it was all very well with them, and they stuck to it manfully, and fought it ought fairly, ’till one of the Jamaica men made a cut with his sword under Diarmid’s left eye, and then, sir, you see, poor Diarmid lost his temper entirely, and he dashed into the very middle of them, with Fir darrig mounted up on his back, and he threw out his heels, and he whisked his tail about, and wheeled and turned round and round at such a rate, that he soon made a fair clearance of them, horse, foot, and dragoons. At last, Diarmid’s faction got the better, all through his means ; and then they had such feasting and rejoicing, and gave Diarmid, who was the finest horse amongst them all, the best of every thing.

“ ‘ Let every man take a hand of *Tobaccy* for Diarmid Bawn,’ said the general ; and so they did ; and away they flew, for ’twas getting near morning, to the old fort back again, and there they vanished like the mist from the mountain.

“ When Diarmid looked about the sun was rising, and he thought it was all a dream, till he



Peter Panquet and his temperance

saw a big rick of *Tobaccy* in the old fort, and felt the blood running from his left eye; for sure enough he was wounded in the battle, and would have been *kilt* entirely, if it wasn't for a gospel composed by father Murphy that hung about his neck ever since he had the scarlet fever; and for certain, it was enough to have given him another scarlet fever to have had the little red man all night on his back, whip and spur for the bare life. However, there was the *Tobaccy* heaped up in a great heap by his side; and he heard a voice, although he could see no one, telling him, 'That 'twas all his own, for his good behaviour in the battle; and that whenever Fir darrig would want a horse again he'd know where to find a clever beast, as he never rode a better than Diarmid Bawn.' That 's what he said, sir."

"Thank you, Pat," said the squire; "it certainly is a wonderful story, and I am not surprised at Judy's alarm. But now, as the storm is over, and the moon shining brightly, I'll make the best of my way home." So saying, he disrobed himself of the blanket, put on his coat, and, whistling his dogs, set off across the mountain; while Patrick stood at the door, bawling after him, "May God and the blessed Virgin preserve your honour, and keep ye from the good people;

for 'twas of a moonlight night like this that Diarmid Bawn was made a horse of, for the Fir darrig to ride.

Fir Darrig, correctly written, *fear dearg*, means the red man, and is a member of the fairy tribe of Ireland, who bears a great resemblance to the Puck or Robin Goodfellow of Shakspeare's days. Like that merry goblin, his delight is in mischief and mockery; and numberless are the wild and whimsical stories in which he figures. Although the German Kobolds partake of the good-natured character of the people, yet the celebrated Hinzelman occasionally amused himself with playing tricks somewhat similar to those of master Fir darrig.

The red dress and strange flexibility of voice possessed by the Fir darrig form his peculiar characteristics; the latter is said, by Irish tale-tellers, to be as *Fuaim na dtonn*, the sound of the waves; and again it is compared to *Ceol na nuingeal*, the music of angels; *Ceileabhar na nèan*, the warbling of birds, &c.; and the usual address to this fairy is, *Na dean fochmoid fùinn*, do not mock us. His entire dress, when he is seen, is invariably described as crimson; whereas, the fairies generally appear in *Hata dubh, culaigh ghlas, stocaigh bana, agus broga dearga*; a black hat, a green suit, white stockings, and red shoes.

The transformation of Diarmid into a horse is no uncommon one. Circe used to transmute people by hundreds. Queen Labe and Co. in the Arabian Nights were equally expert at metamorphoses; a horse, by-the-bye, was the very form that queen gave king Beder, who, however, had previously transformed her majesty into a mare. King Carpalus, too, in the old romance of Ogier le Dannoys, was condemned to spend three hundred years in the form of a horse, for the resistance he made to king Arthur in Fairy land.

Diarmid Bawn signifies white or fair Edward. "A Gospel," to which he owes his preservation in the fairy fight, is a text of scripture written in a particular manner, and which has been blessed by a priest. It is sewed in red cloth, and hung round the neck as a cure or preventive against various diseases, &c. Few Irish peasants will be found without "a gospel;" or, as in the vicinity of Holy Cross, a blessed string, a blessed stone, or a blessed bit of wood, about their persons, which they consider to be an infallible safeguard against evil. Indeed, the popular mind at the present moment is full as credulous in these matters as it was nearly two centuries since, when lord Broghill captured a "peckful of spells and charms" among the baggage, after defeating lord Muskerry.

TEIGUE OF THE LEE.

“ I CAN’T stop in the house—I won’t stop in it for all the money that is buried in the old castle of Carrigrohan. If ever there was such a thing in the world!—to be abused to my face night and day, and nobody to the fore doing it! and then, if I’m angry, to be laughed at with a great roaring ho, ho, ho! I won’t stay in the house after to-night, if there was not another place in the country to put my head under.” This angry soliloquy was pronounced in the hall of the old manor-house of Carrigrohan by John Sheehan. John was a new servant; he had been only three days in the house, which had the character of being haunted, and in that short space of time he had been abused and laughed at, by a voice which sounded as if a man spoke with his head in a cask; nor could he discover who was the speaker, or from whence the voice came. “ I’ll not stop here,” said John; “ and that ends the matter.”

“ Ho, ho, ho! be quiet, John Sheehan, or else worse will happen to you.”

John instantly ran to the hall window, as the

words were evidently spoken by a person immediately outside, but no one was visible. He had scarcely placed his face at the pane of glass, when he heard another loud "Ho, ho, ho!" as if behind him in the hall; as quick as lightning he turned his head, but no living thing was to be seen.

"Ho, ho, ho, John!" shouted a voice that appeared to come from the lawn before the house; "do you think you'll see Teigue?—oh, never! as long as you live! so leave alone looking after him, and mind your business; there's plenty of company to dinner from Cork to be here to-day, and 'tis time you had the cloth laid."

"Lord bless us! there's more of it!—I'll never stay another day here," repeated John.

"Hold your tongue, and stay where you are quietly, and play no tricks on Mr. Pratt, as you did on Mr. Jervois about the spoons."

John Sheehan was confounded by this address from his invisible persecutor, but nevertheless he mustered courage enough to say—"Who are you?—come here, and let me see you, if you are a man;" but he received in reply only a laugh of unearthly derision, which was followed by a "Good bye—I'll watch you at dinner, John!"

"Lord between us and harm! this beats all!—I'll watch you at dinner!—maybe you will;—'tis the broad day-light, so 'tis no ghost; but this

is a terrible place, and this is the last day I 'll stay in it. How does he know about the spoons?—if he tells it, I 'm a ruined man!—there was no living soul could tell it to him but Tim Barrett, and he 's far enough off in the wilds of Botany Bay now, so how could he know it—I can't tell for the world! But what 's that I see there at the corner of the wall!—'tis not a man!—oh, what a fool I am! 'tis only the old stump of a tree!—But this is a shocking place—I 'll never stop in it, for I 'll leave the house to-morrow; the very look of it is enough to frighten any one."

The mansion had certainly an air of desolation; it was situated in a lawn, which had nothing to break its uniform level, save a few tufts of narcissuses and a couple of old trees coeval with the building. The house stood at a short distance from the road, it was upwards of a century old, and Time was doing his work upon it; its walls were weather-stained in all colours, its roof showed various white patches, it had no look of comfort; all was dim and dingy without, and within there was an air of gloom, of departed and departing greatness, which harmonised well with the exterior. It required all the exuberance of youth and of gaiety to remove the impression, almost amounting to awe, with which you trod the huge square hall, paced along the gallery which sur-

rounded the hall, or explored the long rambling passages below stairs. The ball-room, as the large drawing-room was called, and several other apartments were in a state of decay; the walls were stained with damp, and I remember well the sensation of awe which I felt creeping over me when, boy as I was, and full of boyish life, and wild and ardent spirits, I descended to the vaults; all without and within me became chilled beneath their dampness and gloom—their extent, too, terrified me; nor could the merriment of my two school-fellows, whose father, a respectable clergyman, rented the dwelling for a time, dispel the feelings of a romantic imagination until I once again ascended to the upper regions.

John had pretty well recovered himself as the dinner-hour approached, and several guests arrived. They were all seated at table, and had begun to enjoy the excellent repast, when a voice was heard in the lawn.

“Ho, ho, ho, Mr. Pratt, won’t you give poor Teigue some dinner? ho, ho, a fine company you have there, and plenty of every thing that’s good; sure you won’t forget poor Teigue?”

John dropped the glass he had in his hand.

“Who is that?” said Mr. Pratt’s brother, an officer of the artillery.

“ That is Teigue,” said Mr. Pratt, laughing, “ whom you must often have heard me mention.”

“ And pray, Mr. Pratt,” inquired another gentleman, “ who is Teigue?”

“ That,” he replied, “ is more than I can tell. No one has ever been able to catch even a glimpse of him. I have been on the watch for a whole evening with three of my sons, yet, although his voice sometimes sounded almost in my ear, I could not see him. I fancied, indeed, that I saw a man in a white frieze jacket pass into the door from the garden to the lawn, but it could be only fancy, for I found the door locked, while the fellow, whoever he is, was laughing at our trouble. He visits us occasionally, and sometimes a long interval passes between his visits, as in the present case; it is now nearly two years since we heard that hollow voice outside the window. He has never done any injury that we know of, and once when he broke a plate, he brought one back exactly like it.”

“ It is very extraordinary,” said several of the company.

“ But,” remarked a gentleman to young Mr. Pratt, “ your father said he broke a plate; how did he get it without your seeing him?”

“ When he asks for some dinner, we put it

outside the window and go away ; whilst we watch he will not take it, but no sooner have we withdrawn than it is gone."

"How does he know that you are watching?"

"That's more than I can tell, but he either knows or suspects. One day my brothers Robert and James with myself were in our back parlour, which has a window into the garden, when he came outside and said, 'Ho, ho, ho ! master James, and Robert, and Henry, give poor Teigue a glass of whiskey.' James went out of the room, filled a glass with whiskey, vinegar, and salt, and brought it to him. 'Here, Teigue,' said he, 'come for it now.' 'Well, put it down, then, on the step outside the window.' This was done, and we stood looking at it. 'There, now, go away,' he shouted. We retired, but still watched it. 'Ho, ho ! you are watching Teigue ; go out of the room, now, or I won't take it.' We went outside the door and returned, the glass was gone, and a moment after we heard him roaring and cursing frightfully. He took away the glass, but the next day the glass was on the stone step under the window, and there were crums of bread in the inside, as if he had put it in his pocket ; from that time he was not heard till to-day."

"Oh," said the colonel, "I'll get a sight of him ; you are not used to these things ; an old

soldier has the best chance, and as I shall finish my dinner with this wing, I'll be ready for him when he speaks next.—Mr. Bell, will you take a glass of wine with me?"

"Ho, ho! Mr. Bell," shouted Teigue. "Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, you were a quaker long ago. Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, you're a pretty boy;—a pretty quaker you were; and now you're no quaker, nor any thing else:—ho, ho! Mr. Bell. And there's Mr. Parkes: to be sure, Mr. Parkes looks mighty fine to-day, with his powdered head, and his grand silk stockings, and his bran new rakish-red waistcoat.—And there's Mr. Cole,—did you ever see such a fellow? a pretty company you've brought together, Mr. Pratt: kiln-dried quakers, butter-buying buckeens from Mallow-lane, and a drinking exciseman from the Coal-quay, to meet the great thundering artillery-general that is come out of the Indies, and is the biggest dust of them all."

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the colonel: "I'll make you show yourself;" and snatching up his sword from a corner of the room, he sprang out of the window upon the lawn. In a moment a shout of laughter, so hollow, so unlike any human sound, made him stop, as well as Mr. Bell, who with a huge oak stick was close at the colonel's heels; others of the party followed on the lawn, and the remainder rose and went to the windows.

“Come on, colonel,” said Mr. Bell; “let us catch this impudent rascal.”

“Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, here I am—here’s Teigue—why don’t you catch him?—Ho, ho! colonel Pratt, what a pretty soldier you are to draw your sword upon poor Teigue, that never did any body harm.”

“Let us see your face, you scoundrel,” said the colonel.

“Ho, ho, ho!—look at me—look at me: do you see the wind, colonel Pratt?—you’ll see Teigue as soon; so go in and finish your dinner.”

“If you’re upon the earth I’ll find you, you villain!” said the colonel, whilst the same unearthly shout of derision seemed to come from behind an angle of the building. “He’s round that corner,” said Mr. Bell—“run, run.”

They followed the sound, which was continued at intervals along the garden wall, but could discover no human being; at last both stopped to draw breath, and in an instant, almost at their ears, sounded the shout.

“Ho, ho, ho! colonel Pratt, do you see Teigue now?—do you hear him?—Ho, ho, ho! you’re a fine colonel to follow the wind.”

“Not that way, Mr. Bell—not that way; come here,” said the colonel.

“Ho, ho, ho! what a fool you are; do you

think Teigue is going to show himself to you in the field, there? But, colonel, follow me if you can:—you a soldier!—ho, ho, ho!” The colonel was enraged—he followed the voice over hedge and ditch, alternately laughed at and taunted by the unseen object of his pursuit—(Mr. Bell, who was heavy, was soon thrown out), until at length, after being led a weary chase, he found himself at the top of the cliff, over that part of the river Lee which, from its great depth, and the blackness of its water, has received the name of Hell-hole. Here, on the edge of the cliff, stood the colonel out of breath, and mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, while the voice, which seemed close at his feet, exclaimed—“Now, colonel Pratt—now, if you’re a soldier, here’s a leap for you;—now look at Teigue—why don’t you look at him?—Ho, ho, ho! Come along; you’re warm, I’m sure, colonel Pratt, so come in and cool yourself; Teigue is going to have a swim!” The voice seemed as descending amongst the trailing ivy and brushwood which clothes this picturesque cliff nearly from top to bottom, yet it was impossible that any human being could have found footing. “Now, colonel, have you courage to take the leap?—Ho, ho, ho! what a pretty soldier you are. Good-bye—I’ll see you again in ten minutes above, at the house—look at your watch, colonel:—there’s a

dive for you ;” and a heavy plunge into the water was heard. The colonel stood still, but no sound followed, and he walked slowly back to the house, not quite half a mile from the Crag.”

“ Well, did you see Teigue ?” said his brother, whilst his nephews, scarcely able to smother their laughter, stood by.—“ Give me some wine,” said the colonel. “ I never was led such a dance in my life ; the fellow carried me all round and round, till he brought me to the edge of the cliff, and then down he went into Hell-hole, telling me he’d be here in ten minutes : ’tis more than that now, but he’s not come.”

“ Ho, ho, ho ! colonel, isn’t he here ?—Teigue never told a lie in his life : but, Mr. Pratt, give me a drink and my dinner, and then good night to you all, for I’m tired ; and that’s the colonel’s doing.” A plate of food was ordered ; it was placed by John, with fear and trembling, on the lawn under the window. Every one kept on the watch, and the plate remained undisturbed for some time.

“ Ah ! Mr. Pratt, will you starve poor Teigue ? Make every one go away from the windows, and master Henry out of the tree, and master Richard off the garden wall.”

The eyes of the company were turned to the tree and the garden wall ; the two boys’ attention

was occupied in getting down ; the visitors were looking at them ; and “ Ho, ho, ho !—good luck to you, Mr. Pratt !—’tis a good dinner, and there ’s the plate, ladies and gentlemen—good-bye to you, colonel !—good-bye, Mr. Bell !—good-bye to you all ”—brought their attention back, when they saw the empty plate lying on the grass ; and Teigue’s voice was heard no more for that evening. Many visits were afterwards paid by Teigue ; but never was he seen, nor was any discovery ever made of his person or character.

The pranks of Teigue resemble those related by Gervase of Tilbury of the spirit called Follet, which he describes as inhabiting the houses of ignorant rustics, and whose exorcisms fail in banishing him. He says of the Folletos :

“ Verba utique humano more audiuntur et effigies non comparent. De istis pleraque miracula meminij me *in vita abbreviata et miraculis beatissimi Antonii reperisse.*”—*Otia Imperialia*, p. 897.

Their voices may be heard in human fashion, but their form is not visible. I remember to have read a great many marvels about them in the short life and miracles of the blessed Anthony.

The evening previous to sending this note to press, it was the writer’s good fortune to meet major Percy

Pratt, son of the colonel (afterwards general) Pratt mentioned in the tale, who related to Sir William Beetham, and repeated to him, all the particulars of this strange story. Several respectable persons in the south of Ireland have favoured him with accounts of Teigue, but they are so nearly similar that it becomes unnecessary to give them. One of these accounts, however, received from Mr. Newenham de la Cour, contains some few circumstances which have been omitted in the foregoing relation :

“ I never heard,” writes Mr. de la Cour, “ of a more familiar goblin than Teigue. His visit generally commenced with a civil salutation to the master of the house, which was quickly followed by an application for a glass of whiskey ; but no human creature could be seen or found in the quarter from whence the voice proceeded. These visits were usually repeated once a week ; sometimes, however, a month or more elapsed between them. If any friend came to dine or to stay at the house for a few days, Teigue was sure to be heard in the evening accosting them in a very courteous manner, inquiring after the different members of their family, and often mentioning domestic occurrences with a surprising intimacy. If a stranger happened to excel in music, this could not escape the penetration of Teigue, who seemed to be familiar with every person’s acquirements and habits ; and he invariably requested the musician to play or sing. A young lady from Youghall was once called on by Teigue to favour him with a tune : she sat down to the pianoforte all

fear and trembling. When she had concluded, Teigue applauded her performance, and said, in return, he would treat her to a song to the best of his ability. He accordingly sung, with a most tremendous voice, 'My name is Teigue, and I lives in state;' a composition well known in the south of Ireland.

"Several cleverly concerted plans have been formed for the discovery of this strange being, yet they all failed of their object. Two different and contradictory opinions prevail respecting Teigue: some people report him to be a giant, others a dwarf; the former opinion is founded on the following circumstance:—Amongst the ingenious methods devised for deciding whether the voice might be that of a mortal man or a goblin was the plan of strewing carefully some fine ashes at twilight before the windows. That night Teigue was unusually noisy without; and the next morning early, when the place was inspected, the print of one foot only, of superhuman dimensions, was found. The notion of his being a dwarf rests on no less an authority than Teigue himself. He frequently styled himself Teigueen, or little Teigue; yet this diminutive may be nothing more than a pet name. But on one occasion, when some guests expressed their surprise that master Teigue had never been caught, this curious being replied, 'Tis to no use at all, gentlemen, you 're thinking of catching poor Teigueen, for he is no bigger than your thumb!' All those who have heard him speak agree in this, that the sound of his voice was not in the least like that of ordinary mor-

tals; it resembled, they said, that hollow hoarse kind of voice emitted by a man speaking with his head (as a gallant English officer has described it) inclosed in an *empty* cask."

Connected with the belief of supernatural voices, a common superstitious notion may be worth mentioning here. It is popularly believed in Ireland, and possibly in other countries, that when a friend or relative dies a warning voice is heard, and the greater the space between the parties the more certain the sound. The following is an attempt at translating an Irish song founded on this idea, which is sung to a singularly wild and melancholy air:

A low sound of song from the distance I hear,
In the silence of night, breathing sad on my ear!
Whence comes it? I know not—unearthly the note,
And unearthly the tones through the air as they float;
Yet it sounds like the lay that my mother once sung,
As o'er her first-born in his cradle she hung.

Long parted from her, far away from her home,
'Mong people that speak not her language I roam:
Is it she that sends over the billowy sea
This low-breathing murmur of sadness to me!
What gives it the power thus to shake me with dread?
Does it say, that sad voice, that my mother is dead?

NED SHEEHY'S EXCUSE.

NED SHEEHY was servant-man to Richard Gumbleton, esq. of Mountbally, Gumbletonmore, in the north of the county of Cork ; and a better servant than Ned was not to be found in that honest county, from Cape Clear to the Kilworth Mountains ; for no body—no, not his worst enemy, could say a word against him, only that he was rather given to drinking, idling, lying, and loitering, especially the last, for send Ned of a five minute message at nine o'clock in the morning, and you were a lucky man if you saw him before dinner. If there happened to be a public-house in the way, or even a little out of it, Ned was sure to mark it as dead as a pointer ; and knowing every body, and every body liking him, it is not to be wondered at he had so much to say and to hear, that the time slipped away as if the sun somehow or other had knocked two hours into one.

But when he came home, he never was short of an excuse ; he had, for that matter, five hundred ready upon the tip of his tongue, so much so, that I doubt if even the very reverend doctor

Swift, for many years Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, could match him in that particular, though his reverence had a pretty way of his own of writing things which brought him into very decent company. In fact, Ned would fret a saint, but then he was so good-humoured a fellow, and really so handy about a house, for, as he said himself, he was as good as a lady's-maid, that his master could not find it in his heart to part with him.

In your grand houses—not that I am saying that Richard Gumbleton, esquire, of Mountbally, Gumbletonmore, did not keep a good house, but a plain country gentleman, although he is second cousin to the last high-sheriff of the county, cannot have all the army of servants that the lord-lieutenant has in the castle of Dublin—I say, in your grand houses, you can have a servant for every kind of thing, but in Mountbally, Gumbletonmore, Ned was expected to please master and mistress; or, as counsellor Curran said,—by the same token the counsellor was a little dark man—one day that he dined there, on his way to the Clonmel assizes—Ned was minister for the home and foreign departments.

But to make a long story short, Ned Sheehy was a good butler, and a right good one too, and as for a groom, let him alone with a horse; he could dress it, or ride it, or shoe it, or physic it,

or do any thing with it but make it speak—he was a second whisperer!—there was not his match in the barony, or the next one neither. A pack of hounds he could manage well, ay, and ride after them with the boldest man in the land. It was Ned who leaped the old bounds ditch at the turn of the boreen of the lands of Reenascreena, after the English captain pulled up on looking at it, and cried out it was “No go.” Ned rode that day Brian Boro, Mr. Gumbleton’s famous chesnut, and people call it Ned Sheehy’s leap to this hour.

So, you see, it was hard to do without him; however, many a scolding he got, and although his master often said of an evening, “I’ll turn off Ned,” he always forgot to do so in the morning. These threats mended Ned not a bit; indeed he was mending the other way, like bad fish in hot weather.

One cold winter’s day, about three o’clock in the afternoon, Mr. Gumbleton said to him,

“Ned,” said he, “go take Modderaroo down to black Falvey, the horse-doctor, and bid him look at her knees, for Doctor Jenkinson, who rode her home last night, has hurt her somehow. I suppose he thought a parson’s horse ought to go upon its knees; but, indeed, it was I was the fool to give her to him at all, for he sits twenty stone if he sits a pound, and knows no more of riding,

particularly after his third bottle, than I do of preaching. Now mind and be back in an hour at furthest, for I want to have the plate cleaned up properly for dinner, as sir Augustus O'Toole, you know, is to dine here to-day.—Don't loiter for your life."

"Is it I, sir?" says Ned. "Well, that beats any thing; as if I'd stop out a minute!" So mounting Modderaroo, off he set.

Four, five, six o'clock came, and so did sir Augustus and lady O'Toole, and the four misses O'Toole, and Mr. O'Toole, and Mr. Edward O'Toole, and Mr. James O'Toole, which were all the young O'Tooles that were at home, but no Ned Sheehy appeared to clean the plate, or to lay the table-cloth, or even to put dinner on. It is needless to say how Mr. and Mrs. Dick Gumbleton fretted and fumed, but it was all to no use. They did their best, however, only it was a disgrace to see long Jem the stable-boy, and Bill the gossoon that used to go of errands, waiting, without any body to direct them, when there was a real baronet and his lady at table, for sir Augustus was none of your knights. But a good bottle of claret makes up for much, and it was not one only they had that night. However it is not to be concealed that Mr. Dick Gumbleton went to bed very cross, and he awoke still crosser.

He heard that Ned had not made his appearance for the whole night, so he dressed himself in a great fret, and taking his horsewhip in his hand he said,

“There is no further use in tolerating this scoundrel; I’ll go look for him, and if I find him, I’ll cut the soul out of his vagabond body! I will by —”

“Don’t swear, Dick dear,” said Mrs. Gumbleton (for she was always a mild woman, being daughter of fighting Tom Crofts, who shot a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, in the cool of the evening, after the Mallow races, one after the other), “don’t swear, Dick, dear,” said she, “but do, my dear, oblige me by cutting the flesh off his bones, for he richly deserves it. I was quite ashamed of lady O’Toole, yesterday, I was, ’pon honour.”

Out sallied Mr. Gumbleton; and he had not far to walk; for not more than two hundred yards from the house, he found Ned lying fast asleep under a ditch*, and Modderaroo standing by him, poor beast, shaking every limb. The loud snoring of Ned, who was lying with his head upon a stone as easy and as comfortable as if it had been a bed of down or a hop-bag, drew him to the spot, and

* Ditch, a hedge.

Mr. Gumbleton at once perceived, from the disarray of Ned's face and person, that he had been engaged in some perilous adventure during the night. Ned appeared not to have descended in the most regular manner, for one of his shoes remained sticking in the stirrups, and his hat, having rolled down a little slope, was imbedded in green mud. Mr. Gumbleton, however, did not give himself much trouble to make a curious survey, but with a vigorous application of his thong soon banished sleep from the eyes of Ned Sheehy.

"Ned," thundered his master in great indignation ; and on this occasion it was not a word and blow, for with that one word came half a dozen. "Get up, you scoundrel," said he.

Ned roared lustily, and no wonder, for his master's hand was not one of the lightest ; and he cried out, between sleeping and waking—"O, sir !—don't be angry, sir !—don't be angry, and I'll roast you easier—easy as a lamb !"

"Roast me easier, you vagabond !" said Mr. Gumbleton ; "what do you mean ?—I'll roast you, my lad. Where were you all night ?—Modderaroo will never get over it.—Pack out of my service, you worthless villain, this moment ; and, indeed, you may give God thanks that I don't get you transported."

"Thank God, master, dear," said Ned, who

was now perfectly awakened—"it's yourself anyhow. There never was a gentleman in the whole county ever did so good a turn to a poor man as your honour has been after doing to me: the Lord reward you for that same. Oh! but strike me again, and let me feel that it is yourself, master, dear;—may whiskey be my poison—"

"It will be your poison, you good-for-nothing scoundrel," said Mr. Gumbleton.

"Well, then, *may* whiskey be my poison," said Ned, "if 'twas not I was—God help me!—in the blackest of misfortunes, and they were before me, whichever way I turned 'twas no matter. Your honour sent me last night, sure enough, with Modderaroo to mister Falvey's—I don't deny it—why should I? for reason enough I have to remember what happened."

"Ned, my man," said Mr. Gumbleton, "I'll listen to none of your excuses: just take the mare into the stable and yourself off, for I vow to —"

"Begging your honour's pardon," said Ned, earnestly, "for interrupting your honour; but, master, master! make no vows—they are bad things: I never made but one in all my life, which was to drink nothing at all for a year and a day, and 'tis myself repinted of it for the clean twelvemonth after. But if your honour would only listen to reason; I'll just take in the poor

baste, and if your honour don't pardon me this one time may I never see another day's luck or grace."

"I know you, Ned," said Mr. Gumbleton. "Whatever your luck has been, you never had any grace to lose: but I don't intend discussing the matter with you. Take in the mare, sir."

Ned obeyed, and his master saw him to the stables. Here he reiterated his commands to quit, and Ned Sheehy's excuse for himself began. That it was heard uninterruptedly is more than I can affirm; but as interruptions, like explanations, spoil a story, we must let Ned tell it his own way.

"No wonder your honour," said he, "should be a bit angry—grand company coming to the house and all, and no regular serving-man to wait, only long Jem; so I don't blame your honour the least for being fretted like; but when all's heard, you will see that no poor man is more to be pitied for last night than myself. Fin Mac Coul never went through more in his born days than I did, though he was a great *joint**, and I only a man.

"I had not rode half a mile from the house, when it came on, as your honour must have perceived clearly, mighty dark all of a sudden, for

* Giant.

all the world, as if the sun had tumbled down plump out of the fine clear blue sky. It was not so late, being only four o'clock at the most, but it was as black as your honour's hat. Well, I didn't care much, seeing I knew the road as well as I knew the way to my mouth, whether I saw it or not, and I put the mare into a smart canter ; but just as I turned down by the corner of Terence Leahy's field—sure your honour ought to know the place well—just at the very spot the fox was killed when your honour came in first out of a whole field of a hundred and fifty gentlemen, and may be more, all of them brave riders."

(Mr. Gumbleton smiled.)

" Just then, there, I heard the low cry of the good people wafting upon the wind. How early you are at your work, my little fellows, says I to myself ; and, dark as it was, having no wish for such company, I thought it best to get out of their way ; so I turned the horse a little up to the left, thinking to get down by the boreen, that is that way, and so round to Falvey's, but there I heard the voice plainer and plainer close behind, and I could hear these words :

‘ Ned ! Ned !

By my cap so red !

You 're as good, Ned,

As a man that is dead.'

A clean pair of spurs is all that 's for it now, said I; so off I set as hard as I could lick, and in my hurry knew no more where I was going than I do the road to the hill of Tara. Away I galloped on for some time, until I came to the noise of a stream, roaring away by itself in the darkness. What river is this? said I to myself—for there was nobody else to ask—I thought, says I, I knew every inch of ground, and of water too, within twenty miles, and never the river surely is there in this direction. So I stopped to look about; but I might have spared myself that trouble, for I could not see as much as my hand. I didn't know what to do; but I thought in myself, it's a queer river, surely, if somebody does not live near it; and I shouted out, as loud as I could, Murder! murder!—fire!—robbery!—any thing that would be natural in such a place—but not a sound did I hear except my own voice echoed back to me, like a hundred packs of hounds in full cry, above and below, right and left. This didn't do at all; so I dismounted, and guided myself along the stream, directed by the noise of the water, as cautious as if I was treading upon eggs, holding poor Modderaroo by the bridle, who shook, the poor brute, all over in a tremble, like my old grandmother, rest her soul, anyhow! in the ague. Well, sir, the heart was sinking in me, and I was

giving myself up, when, as good luck would have it, I saw a light. 'Maybe,' said I, 'my good fellow, you are only a jacky lanthorn, and want to bog me and Modderaroo.' But I looked at the light hard, and I thought it was too *study* (steady) for a jacky lanthorn. 'I'll try you,' says I—'so here goes;' and walking as quick as a thief, I came towards it, being very near plumping into the river once or twice, and being stuck up to my middle, as your honour may perceive cleanly the marks of, two or three times in the *slob**. At last I made the light out, and it coming from a bit of a house by the road side; so I went to the door, and gave three kicks at it, as strong as I could.

" 'Open the door for Ned Sheehy,' said a voice inside. Now, besides that I could not, for the life of me, make out how any one inside should know me before I spoke a word at all, I did not like the sound of that voice, 'twas so hoarse and so hollow, just like a dead man's!—so I said nothing immediately. The same voice spoke again, and said, 'Why don't you open the door to Ned Sheehy?' 'How pat my name is to you,' said I, without speaking out, 'on tip of your tongue, like butter;' and I was between two minds about staying or going, when what should the door do but open,

* Or *sluib*, mire on the sea strand or river's bank.—O'BRIEN.

and out came a man holding a candle in his hand, and he had upon him a face as white as a sheet.

“ ‘ Why, then, Ned Sheehy,’ says he, ‘ how grand you ’re grown, that you won’t come in and see a friend, as you ’re passing by.’ ”

“ ‘ Pray, sir,’ says I, looking at him—though that face of his was enough to dumbfounder any honest man like myself—‘ Pray, sir,’ says I, ‘ may I make so bold as to ask if you are not Jack Myers that was drowned seven years ago, next Martin-mass, in the ford of Ah-na-fourish ?’ ”

“ ‘ Suppose I was,’ says he ; ‘ has not a man a right to be drowned in the ford facing his own cabin-door any day of the week that he likes, from Sunday morning to Saturday night ?’ ”

“ ‘ I ’m not denying that same, Mr. Myers, sir,’ says I, ‘ if ’tis yourself is to the fore speaking to me.’ ”

“ ‘ Well,’ says he, ‘ no more words about that matter now ; sure you and I, Ned, were friends of old ; come in, and take a glass ; and here ’s a good fire before you, and nobody shall hurt or harm you, and I to the fore, and myself able to do it.’ ”

“ Now, your honour, though ’twas much to drink with a man that was drowned seven years before, in the ford of Ah-na-fourish, facing his own door, yet the glass was hard to be withstood

—to say nothing of the fire that was blazing within—for the night was mortal cold. So tying Moderaroo to the hasp of the door—if I don't love the creature as I love my own life—I went in with Jack Myers.

“Civil enough he was—I'll never say otherwise to my dying hour—for he handed me a stool by the fire, and bid me sit down and make myself comfortable. But his face, as I said before, was as white as the snow on the hills, and his two eyes fell dead on me, like the eyes of a cod without any life in them. Just as I was going to put the glass to my lips, a voice—'twas the same that I heard bidding the door be opened—spoke out of a cupboard that was convenient to the left hand side of the chimney, and said, ‘Have you any news for me, Ned Sheehy?’

“‘The never a word, sir,’ says I, making answer before I tasted the whiskey, all out of civility; and to speak the truth, never the least could I remember at that moment of what had happened to me, or how I got there; for I was quite bothered with the fright.

“‘Have you no news,’ says the voice, ‘Ned, to tell me, from Mountbally Gumbletonmore; or from the Mill; or about Moll Trantum that was married last week to Bryan Oge, and you at the wedding?’

“ ‘No, sir,’ says I, ‘never the word.’

“ ‘What brought you in here, Ned, then?’ says the voice. I could say nothing; for whatever other people might do, I never could frame an excuse; and I was loth to say it was on account of the glass and the fire, for that would be to speak the truth.

“ ‘Turn the scoundrel out,’ says the voice; and at the sound of it, who would I see but Jack Myers making over to me with a lump of a stick in his hand, and it clenched on the stick so wicked. For certain, I did not stop to feel the weight of the blow; so, dropping the glass, and it full of the stuff too, I bolted out of the door, and never rested from running away, for as good I believe as twenty miles, till I found myself in a big wood.

“ ‘The Lord preserve me! what will become of me, now!’ says I. ‘Oh, Ned Sheehy!’ says I, speaking to myself, ‘my man, you’re in a pretty hobble; and to leave poor Modderaroo after you!’ But the words were not well out of my mouth, when I heard the dismallest ullagoane in the world, enough to break any one’s heart that was not broke before, with the grief entirely; and it was not long ’till I could plainly see four men coming towards me, with a great black coffin

on their shoulders. 'I'd better get up in a tree,' says I, 'for they say 'tis not lucky to meet a corpse: I'm in the way of misfortune to-night if ever man was.'

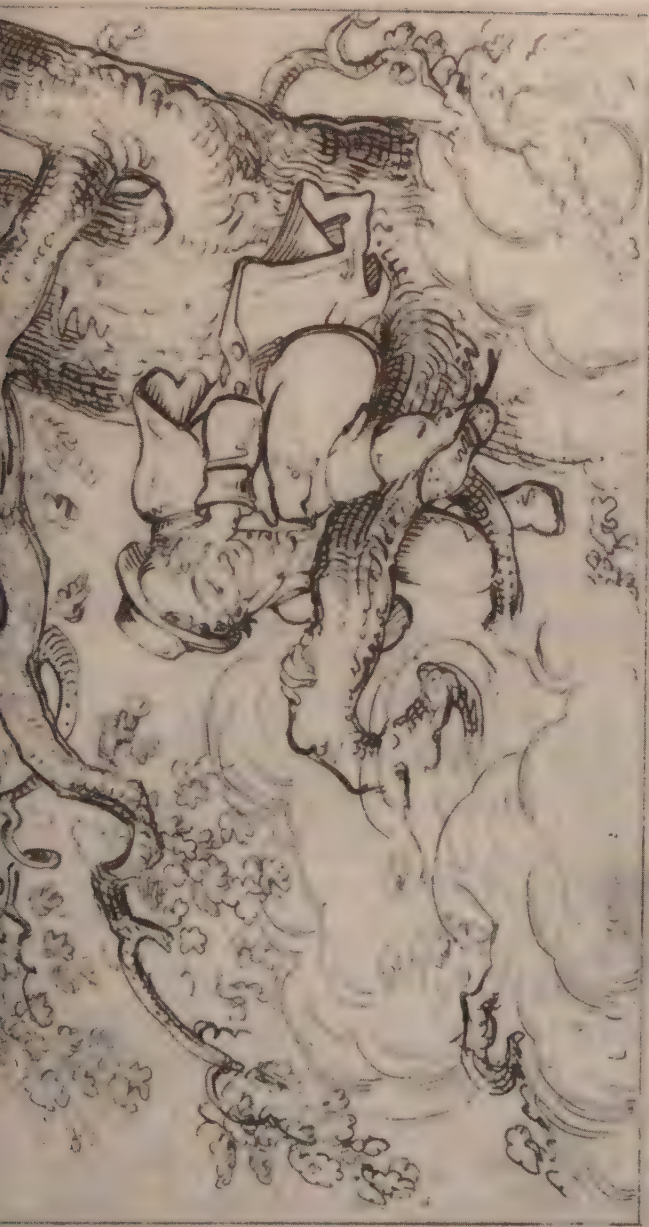
"I could not help wondering how a *berrin** should come there in the lone wood at that time of night, seeing it could not be far from the dead hour. But it was little good for me thinking, for they soon came under the very tree I was roosting in, and down they put the coffin, and began to make a fine fire under me. I'll be smothered alive now, thinks I, and that will be the end of me; but I was afraid to stir for the life, or to speak out to bid them just make their fire under some other tree, if it would be all the same thing to them. Presently they opened the coffin, and out they dragged as fine looking a man as you'd meet with in a day's walk.

" 'Where's the spit?' says one.

" 'Here 'tis,' says another, handing it over; and for certain they spitted him, and began to turn him before the fire.

"If they are not going to eat him, thinks I, like the *Hannibals* father Quinlan told us about in his *sarmint* last Sunday.

* Funeral.



"I'm not here at all, Sir," says I

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“ ‘ Who ’ll turn the spit while we go for the other ingredients ? ’ says one of them that brought the coffin, and a big ugly-looking blackguard he was.

“ ‘ Who ’d turn the spit but Ned Sheehy ? ’ says another.

“ Burn you ! thinks I, how should you know that I was here so handy to you up in the tree ?

“ ‘ Come down, Ned Sheehy, and turn the spit,’ says he.

“ ‘ I ’m not here at all, sir,’ says I, putting my hand over my face that he may not see me.

“ ‘ That won’t do for you, my man,’ says he ; ‘ you ’d better come down, or maybe I ’d make you.’

“ ‘ I ’m coming, sir,’ says I, for ’tis always right to make a virtue of necessity. So down I came, and there they left me turning the spit in the middle of the wide wood.

“ ‘ Don’t scorch me, Ned Sheehy, you vagabond,’ says the man on the spit.

“ ‘ And my lord, sir, and ar’n’t you dead, sir,’ says I, ‘ and your honour taken out of the coffin and all ? ’

“ ‘ I ar’n’t,’ says he.

“ ‘ But surely you are, sir,’ says I, ‘ for ’tis to no use now for me denying that I saw your honour, and I up in the tree.’

“ ‘ I ar'n't,’ says he again, speaking quite short and snappish.

“ So I said no more until presently he called out to me to turn him easy, or that may be 'twould be the worse turn for myself.

“ ‘ Will that do, sir?’ says I, turning him as easy as I could.

“ ‘ That 's too easy,’ says he ; so I turned him faster.

“ ‘ That 's too fast,’ says he ; so finding that turn him which way I would, I could not please him, I got into a bit of a fret at last, and desired him to turn himself, for a grumbling spalpeen as he was, if he liked it better.

“ Away I ran, and away he came hopping, spit and all after me, and he but half roasted. ‘ Murder!’ says I, shouting out ; ‘ I'm done for at long last—now or never!’—when all of a sudden, and 'twas really wonderful, not knowing where I was rightly, I found myself at the door of the very little cabin by the roadside that I had bolted out of from Jack Myers ; and there was Modderaroo standing hard by.

“ ‘ Open the door for Ned Sheehy,’ says the voice, for 'twas shut against me, and the door flew open in an instant. In I ran, without stop or stay, thinking it better to be beat by Jack Myers, he being an old friend of mine, than to

he spitted like a Michaelmas goose by a man that I knew nothing about, either of him or his family, one or the other.

“ ‘Have you any news for me?’ says the voice, putting just the same question to me that it did before.

“ ‘Yes, sir,’ says I, ‘and plenty.’ So I mentioned all that had happened to me in the big wood, and how I got up in the tree, and how I was made come down again, and put to turning the spit, roasting the gentleman, and how I could not please him, turn him fast or easy, although I tried my best, and how he ran after me at last, spit and all.

“ ‘If you had told me this before, you would not have been turned out in the cold,’ said the voice.

“ ‘And how could I tell it to you, sir,’ says I, ‘before it happened?’

“ ‘No matter,’ says he, ‘you may sleep now till morning on that bundle of hay in the corner there, and only I was your friend, you’d have been *kilt* entirely.’ So down I lay, but I was dreaming, dreaming all the rest of the night, and when you, master dear, woke me with that blessed blow, I thought ’twas the man on the spit had hold of me, and could hardly believe my eyes when I found myself in your honour’s presence, and poor

Modderaroo safe and sound by my side ; but how I came there is more than I can say, if 'twas not Jack Myers, although he did make the offer to strike me, or some one among the good people befriended me."

" It is all a drunken dream, you scoundrel," said Mr. Gumbleton ; " have I not had fifty such excuses from you ?"

" But never one, your honour, that really happened before," said Ned, with unblushing front. " Howsomever, since your honour fancies 'tis drinking I was, I'd rather never drink again to the world's end, than lose so good a master as yourself, and if I'm forgiven this once, and get another trial ——"

" Well," said Mr. Gumbleton, " you may, for this once, go into Mountbally Gumbletonmore again ; let me see that you keep your promise as to not drinking, or mind the consequences ; and above all, let me hear no more of the good people, for I don't believe a single word about them, whatever I may do of bad ones."

So saying, Mr. Gumbleton turned on his heel, and Ned's countenance relaxed into its usual expression.

" Now I would not be after saying about the good people what the master said last," exclaimed Peggy, the maid, who was within hearing, and

who, by the way, had an eye after Ned : " I would not be after saying such a thing ; the good people, maybe, will make him feel the *differ* (difference) to his cost."

Nor was Peggy wrong, for, whether Ned Sheehy dreamt of the Fir Darrig or not, within a fortnight after, two of Mr. Gumbleton's cows, the best milkers in the parish, ran dry, and before the week was out Modderaroo was lying dead in the stone quarry.

The name, and some of the situations in the foregoing tale are taken from Mr. Lynch's manuscript collection of Killarney legends, which has been most obligingly forwarded by him to the compiler of this volume. Several versions of this whimsical adventure are current in Ireland : one, which was noted down many years since, from the writer's nurse, is given as a proof how faithfully the main incidents in these tales are orally circulated and preserved. The heroine is Joan Coleman of Kinsale, who, after being driven out from an enchanted house, for having no story to tell, when called upon by an invisible speaker to do so, finds herself in a dark wood. Here she discovers a very old man, with a long beard, roasting another man as old as himself on a spit before a great fire.

“ When the old man, who was turning the spit, saw Joan, he welcomed her, and expressed his joy at seeing his gossip’s daughter, Joan Coleman of Kinsale. Joan was much frightened ; but he welcomed her so kindly, and told her to sit down to the fire in so friendly a manner, that she was somewhat assured, and complied with the invitation. He then handed her the spit to turn, and gave her the strictest charge not to allow a brown or a burned spot on the old man who was roasting until he came back ; and with these directions left her.

“ It happened to be rather a windy night, and Joan had not turned the spit long before a spark flew into the beard of the roasting old man, and the wind blowing that way it was speedily on fire. Joan, when she saw what had happened, was much troubled, and ran away as fast as possible. When the old fellow felt his beard on fire, he called out to Joan, in a great passion, to come back, and not to allow him to be burned up to a cinder. Joan only ran the faster ; and he, without ever getting off the spit, raced after her, with his beard all in flames, to know why, after the orders she had received, he was treated in that manner. Joan rushed into a house, which happened to be the very same that she had been turned out of for want of a story to tell. When she went in, Joan Coleman was welcomed by the same voice which had directed her to be turned out. She was desired to come to the fire, and pitied much, and a bed was ordered to be made for her. After she had lain down for some time, the

voice asked her if she had now a story to tell? Joan answered that she had; having 'a fright in her heart,' from what had happened to her since she left, and without more words related her adventure. 'Very well,' said the voice, 'if you had told the same story when you were asked before, you would have had your comfortable lodging and your good night's rest by this time. I am sorry, Joan, that I was obliged to turn you out, that you might have something to tell me, for *Father Red Cap* never gives a bed without being paid for it by a story.' When Joan awoke next day at the crowing of the cock, she found herself lying on a little bank of rushes and green moss, with her bundle under her head for a pillow."

The Irish *Fir darrig* is doubtless the same as the Scottish *Red Cap*; and a writer in the *Quarterly Review* (No. XLIV. p. 358), tracing national analogies, says, that this fairy is the *Robin Hood* of England, and the Saxon spirit *Hudkin* or *Hodeken*, so called from the hoodakin or little hood which he wore.

Ned Sheehy, in his power over horses, is said to be a second *Whisperer*. To the English reader this may appear obscure, but it will be well understood in the south of Ireland. The reverend Horatio Townsend, in his valuable *Statistical Survey of Cork*, gives so remarkable an account of the *Whisperer* that the length of the extract will doubtless be pardoned.

"Among the curiosities of this district" (Newmarket) "may be properly included a very extraordinary power displayed by one of its natives, in controlling and sub-

duing the refractory disposition of horses. What I am about to relate will appear almost incredible, and is certainly very hard to be accounted for ; but there is not the least doubt of its truth. Many of the most respectable inhabitants have been witnesses of his performances, some of which came within my own knowledge.

“ He was an awkward, ignorant rustic of the lowest class, of the name of Sullivan, but better known by the appellation of the Whisperer—his occupation, horse-breaking. The nickname he acquired from a vulgar notion of his being able to communicate to the animal what he wished by means of a whisper, and the singularity of his method seemed in some degree to justify the attribute. In his own neighbourhood, the notoriety of the fact made it appear less remarkable, but I doubt if any instance of similar subjugating talent is to be found on record. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of *veni, vidi, vici*, was more justly claimed by Sullivan than by Cæsar himself. How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likely to remain for ever unknown, as he has lately” (about 1810) “left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same trade, possesses but a small portion of the art, having either never learned the true secret, or being incapable of putting it in practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the celerity of the operation, which was performed in privacy, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether

previously broke or unhandled, whatever their peculiar vices or ill habits might have been, submitted without show of resistance to the magical influence of his art, and in the short space of half an hour became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. Though more submissive to him than to others, they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before. When sent for to tame a vicious beast, for which he was paid more or less, according to distance, generally two or three guineas, he directed the stable in which he and the object of the experiment were placed to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal given. After a tête-a-tête of about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made, and upon opening the door the horse appeared lying down, and the man by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy-dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to any discipline, however repugnant to his nature before.

“ I once,” continues Mr. Townsend, “ saw his skill tried on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan’s half-hour lecture I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith’s shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop horse, and it was supposed, not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other

would be found availing. I observed that the animal appeared terrified whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him; how that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which I believe a great part of his art consisted, though the circumstance of the tête-à-tête shows that, upon particular occasions, something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would, in other hands, have made a fortune, and I understand that great offers have been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad. But hunting was his passion. He lived at home in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Duhallow and the fox-hounds."

THE LUCKY GUEST.

THE kitchen of some country houses in Ireland presents in no ways a bad modern translation of the ancient feudal hall. Traces of clanship still linger round its hearth in the numerous dependants on "the master's" bounty. Nurses, foster-brothers, and other hangers on, are there as matter of right, while the strolling piper, full of mirth and music, the benighted traveller, even the passing beggar, are received with a hearty welcome, and each contributes planxty, song, or superstitious tale, towards the evening's amusement.

An assembly, such as has been described, had collected round the kitchen fire of Ballyrahen-house, at the foot of the Galtee mountains, when, as is ever the case, one tale of wonder called forth another; and with the advance of the evening each succeeding story was received with deeper and deeper attention. The history of Cough na Looba's dance with the black friar at Rahill, and the fearful tradition of *Coum an 'ir morriv* (the dead man's hollow), were listened to in breath-

less silence. A pause followed the last relation, and all eyes rested on the narrator, an old nurse who occupied the post of honour, that next the fireside. She was seated in that peculiar position which the Irish name "*Curriguib*," a position generally assumed by a veteran and determined story-teller. Her haunches resting upon the ground, and her feet bundled under the body; her arms folded across and supported by her knees, and the outstretched chin of her hooded head pressing on the upper arm; which compact arrangement nearly reduced the whole figure into a perfect triangle.

Unmoved by the general gaze, Bridget Doyle made no change of attitude, while she gravely asserted the truth of the marvellous tale concerning the Dead Man's Hollow; her strongly marked countenance at the time receiving what painters term a fine *chiaro-scuro* effect from the fire-light.

"I have told you," she said, "what happened to my own people, the Butlers and the Doyles, in the old times; but here is little Ellen Connell from the county Cork, who can speak to what happened under her own father and mother's roof—the Lord be good to them!"

Ellen was a young and blooming girl of about sixteen, who was employed in the dairy at Bally-

rahen. She was the picture of health and rustic beauty ; and at this hint from nurse Doyle, a deep blush mantled over her countenance ; yet although “ unaccustomed to public speaking,” she, without further hesitation or excuse, proceeded as follows :

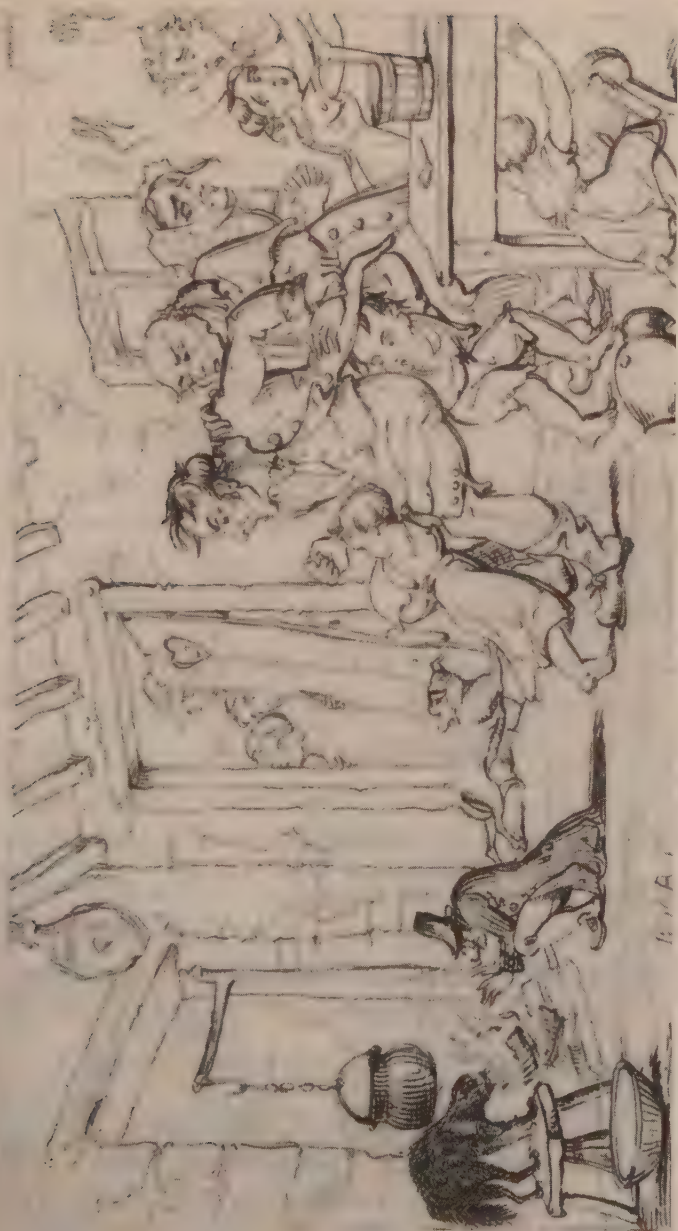
“ It was one May eve, about thirteen years ago, and that is, as every body knows, the airiest day in all the twelve months. It is the day above all other,” said Ellen, with her large dark eyes cast down on the ground, and drawing a deep sigh, “ when the young boys and the young girls go looking after the *Drutheen*, to learn from it rightly the name of their sweethearts.

“ My father, and my mother, and my two brothers, with two or three of the neighbours, were sitting round the turf fire, and were talking of one thing or another. My mother was hushoing my little sister, striving to quieten her, for she was cutting her teeth at the time, and was mighty uneasy through the means of them. The day, which was threatening all along, now that it was coming on to dusk, began to rain, and the rain increased and fell faster and faster, as if it was pouring through a sieve out of the wide heavens ; and when the rain stopped for a bit there was a wind which kept up such a whistling and racket, that you would have thought the sky and the

earth were coming together. It blew and it blew as if it had a mind to blow the roof off the cabin, and that would not have been very hard for it to do, as the thatch was quite loose in two or three places. Then the rain began again, and you could hear it spitting and hissing in the fire, as it came down through the big *chimbley*.

“ ‘ God bless us,’ says my mother, ‘ but ’tis a dreadful night to be at sea,’ says she, ‘ and God be praised that we have a roof, bad as it is, to shelter us.’

“ I don’t, to be sure, recollect all this, mistress Doyle, but only as my brothers told it to me, and other people, and often have I heard it; for I was so little then, that they say I could just go under the table without tipping my head. Anyway, it was in the very height of the pelting and whistling that we heard something speak outside the door. My father and all of us listened, but there was no more noise at that time. We waited a little longer, and then we plainly heard a sound like an old man’s voice, asking to be let in, but mighty feebly and weak. Tim bounced up, without a word, to ask us whether we’d like to let the old man, or whoever he was, in—having always a heart as soft as a mealy potatoe before the voice of sorrow. When Tim pulled back the bolt



All the eyes of their body were stuck upon him

that did the door, in marched a little bit of a shrivelled, weather-beaten creature, about two feet and a half high.

“We were all watching to see who’d come in, for there was a wall between us and the door; but when the sound of the undoing of the bolt stopped, we heard Tim give a sort of a screech, and instantly he bolted in to us. He had hardly time to say a word, or we either, when the little gentleman shuffled in after him, without a God save all here, or by your leave, or any other sort of thing that any decent body might say. We all, of one accord, scrambled over to the furthest end of the room, where we were, old and young, every one trying who’d get nearest the wall, and farthest from him. All the eyes of our body were stuck upon him, but he didn’t mind us no more than that frying-pan there does now. He walked over to the fire, and squatting himself down like a frog, took the pipe that my father dropped from his mouth in the hurry, put it into his own, and then began to smoke so hearty, that he soon filled the room of it.

“We had plenty of time to observe him, and my brothers say that he wore a sugar-loaf hat that was as red as blood: he had a face as yellow as a kite’s claw, and as long as to-day and to-mor-

row put together, with a mouth all screwed and puckered up like a washer-woman's hand, little blue eyes, and rather a highish nose ; his hair was quite grey and lengthy, appearing under his hat, and flowing over the cape of a long scarlet coat which almost trailed the ground behind him, and the ends of which he took up and planked on his knees to dry, as he sat facing the fire. He had smart corduroy breeches, and woollen stockings drawn up over the knees, so as to hide the knee-buckles, if he had the pride to have them ; but, at any rate, if he hadn't them in his knees he had them in his shoes, out before his spindle legs. When we came to ourselves a little we thought to escape from the room, but no one would go first, nor no one would stay last ; so we huddled ourselves together and made a dart out of the room. My little gentleman never minded any thing of the scrambling, nor hardly stirred himself, sitting quite at his ease before the fire. The neighbours, the very instant minute they got to the door, although it still continued pelting rain, cut gutter as if Oliver Cromwell himself was at their heels ; and no blame to them for that, anyhow. It was my father, and my mother, and my brothers, and myself, a little hop-of-my-thumb midge as I was then, that were left to see what would come out

of this strange visit ; so we all went quietly to the *labbig* *, scarcely daring to throw an eye at him as we passed the door. Never the wink of sleep could they sleep that live-long night, though, to be sure, I slept like a top, not knowing better, while they were talking and thinking of the little man.

“ When they got up in the morning every thing was as quiet and as tidy about the place as if nothing had happened, for all that the chairs and stools were tumbled here, there, and everywhere, when we saw the lad enter. Now, indeed, I forget whether he came next night or not, but, anyway, that was the first time we ever laid eye upon him. This I know for certain, that, about a month after that, he came regularly every night, and used to give us a signal to be on the move, for 'twas plain he did not like to be observed. This sign was always made about eleven o'clock ; and then, if we'd look towards the door, there was a little hairy arm thrust in through the key-hole, which would not have been big enough, only there was a fresh hole made near the first one, and the bit of stick between them had been broken away, and so 'twas just fitting for the little arm.

* *Labbig* — bed, from *Leaba*. — Vide O'BRIEN and O'REILLY.

“The Fir darrig continued his visits, never missing a night, as long as we attended to the signal; smoking always out of the pipe he made his own of, and warming himself till day dawned before the fire, and then going no one living knows where: but there was not the least mark of him to be found in the morning; and 'tis as true, nurse Doyle, and honest people, as you are all here sitting before me and by the side of me, that the family continued thriving, and my father and brothers rising in the world while ever he came to us. When we observed this, we used always look for the very moment to see when 'the arm would come, and then we 'd instantly fly off with ourselves to our rest. But before we found the luck, we used sometimes sit still and not mind the arm, especially when a neighbour would be with my father, or that two or three or four of them would have a drop among them, and then they did not care for all the arms, hairy or not, that ever were seen. No one, however, dared to speak to it or of it insolently, except, indeed, one night that Davy Kennane—but he was drunk—walked over and hit it a rap on the back of the wrist: the hand was snatched off like lightning; but every one knows that Davy did not live a month after this happened, though he was only about ten days sick. The like of such tricks are ticklish things to do.

“As sure as the red man would put in his arm for a sign through the hole in the door, and that we did not go and open it to him, so sure some mishap befel the cattle : the cows were elf-stoned, or overlooked, or something or another went wrong with them. One night my brother Dan refused to go at the signal, and the next day, as he was cutting turf in Crogh-na-drimina bog, within a mile and a half of the house, a stone was thrown at him, which broke fairly, with the force, into two halves. Now, if that had happened to hit him, he'd be at this hour as dead as my great great-grandfather. It came whack-slap against the spade he had in his hand, and split at once in two pieces. He took them up and fitted them together, and they made a perfect heart. Some way or the other he lost it since, but he still has the one which was shot at the spotted milch cow, before the little man came near us. Many and many a time I saw that same ; 'tis just the shape of the ace of hearts on the cards, only it is of a dark-red colour, and polished up like the grate that is in the grand parlour within. When this did not kill the cow on the spot, she swelled up ; but if you took and put the elf-stone under her udder, and milked her upon it to the last stroking, and then made her drink the milk, it would cure her, and she would thrive with you ever after.

“ But, as I said, we were getting on well enough as long as we minded the door and watched for the hairy arm, which we did sharp enough when we found it was bringing luck to us, and we were now as glad to see the little red gentleman, and as ready to open the door to him, as we used to dread his coming at first and be frightened of him. But at long last we throve so well that the landlord—God forgive him—took notice of us, and envied us, and asked my father how he came by the penny he had, and wanted him to take more ground at a rack-rent that was more than any Christian ought to pay to another, seeing there was no making it. When my father—and small blame to him for that—refused to lease the ground, he turned us off the bit of land we had, and out of the house and all, and left us in a wide and wicked world, where my father, for he was a soft innocent man, was not up to the roguery and the trickery that was practised upon him. He was taken this way by one and that way by another, and he treating them that were working his downfall. And he used to take bite and sup with them, and they with him, free enough as long as the money lasted; but when that was gone, and he had not as much ground, that he could call his own, as would sod a lark, they soon shabbed him off. The landlord died not long

after ; and he now knows whether he acted right or wrong in taking the house from over our heads.

“ It is a bad thing for the heart to be cast down, so we took another cabin, and looked out with great desire for the Fir darrig to come to us. But ten o'clock came, and no arm, although we cut a hole in the door just the *moral* (model) of the other. Eleven o'clock !—twelve o'clock !—no, not a sign of him : and every night we watched, but all would not do. We then travelled to the other house, and we rooted up the hearth, for the landlord asked so great a rent for it from the poor people that no one could take it ; and we carried away the very door off the hinges, and we brought every thing with us that we thought the little man was in any respect partial to, but he did not come, and we never saw him again.

“ My father and my mother, and my young sister, are since dead, and my two brothers, who could tell all about this better than myself, are both of them gone out with Ingram in his last voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, leaving me behind without kith or kin.”

Here young Ellen's voice became choked with sorrow, and bursting into tears, she hid her face in her apron.

This tale is preserved verbatim as taken down by Mr. M'Clise, to whose clever pencil the present volume is also indebted for the idea of two or three of the sketches which illustrate it.

The Fir darrig here has many traits of resemblance with the Scotch Brownie, the German Kobold, and the Hob-goblin of England (Milton's "Lubber fiend.") They all love cleanliness and regularity, are harbingers of good-luck, and in general, for some exceptions occur, are like cats, attached to the house rather than to the family.

Crogh-na-drimina bog lies at the foot of Cairn Thierna, near Fermoy, a hill which is the scene of a subsequent story.

Cough-na-Looba's dance with the black friar at Rahill, as well as the legend of the Dead Man's Hollow, are traditions well known in the county of Tipperary. The present worthy possessor of Rahill (Mr. Fennell, a Quaker gentleman) can bear witness to the popular belief in *Cough-na-Looba's* existence, and her supposed abode in his orchard, where she is constantly heard singing

“ *Na feck a vecetoo*
Na clush a glushetoo
Na nish gevacketoo
Cough a na Looba.”

The fair dame's song is given as it is pronounced, and has been translated to the writer by a singular cha-

racter named Cleary, whose *soubriquet* was "The Wild Fox," as follows :

Don't see what you see,
Don't hear what you hear,
Don't tell what you saw
Of Catherine Looby.

"The Drutheen," which is supposed to possess the power of revealing the name of a sweetheart, is a small white slug or naked snail, and it is the common practice of boys and maids on May morning to place one on a piece of slate lightly sprinkled with flour or fine dust, covering it over with a large leaf, when it never fails to describe the initial of "the one loved name."

The same custom prevailed in England in the time of Gay, and is described by him in "The Shepherd's Week."

"Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail
That might my secret lover's name reveal ;
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seized the vermin, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L :
Oh, may this wond'rous omen lucky prove,
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love."

The word is correctly written *drùchdan*, which signifies morning-dew, as, according to vulgar opinion,

these snails fall with, and are born of the dew, and are never seen but when the dew is on the ground. A kind correspondent (Mr. Richard Dowden Richard) suggests, as a probable derivation, *Druadh*, a magician, and hence *Druddheen*, the little magician.

The flint arrow-heads of the primitive inhabitants, and the axes termed by antiquaries stone celts, are frequently found in turning up the ground in Ireland, as well as Scotland and other countries. By the peasantry they are termed elf-stones, and believed to have been maliciously shot at cattle by "the wandering people."

Thus Collins, in his beautiful ode on the superstitions of the Highlands

" There every herd by sad experience knows
 How wing'd with fate their elf-shot arrows fly;
 When the sick ewe her summer-food foregoes,
 Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers
 He."

It may appear rather hazardous to employ the word *noways* in the opening sentence of the tale, after the declaration of Dr. Johnson, who, in his derivation of *nowise*, says " this word is, by some ignorant barbarians, written and pronounced *noways*." Few, however, now rate the authority of Dr. Johnson very high upon any subject, and in etymological ones it goes for nothing. Sir Walter Scott very silyly remarks, when speaking of the greatest of the Jonsons, old Ben, that " he is not the only one of the name that has bullied his con-

temporaries into taking him at his own valuation ;” but the man who wrote the *Alchymist* was certainly very far superior in every respect to the author of *Irene*.

We cannot venture decidedly to maintain that *no-ways* is the proper writing of the word, for we know that our Saxon ancestors more frequently employed *piſe*, *wise*, *modus*, than *peȝ*, *way*. Thus we meet on *nane piſan*, *in nowise* ; on *oþne piſan*, *otherwise* ; on *ænige piſan*, *in anywise* ; on *τpa*, on *τpeo piſan*, *in two or three wise*. But we also meet *Ealle pæȝa*, *omnibus modis*, and *Ealne peȝ*, *always*, *semper*. And besides *always* we still use *straightways*, *lengthways*, and other similar adverbs, which would appear to indicate the former use of several adverbs formed from *peȝ* in the regular Teutonic manner, that is, by a genitive termination. *Nowise* and *noways* is, in German, *keineswegs*. It is curious that the Saxon *Eftſona* should have become *eftsoons*.



FAIRY LEGENDS.

TREASURE LEGENDS.



“ Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back
When gold and silver beckons me to come on.”

KING JOHN.

“ This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so.”

WINTER'S TALE.

TREASURE LEGENDS.

DREAMING TIM JARVIS.

TIMOTHY Jarvis was a decent, honest, quiet, hard-working man, as every body knows that knows Balledehob.

Now Balledehob is a small place, about forty miles west of Cork. It is situated on the summit of a hill, and yet it is in a deep valley; for on all sides there are lofty mountains that rise one above another in barren grandeur, and seem to look down with scorn upon the little busy village, which they surround with their idle and unproductive magnificence. Man and beast have alike deserted them to the dominion of the eagle, who soars majestically over them. On the highest of those mountains there is a small, and as is commonly believed, unfathomable lake, the only inhabitant of which is a huge serpent, who has been sometimes seen to stretch its enormous head above the waters, and frequently is heard to utter a noise which shakes the very rocks to their foundation.

But, as I was saying, every body knew Tim Jarvis to be a decent, honest, quiet, hard-working man, who was thriving enough to be able to give his daughter Nelly a fortune of ten pounds; and Tim himself would have been snug enough besides, but that he loved the drop sometimes. However, he was seldom backward on rent day. His ground was never distrained but twice, and both times through a small bit of a mistake; and his landlord had never but once to say to him—"Tim Jarvis, you 're all behind, Tim, like the cow's tail." Now it so happened that, being heavy in himself, through the drink, Tim took to sleeping, and the sleep set Tim dreaming, and he dreamed all night, and night after night, about crocks full of gold and other precious stones; so much so, that Norah Jarvis his wife could get no good of him by day, and have little comfort with him by night. The grey dawn of the morning would see Tim digging away in a bog-hole, maybe, or rooting under some old stone walls like a pig. At last he dreamt that he found a mighty great crock of gold and silver—and where, do you think? Every step of the way upon London-bridge, itself! Twice Tim dreamt it, and three times Tim dreamt the same thing; and at last he made up his mind to transport himself, and go over to London, in Pat Mahoney's coaster—and so he did!

Well, he got there, and found the bridge without much difficulty. Every day he walked up and down looking for the crock of gold, but never the find did he find it. One day, however, as he was looking over the bridge into the water, a man, or something like a man, with great black whiskers, like a Hessian, and a black cloak that reached down to the ground, taps him on the shoulder, and says he—"Tim Jarvis, do you see me?"

"Surely I do, sir," said Tim; wondering that any body should know him in the strange place.

"Tim," says he, "what is it brings you here in foreign parts, so far away from your own cabin by the mine of grey copper at Balledehob?"

"Please your honour," says Tim, "I'm come to seek my fortune."

"You're a fool for your pains, Tim, if that's all," remarked the stranger in the black cloak; "this is a big place to seek one's fortune in, to be sure, but it's not so easy to find it."

Now, Tim, after debating a long time with himself, and considering, in the first place, that it might be the stranger who was to find the crock of gold for him; and in the next, that the stranger might direct him where to find it, came to the resolution of telling him all.

"There's many a one like me comes here seeking their fortunes," said Tim.

"True," said the stranger.

"But," continued Tim, looking up, "the body and bones of the cause for myself leaving the woman, and Nelly, and the boys, and travelling so far, is to look for a crock of gold that I'm told is lying somewhere hereabouts."

"And who told you that, Tim?"

"Why, then, sir, that's what I can't tell myself rightly—only I dreamt it."

"Ho, ho! is that all, Tim?" said the stranger, laughing; "I had a dream myself; and I dreamed that I found a crock of gold, in the Fort field, on Jerry Driscoll's ground at Balledahob; and by the same token, the pit where it lay was close to a large furze bush, all full of yellow blossom."

Tim knew Jerry Driscoll's ground well; and, moreover, he knew the fort field as well as he knew his own potatoe garden; he was certain, too, of the very furze bush at the north end of it—so, swearing a bitter big oath, says he—

"By all the crosses in a yard of check, I always thought there was money in that same field!"

The moment he rapped out the oath the stranger disappeared, and Tim Jarvis, wondering at all that had happened to him, made the best of his way back to Ireland. Norah, as may well be supposed, had no very warm welcome for her runaway husband—the dreaming blackguard, as she called

him—and so soon as she set eyes upon him, all the blood of her body in one minute was into her knuckles to be at him ; but Tim, after his long journey, looked so cheerful and so happy-like, that she could not find it in her heart to give him the first blow ! He managed to pacify his wife by two or three broad hints about a new cloak and a pair of shoes, that, to speak honestly, were much wanting to her to go to chapel in ; and decent clothes for Nelly to go to the patron with her sweetheart, and brogues for the boys, and some corduroy for himself. “ It wasn’t for nothing,” says Tim, “ I went to foreign parts all the ways ; and you ’ll see what ’ll come out of it—mind my words.”

A few days afterwards Tim sold his cabin and his garden, and bought the fort field of Jerry Driscoll, that had nothing in it, but was full of thistles, and old stones, and blackberry bushes ; and all the neighbours—as well they might—thought he was cracked !

The first night that Tim could summon courage to begin his work, he walked off to the field with his spade upon his shoulder ; and away he dug all night by the side of the furze bush, till he came to a big stone. He struck his spade against it, and he heard a hollow sound ; but as the morning had begun to dawn, and the neighbours would be

going out to their work, Tim, not wishing to have the thing talked about, went home to the little hovel, where Norah and the children were huddled together under a heap of straw ; for he had sold every thing he had in the world to purchase Driscoll's field, that was said to be " the back-bone of the world, picked by the devil."

It is impossible to describe the epithets and reproaches bestowed by the poor woman on her unlucky husband for bringing her into such a way. Epithets and reproaches which Tim had but one mode of answering, as thus :—" Norah, did you see e'er a cow you 'd like?"—or, " Norah, dear, hasn't Poll Deasy a feather-bed to sell?"—or, " Norah, honey, wouldn't you like your silver buckles as big as Mrs. Doyle's?"

As soon as night came Tim stood beside the furze bush spade in hand. The moment he jumped down into the pit he heard a strange rumbling noise under him, and so, putting his ear against the great stone, he listened, and overheard a discourse that made the hair on his head stand up like bulrushes, and every limb tremble.

" How shall we bother Tim?" said one voice.

" Take him to the mountain, to be sure, and make him a toothful for the old serpent ; 'tis long since he has had a good meal," said another voice.

Tim shook like a potatoe-blossom in a storm.

“No,” said a third voice; “plunge him in the bog, neck and heels.”

Tim was a dead man, barring the breath*.

“Stop!” said a fourth; but Tim heard no more, for Tim was dead entirely. In about an hour, however, the life came back into him, and he crept home to Norah.

When the next night arrived the hopes of the *crock* of gold got the better of his fears, and taking care to arm himself with a bottle of *potheen*, away he went to the field. Jumping into the pit, he took a little sup from the bottle to keep his heart up—he then took a big one—and then, with desperate wrench, he wrenched up the stone. All at once, up rushed a blast of wind, wild and fierce, and down fell Tim—down, down, and down he went—until he thumped upon what seemed to be, for all the world, like a floor of sharp pins, which made him bellow out in earnest. Then he heard a *whisk* and a *hurra*, and instantly voices beyond number cried out—

“Welcome, Tim Jarvis, dear!

Welcome, down here!”

“*I' non morì, e non rimasi vivo :*

Pensa oramai per te, s' hai fior d' ingegno

Qual io divenni d' uno e d' altro privo.”

DANTE INFERNO, Canto 34.

Though Tim's teeth chattered like magpies with the fright, he continued to make answer—"I'm he-he-har-ti-ly ob-ob-liged to-to you all, gen-gentlemen, fo-for your civility to-to a poor stranger like myself." But though he had heard all the voices about him, he could see nothing, the place was so dark and so lonesome in itself for want of the light. Then something pulled Tim by the hair of his head, and dragged him, he did not know how far, but he knew he was going faster than the wind, for he heard it behind him, trying to keep up with him, and it could not. On, on, on, he went, till all at once, and suddenly, he was stopped, and somebody came up to him, and said, "Well, Tim Jarvis, and how do you like your ride?"

"Mighty well! I thank your honour," said Tim; "and 'twas a good beast I rode, surely!"

There was a great laugh at Tim's answer; and then there was a whispering, and a great cugger mugger, and coshering; and at last a pretty little bit of a voice said, "Shut your eyes, and you'll see, Tim."

"By my word, then," said Tim, "that is the queer way of seeing; but I'm not the man to gainsay you, so I'll do as you bid me, any how." Presently he felt a small warm hand rubbed over his eyes with an ointment, and in the next minute

he saw himself in the middle of thousands of little men and women, not half so high as his brogue, that were pelting one another with golden guineas and lily-white thirteens*, as if they were so much dirt. The finest dressed and the biggest of them all went up to Tim, and says he, "Tim Jarvis, because you are a decent, honest, quiet, civil, well-spoken man," says he, "and know how to behave yourself in strange company, we've altered our minds about you, and will find a neighbour of yours that will do just as well to give to the old serpent."

"Oh, then, long life to you, sir!" said Tim, "and there's no doubt of that."

"But what will you say, Tim," inquired the little fellow, "if we fill your pockets with these yellow boys? What will you say, Tim, and what will you do with them?"

"Your honour's honour, and your honour's glory," answered Tim, "I'll not be able to say my prayers for one month with thanking you—and indeed I've enough to do with them. I'd make a grand lady, you see, at once of Norah—she has been a good wife to me. We'll have a nice bit of pork for dinner; and, maybe, I'd have a glass, or maybe two glasses; or sometimes, if

* An English shilling was thirteen pence Irish currency.

'twas with a friend, or acquaintance, or gossip, you know, three glasses every day ; and I'd build a new cabin ; and I'd have a fresh egg every morning, myself, for my breakfast ; and I'd snap my fingers at the 'squire, and beat his hounds, if they'd come coursing through my fields ; and I'd have a new plough ; and Norah, your honour, should have a new cloak, and the boys should have shoes and stockings as well as Biddy Leary's brats—that's my sister what was—and Nelly should marry Bill Long of Affadown ; and, your honour, I'd have some corduroy for myself to make breeches, and a cow, and a beautiful coat with shining buttons, and a horse to ride, or maybe two. I'd have every thing," said Tim, "in life, good or bad, that is to be got for love or money—hurra-whoop!—and that's what I'd do."

"Take care, Tim," said the little fellow, "your money would not go faster than it came, with your hurra-whoop."

But Tim heeded not this speech : heaps of gold were around him, and he filled and filled away as hard as he could, his coat and his waistcoat and his breeches pockets ; and he thought himself very clever, moreover, because he stuffed some of the guineas into his brogues. When the little people perceived this, they cried out—"Go home, Tim Jarvis, go home, and think yourself a lucky man."

“I hope, gentlemen,” said he, “we won’t part for good and all ; but maybe ye’ll ask me to see you again, and to give you a fair and square account of what I’ve done with your money.”

To this there was no answer, only another shout—“Go home, Tim Jarvis—go home—fair play is a jewel ; but shut your eyes, or ye’ll never see the light of day again.”

Tim shut his eyes, knowing now that was the way to see clearly ; and away he was whisked as before—away, away he went ’till he again stopped all of a sudden.

He rubbed his eyes with his two thumbs—and where was he?—Where, but in the very pit in the field that was Jer Driscoll’s, and his wife Norah above with a big stick ready to beat “her dreaming blackguard.” Tim roared out to the woman to leave the life in him, and put his hands in his pockets to show her the gold ; but he pulled out nothing only a handful of small stones mixed with yellow furze blossoms. The bush was under him, and the great flag-stone that he had wrenched up, as he thought, was lying, as if it was never stirred, by his side : the whiskey bottle was drained to the last drop ; and the pit was just as his spade had made it.

Tim Jarvis, vexed, disappointed, and almost

heart-broken, followed his wife home : and, strange to say, from that night he left off drinking, and dreaming, and delving in bog-holes, and rooting in old caves. He took again to his hard working habits, and was soon able to buy back his little cabin and former potato-garden, and to get all the enjoyment he anticipated from the fairy gold.

Give Tim one or, at most, two glasses of whiskey punch (and neither friend, acquaintance, or gossip can make him take more), and he will relate the story to you much better than you have it here. Indeed it is worth going to Balledehob to hear him tell it. He always pledges himself to the truth of every word with his fore-fingers crossed ; and when he comes to speak of the loss of his guineas, he never fails to console himself by adding —“ If they staid with me I wouldn't have luck with them, sir ; and father O'Shea told me 'twas as well for me they were changed, for if they hadn't, they'd have burned holes in my pocket, and got out that way.”

I shall never forget his solemn countenance, and the deep tones of his warning voice, when he concluded his tale, by telling me, that the next day after his ride with the fairies, Mick Dowling was missing, and he believed him to be given to the serpent in his place, as he had never been

heard of since. "The blessing of the saints be between all good men and harm," was the concluding sentence of Tim Jarvis's narrative, as he flung the remaining drops from his glass upon the green sward.

In Grimm's *Deutsche Sagan* (vol. i. p. 290) this tale, which is also current, with little variation, in the East, is thus related :—"A man once dreamed that if he went to Regensburg and walked on the bridge he should become rich. He went accordingly ; and when he had spent near a fortnight walking backwards and forwards on the bridge, a rich merchant came up to him, wondering what he was doing there every day, and asked him what he was looking for ; he answered that he had dreamed if he would go to the bridge of Regensburg he should become rich. ' Ah ! ' said the merchant, ' what do you say about dreams ?—Dreams are but froth (*Träume sind Schäume*). I too have dreamed that there is buried under yonder large tree (pointing to it) a great kettle full of money ; but I give no heed to this, for dreams are froth' (*Träume sind Schäume*).

"The man went immediately and dug under the tree, and there he got a great treasure, which made a rich man of him ; and so his dream was accomplished.

"This story," says Agricola, "I have often heard

from my father. The same story is told of several other places. At Lubeck it was a baker's boy who dreamed he should find a treasure on the bridge. On the bridge he met a beggar, who said he had dreamed there was one under a lime-tree in the church-yard of Möllen, but that he would not take the trouble of going there. The baker's boy went and got the treasure."

Precisely the same legend is recorded in the Danske Folkesagn (vol. ii. p. 24), of a man at a place called Als, who dreamed he should find a treasure in the streets of Flensborg, and was directed back to Tanslet near Als. But perhaps there is no country in which this story is not current.

Should any reader be fortunate enough to dream of buried money, it may be of some advantage to know the proper "art and order" to be used in digging for it.

"There must be made upon a hazel wand three crosses, and certain words, both blasphemous and impious, must be said over it; and hereunto must be added certain characters and barbarous names. And whilst the treasure is a-digging, there must be read the psalms *De profundis*, *Misereatur nostri*, *Requiem*, *Pater noster*, *Ave Maria*, *Et ne nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo*, *Amen*, *A porta inferni credo videre bona*, &c., and then a certain prayer. And if the time of digging be neglected the devil will carry all the treasure away." *Reg. Scot. Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 102.

All money-diggers, however, ought to take warning

by the fate of one recorded in Dodsley's Annual Register for 1774.

“ Daniel Healey of Donoghmore, in Ireland, having three different times dreamed that money lay concealed under a large stone in a field near where he lived, procured some workmen to assist him in removing it; and when they had dug as far as the foundation, it suddenly fell and killed Healey on the spot.”

RENT-DAY.

“ OH ullagone, ullagone ! this is a wide world, but what will we do in it, or where will we go ? ” muttered Bill Doody, as he sat on a rock by the Lake of Killarney. “ What will we do ? to-morrow ’s rent-day, and Tim the Driver swears if we don’t pay up our rent, he ’ll cant every *ha’perth* we have ; and then, sure enough, there ’s Judy and myself, and the poor little *grawls* * will be turned out to starve on the high road, for the never a halfpenny of rent have I !—Oh hone, that ever I should live to see this day ! ”

Thus did Bill Doody bemoan his hard fate, pouring his sorrows to the reckless waves of the most beautiful of lakes, which seemed to mock his misery as they rejoiced beneath the cloudless sky of a May morning. That lake, glittering in sunshine, sprinkled with fairy isles of rock and verdure, and bounded by giant hills of ever-varying

* Children.

hues, might, with its magic beauty, charm all sadness but despair; for alas,

“How ill the scene that offers rest
And heart that cannot rest agree!”

Yet Bill Doody was not so desolate as he supposed; there was one listening to him he little thought of, and help was at hand from a quarter he could not have expected.

“What’s the matter with you, my poor man?” said a tall portly-looking gentleman, at the same time stepping out of a furze brake. Now Bill was seated on a rock that commanded the view of a large field. Nothing in the field could be concealed from him, except this furze-brake, which grew in a hollow near the margin of the lake. He was, therefore, not a little surprised at the gentleman’s sudden appearance, and began to question whether the personage before him belonged to this world or not. He, however, soon mustered courage sufficient to tell him how his crops had failed, how some bad member had charmed away his butter, and how Tim the Driver threatened to turn him out of the farm if he didn’t pay up every penny of the rent by twelve o’clock next day.

“A sad story, indeed,” said the stranger; “but

surely, if you represented the case to your landlord's agent, he won't have the heart to turn you out."

"Heart, your honour! where would an agent get a heart!" exclaimed Bill. "I see your honour does not know him; besides, he has an eye on the farm this long time for a fosterer of his own; so I expect no mercy at all, at all, only to be turned out."

"Take this, my poor fellow, take this," said the stranger, pouring a purse full of gold into Bill's old hat, which in his grief he had flung on the ground. "Pay the fellow your rent, but I'll take care it shall do him no good. I remember the time when things went otherwise in this country, when I would have hung up such a fellow in the twinkling of an eye!"

These words were lost upon Bill, who was insensible to every thing but the sight of the gold, and before he could unfix his gaze, and lift up his head to pour out his hundred thousand blessings, the stranger was gone. The bewildered peasant looked around in search of his benefactor, and at last he thought he saw him riding on a white horse a long way off on the lake.

"O'Donoghue, O'Donoghue!" shouted Bill; "the good, the blessed O'Donoghue!" and he ran

capering like a madman to show Judy the gold, and to rejoice her heart with the prospect of wealth and happiness.

The next day Bill proceeded to the agent's ; not sneakingly, with his hat in his hand, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his knees bending under him ; but bold and upright, like a man conscious of his independence.

"Why don't you take off your hat, fellow ; don't you know you are speaking to a magistrate ?" said the agent.

"I know I'm not speaking to the king, sir," said Bill ; "and I never takes off my hat but to them I can respect and love. The Eye that sees all knows I've no right either to respect or love an agent !"

"You scoundrel !" retorted the man in office, biting his lips with rage at such an unusual and unexpected opposition, "I'll teach you how to be insolent again—I have the power, remember."

"To the cost of the country, I know you have," said Bill, who still remained with his head as firmly covered as if he was the lord Kingsale himself.

"But, come," said the magistrate ; "have you got the money for me ?—this is rent-day. If there's one penny of it wanting, or the running gale that's due, prepare to turn out before night,

for you shall not remain another hour in possession.

“There is your rent,” said Bill, with an unmoved expression of tone and countenance; “you’d better count it, and give me a receipt in full for the running gale and all.”

The agent gave a look of amazement at the gold; for it was gold—real guineas! and not bits of dirty ragged small notes, that are only fit to light one’s pipe with. However willing the agent may have been to ruin, as he thought, the unfortunate tenant, he took up the gold, and handed the receipt to Bill, who strutted off with it as proud as a cat of her whiskers.

The agent going to his desk shortly after, was confounded at beholding a heap of gingerbread cakes instead of the money he had deposited there. He raved and swore, but all to no purpose; the gold had become gingerbread cakes, just marked like the guineas, with the king’s head, and Bill had the receipt in his pocket; so he saw there was no use in saying any thing about the affair, as he would only get laughed at for his pains.

From that hour Bill Doody grew rich; all his undertakings prospered; and he often blesses the day that he met with O’Donoghue, the great prince that lives down under the lake of Killarney.

Another legend respecting the appearance of O'Donoghue is given in the preceding volume, where, to use the words of Miss Luby, (the fair minstrel of Killarney,)

“ Aerial spirits in a heavenly throng
Skim the blue waves, and follow him along.”

Spirit of the Lakes, c. ii.

When at Killarney in the spring of 1825, the writer received the following accounts of the appearance of O'Donoghue from actual spectators. The first from a man who was employed in the mines at Ross about twelve or thirteen years before, when colonel Hall had carried an excavation under the lake, which invasion of his dominions was popularly considered to be extremely offensive to O'Donoghue.

“ I saw him, sir,” he continued, “ early in the morning, when the water broke into the mines, sweeping all before it like a raging sea, and made the workmen fly for their lives. It was just at daybreak that morning I saw him on the lake, followed by numbers of men mounted upon horseback like *carvally* (cavalry), and each having a drawn sword as bright as the day in his right hand, and a *carbuncle* (carbine) slung at the side of himself and his horse ; a thing like a great tent came down from the sky, and covered them all over, and when it cleared away nothing more of O'Donoghue or his men was to be seen.”

The other account was given by a boatman usually called (from his familiarity with the great chieftain)

O'Donoghue, but whose real name was Edward Doolin; and the accuracy of his statement is confirmed by Tim Lyne, the old coxswain.

“ Ten years ago we went out about seven o'clock in the morning to make a long day on the lakes; the water was calm and the sun was shining bright, and it was just nine o'clock when we saw O'Donoghue going from the ‘ half-moon’ of Toomies round Rabbit Island. He was dressed in white, with a cocked-hat, and shoes with great buckles in them, and he walked very smart on the water, spattering it up before him; James Curtin, who pulled the bow oar, saw him, too, for as good as seven minutes, and he is alive and able to speak the truth as well as myself. We had two gentlemen in the boat at the time. One of them was a counsellor Moore from Dublin, and they made great wonder at the sight. O'Donoghue, when he finds poor travellers benighted, who are coming for Killybegs, takes them down into his palace below the lake, where he entertains them grandly without their paying any cost. The white horse that he sometimes rides, and whose image is in a rock upon the lake, is called *Crebough*.”

The circulation of money bestowed by the fairies or supernatural personages, like that of counterfeit coin, is seldom extensive. The story in the Arabian Nights, of the old rogue whose fine-looking money turned to leaves, must be familiar to every reader. When Waldemar, Holger, and Groen Jette, in Danish tradition, bestow money upon the Boors whom they

meet, their gift sometimes turns to fire, sometimes to pebbles, and sometimes is so hot, that the receiver drops it from his hand, when the gold, or what seemed to be so, sinks into the ground and disappears. In some cases these changes take place as in the foregoing tale, after the Boors have parted with their money. If a piece of coal, or any thing in appearance equally valueless, is given, it always, if kept, proves to be gold. The travelling musicians, who had the honour to play before the enchanted German emperor, Frederick, in the mountain in which he resides, were each rewarded by the monarch with a green branch. Highly incensed at such shabby wages, they all except one flung away the gift, and went out of the mountain. One minstrel, however, who kept his branch found it growing heavy in his hand, and on examination he discovered that it was composed of pure gold. His companions immediately went back to look for those which they had thrown away, but their branches were not to be found.

SCATH-A-LEGAUNE.

“WELL, for sure and certain, there must be something in it,” said Johnny Curtin, as he awoke and stretched himself one fine morning, “for certain there must be something in it, or he’d never have come the third time. Troth and faith, as I can’t do it myself without help, I’ll just speak to the master about it, for half a loaf is better than no bread any day in the year.”

Johnny Curtin was a poor scholar; he had been stopping for the last week at the house of Dick Cassidy, a snug farmer, who lived not far from the fine old abbey of Holy Cross, in the county of Tipperary. Mr. Cassidy was a hearty man, and loved a story in his soul; and Johnny Curtin had as good a budget of old songs, and stories of every kind and sort, as any poor scholar that ever carried an ink-bottle dangling at his breast, or a well-thumbed book and a slate under his arm. He was, moreover, as good a man in a hay-field, for a boy of his years, as need to be, so that no one was a more welcome guest to Dick Cassidy in harvest time than Johnny Curtin.

The third night after Johnny had taken up his

quarters at Cassidy's farm-house, after sitting up very late, and telling his most wonderful stories to Dick and the children, Johnny went to sleep on a shake-down (of straw) in a corner, and there he dreamed a dream. For he thought that an old man, with a fine long beard, and dressed from head to foot in the real old ancient Irish fashion, came and stood beside him, and called him by his name.

"Johnny Curtin, my child," said the old man, "do you know where you are?"

"I do, sir," said Johnny, though great was his surprise. "I do, sir," said he; "I am at Dick Cassidy's."

"John, do you know," says he, "that this land belonged, in the good old times, to your own people?"

"Oh I'm sure," says Johnny, "it's little myself knows about my own people, beyond my father and my mother, who, when one would catch the fish, the other would sell it; but this I know, if 'tis as your honour says, and not doubting your word in the least, that I wish my own people had kept their land, that I might have got the *larning* without begging for it from door to door through the country."

"John," said the old man, "there's a treasure not far from this that belonged to the family, and

if you get it, it will make you, and fifty like you, as rich as kings. Now, mind my words, John Curtin, for I have come to put you in the right way. You know the height above the abbey—the blessed spot where the piece of the holy cross fell from its concealment at the sweet sound of the abbey bells, and where the good woman met her son, after his having travelled to Jerusalem for it? You know the old bush that is standing there—*Scath-a-legaune*—in the bleak situation, close to the road, upon the little bank of earth and stones? dig just six feet from it, in a line with the tower of the old abbey; the work must be done in the dead hour of the night, and not a word must be spoken to living man.”

When Johnny woke next morning he recollected every part of his dream well, but he gave no great heed to it. The next night he dreamed that the same old man came to him again and spoke the very same words; and in the course of the day following, he could not help going up to *Scath-a-legaune*, to take a look at the old bush and the little bank of stones and earth, but still he thought it all nonsense going digging there. At last, when the old man came to him in his sleep the third time, and seemed rather angry with him, he resolved to broach the matter to Dick after breakfast, and see if he would join him in the search.

Now Dick Cassidy, like many wiser men, was a firm believer in dreams; and Dick was also a prudent man, and willing to better himself and his family in any honest way, so he gave at once into Johnny's proposal, that they should both go the next night and dig under the bush. When Cassidy mentioned this scheme to Peggy his wife, she being a religious woman, was much against it, and wanted Dick not to go, and tried to persuade him to take neither hand, nor act, nor part in it; but Dick was too sensible a man, and too fond of his own way, to be said by any foolish woman: so it was settled, that at twelve o'clock he and Johnny Curtin should take spade, pick-axe, and crow-bar with them, and set out for the bush, having agreed to divide fairly between them whatever they should get.

After a good supper, and a stiff jug of punch to keep their hearts up, Mr. Cassidy and Johnny Curtin, regardless of the admonitions of Peggy, set out. They had to pass close under the walls of the old abbey, and the wind, which was rather high, kept flapping the branches of the ash and ivy backwards and forwards, and now and then some of the old stones would tumble down, and the boughs would move and creak with a sound just like the voice of some Christian that was in pain.

Dick and Johnny, with all their courage, were not much assured at hearing this ; but they did not remain very long to listen, and crossing the bridge with all convenient speed, directed their steps towards Scath-a-legaune. When they got to the old bush, Dick, without a moment's delay, threw off his coat, stepped the six feet of ground from the little bank towards the tower of the abbey, and began to turn up the sod, and then to dig hard and fast. Johnny all the time stood by, praying to himself, and making pious signs on his forehead and breast. When Dick had dug for better than an hour, he found his spade strike against something hard. He cleared out the loose earth from the hole he had made, and then found that he had come to a great broad flag-stone which was lying quite flat : he saw plainly that he and Johnny could no more lift it than they could fling the rock of Cashel back again into the Devil's bit ; so he got up out of the hole and made motions to Johnny Curtin, minding well not to speak a word ; and they threw in part of the clay to cover up the flag, and went home to bed planning to get more help against the next night, and fully convinced of success.

The next day Cassidy pitched on three of his best and stoutest men, and in the evening early

took them down to the sign of the Saint *, kept by one Mullowney in the village, and proposed the job to them, after giving each a rummer of Roscrea †. They hesitated at the first, saying it was not lucky, and they never heard of good that came out of money that was got at through the means of dreams, and so on, until Dick ordered a second rummer for every man : then he made Johnny tell them his dream over again from beginning to end, and he asked them, if they could see any reason upon earth to doubt what Johnny Curtin told them, or that the old man came to him through his sleep, and he able to mention every pin's worth of his dress. Dick argued with them in this manner, saying a thousand things more of the same kind, until they made an end of their drink, and then he made an offer of giving them a fair share of whatever money was under the flag-stone.

The men at last were over-persuaded ; and between eleven and twelve they set out, provided with spades, shovels, and good crow-bars. When they came to the rise of the height, Johnny stopped, and again told them that all their work was sure to fail if any one spoke a word ; and he said that silence must be kept, let what would happen, otherwise there was no chance of making out the trea-

* Patrick.

† Whiskey.

sure that beyond all doubt was lying there buried down in the ground.

They cleared away the earth from off the stone, and got the crow-bars under it. The first prize they gave they thought they heard a rumbling noise below : they stopped and listened for a minute or more, but all was silent as the grave. Again they heaved, and there was a noise like as if a door was clapped to violently. The men hesitated, but Dick Cassidy and Johnny, by signs, encouraged them to go on. They then made a great effort and raised the stone a little, while Johnny and Tom Doyle wedged in the handles of their spades, and with their united strength the flag was canted fairly over.

Beneath there was a long flight of steps, so they lit a piece of candle which they had brought with them, and down the steps they went, one after the other. The steps, when they got to the end of them, led into a long passage, that went some way, and there they would have been stopped by a strong door, only it was half open. They went in boldly, and saw another door to the left, which was shut. There was a little grate in this door, and Dick Cassidy held up the light while Ned Flaherty looked in.

"Hurra!" cried Ned, the minute he put his eye to the bars, and straightways making a blow

at the door, with the crow-bar in his hand—"Hurra, boys!" says he; "by Noonan's ghost! we are all made men!"

The words had hardly passed his lips when there was a tremendous crashing noise, just as if the whole place was falling in, and then came a screeching wind from the inner room that whisked out the light, and threw them all on the ground flat on their faces. When they recovered themselves they hardly remembered where they were, or what had happened, and they had lost all the geography of the place. They groped and tumbled about for a long time, and at last they got, with falling and roaring, to the door where they had come in at, and made their way up the steps into the field. On looking towards the abbey, there was a bright flame on the top of its tower, and Bill Dunn would have sworn he saw a figure of something, he could not rightly make out what, in the middle of it, dancing up and down.

Frightened enough they were at the sight, for they plainly perceived something was going on which they could not understand, so they made the best of their way home; but it was little any of them could sleep, as may well be supposed, after what had happened.

Next morning they all held a council about what was further to be done—Mr. Cassidy and Johnny

Curtin, Tom Doyle, and Bill Dunn, and Ned Flaherty, whose tongue was the reason of their not being all rich men. Some were for giving the business up entirely, but more were for trying it again ; and at last Dick Cassidy said he was resolved to go to it the third time, since he was now certain the coin was there ; for Ned Flaherty swore he saw a mint of money, beside gold and silver vessels in heaps, and other grand things that he could not tell the use of. It was settled, however, to do nothing the next night.

In the middle of the day Dick took Johnny with him, and walked over to look at the place where they had been digging ; but what was their astonishment to find the ground as smooth and as even as if there had not been a spade put into it since the days of Brian Boro ! Not a morsel of clay was to be seen, and the white daisies and the glossy yellow butter-cups were growing up through the green grass as gaily there, as if nothing had ever happened to disturb them.

That night Johnny Curtin had another dream. The very same old man came to him, and looked dark and angry at him for not having followed his directions ; and told Johnny that he had no right to think, and that if his *larning* made him think he was better without it, he had lost all chance of growing rich, and would be a poor scholar to the

end of his days ; for the place was now shut up for another hundred years, and that it would be dangerous for him or any one else to go digging there until that time was out.

THE stories about treasure, which has been discovered through spiritual agency, or that of dreams, are so numerous that, if collected, many volumes might be filled with them ; yet they vary little in their details, beyond the actors and localities.

The following legends, two of which are translated from the Danish, will sufficiently prove this assertion, although they illustrate nearly the extreme variations :

There are still to be seen near Flensburg the ruins of a very ancient building. Two soldiers once stood on guard there together ; but when one of them was gone to the town, it chanced that a tall white woman came to the other, and spoke to him, and said, I am an unhappy spirit, who have wandered here these many hundred years, but never shall I find rest in the grave. She then informed him, that under the walls of the castle a great treasure was concealed, which only three men in the whole world could take up, and that he was one of the three. The man, who now saw that his fortune was made, promised to follow her directions in every particular, whereupon she desired him to come to the same place at twelve o'clock the following night

The other soldier meanwhile had come back from the town, just as the appointment was made with his comrade. He said nothing about what unseen he had seen and heard, but went early the next evening, and concealed himself among some bushes. When his fellow-soldier came with his spade and shovel he found the white woman at the appointed place, but when she perceived that they were watched she put off the business till the next evening. The man who had lain on the watch to no purpose, went home, and suddenly fell ill; and as he thought that he should die of that sickness, he sent for his comrade, and told him how he knew all, and conjured him not to have any thing to do with witches or with spirits, but rather to seek counsel of the priest, who was a prudent man. The other thought it would be his wisest plan to follow the advice of his comrade, so he went and discovered the whole affair to the priest, who, however, desired him to do as the spirit had bid him, only to make her lay the first hand to the work herself.

The appointed time was now arrived, and the man was at the place. When the white woman had pointed out to him the spot, and they were just beginning the work, she said to him, that when the treasure was taken up, one half of it should be his, but that he must divide the other half equally between the church and the poor. Then the devil entered into the man, and awakened his covetousness, so that he cried out, "What! shall I not have the whole?" But scarcely had he spoken, when the figure, with a most mournful

wail, passed in a blue flame over the moat of the castle, and the man fell sick, and died within three days.

The story soon spread through the country, and a poor scholar who heard it thought he had now an opportunity of making his fortune. He therefore went at midnight to the place, and there he met with the wandering white woman; and he told her why he was come, and offered his services to raise the treasure. But she answered him that he was not one of the three, one of whom alone could free her; and that the wall would still remain so firm, that no human being should be able to break it. She further told him, that at some future time he should be rewarded for his good inclination. And it is said, that when a long time after he passed by that place, and thought with compassion on the sufferings of the unblest woman, he fell on his face over a great heap of money, which soon put him again on his feet. But the wall still stands undisturbed; and as often as any one has attempted to throw it down, whatever is thrown down in the day is replaced again in the night.—*Danske Folkesagn*, vol. iv. p. 33.

Three men went once, in the night-time, to Klumhöi, to try their luck, for a dragon watches there over a great treasure. They dug into the ground, giving each other a strict charge not to utter a word, whatever might happen, otherwise all their labour would be in vain. When they had dug pretty deep, their spades struck against a copper chest; they then made

signs to one another, and all, with both hands, laid hold of a great copper ring that was on the top of the chest, and pulled up the treasure ; but when they had just got it into their possession, one of them forgot the necessity of silence, and shouted out, “ One pull more, and we have it ! ” That very instant the chest flew away out of their hands to the lake of Stöierup, but as they all held hard on the ring it remained in their grasp. They went and fastened the ring on the door of St. Olai’s church, and there it remains to this very day.—*Danske Folkesagn*, vol. i. p. 112.

“ In the next country to that of my former residence,” says Kirke, in his *Secret Commonwealth*, “ about the year 1676, when there was some scarcity of grain, a marvellous illapse and vision strongly struck the imagination of two women in one night, living at a good distance from one another, about a treasure hid in a hill, called *Sithbhenaich*, or fairy hill. The appearance of a treasure was first represented to the fancy, and then an audible voice named the place where it was to their awaking senses. Whereupon, both arose, and meeting accidentally at the place discovered their design, and jointly digging, found a vessel as large as a Scottish peck full of small pieces of good money of ancient coin, which halving betwixt them, they sold in dishfulls for dishfulls of meal to the country-people. Very many of undoubted credit saw and had of the coin to this day. But whether it was a good or bad angel, one of the subterranean

people, or the soul of him who hid it that discovered it, and to what end it was done, I leave to the examination of others.”—P. 12.

The appearance of the tower of Holy Cross Abbey on fire is a common supernatural illusion. Another illustration is offered from the “*Danske Folkesagn*,” which may be acceptable, as Mr. Thiele’s curious work is little known to the English reader.

“Near Daugstrup there is a hill which is called Daugbjerg Dous. Of this hill it is related that it is at all times covered with a blue mist, and that under it there lies a large copper kettle full of money. One night two men went there to dig after this treasure, and they had got so far as to have laid hold of the handle of the kettle. All sorts of wonderful things began then to appear to disturb them in their work. One time a coach, drawn by four black horses, drove by them; then they saw a black dog with a fiery tongue, then there came a cock drawing a load of hay. But still the men persisted in not letting themselves be induced to speak, and still dug on without stopping. At last a fellow came limping by them and said, ‘See, Daugstrup is on fire!’ and when they looked towards the town, it appeared exactly as if the whole place was in a bright flame. Then at length one of them forgot to keep silence, and the moment he uttered an exclamation the treasure sunk deeper and deeper; and as often since as any attempt has been made to get it up, the Trollds have, by their spells and artifices, prevented its success.”—Vol. iv. p. 56.

The neighbourhood of Holy Cross abounds in wonders. From the Cashel road the hill of Killough is pointed out to the traveller as *Gardeen a Herin*, the garden of Ireland, in consequence of a belief that it is a national natural botanic establishment, and that every plant which grows in Ireland is to be found upon it. Not far from Scath-a-Legaune a small clear stream of water crosses the road from a spring called *Tubher-a-Doragh*, Doran's Well; whoever drinks at this fountain it is supposed will never feel the sensation of thirst, or a wish for water again. But there is really no end to tales of this kind.

LINN-NA-PAYSHTHA.

TRAVELLERS go to Leinster to see Dublin and the Dargle ; to Ulster, to see the Giant's Causeway, and, perhaps, to do penance at Lough Dearg ; to Munster, to see Killarney, the butter-buying city of Cork, and half a dozen other fine things ; but whoever thinks of the fourth province ?—whoever thinks of going—

“ — westward, where Dick Martin *ruled*
The houseless wilds of Cunnemara?”

The Ulster-man's ancient denunciation “ to Hell or to Connaught,” has possibly led to the supposition that this is a sort of infernal place above ground—a kind of terrestrial Pandemonium—in short, that Connaught is little better than hell, or hell little worse than Connaught ; but let any one only go there for a month, and, as the natives say, “ I'll warrant he'll soon see the differ, and learn to understand that it is mighty like the rest o' green Erin, only something poorer ;” and yet it might be thought that in this particular “ worse would be needless ;” but so it is.

“ My gracious me,” said the landlady of the Inn at Sligo, “ I wonder a gentleman of your *teest* and *curosimy* would think of leaving Ireland without making a *tower* (tour) of Connaught, if it was nothing more than spending a day at Hazlewood, and up the lake, and on to the *ould* abbey at Friarstown, and the castle at Dromahair.”

Polly M'Bride, my kind hostess, might not in this remonstrance have been altogether disinterested, but her advice prevailed, and the dawn of the following morning found me in a boat on the unruffled surface of Lough Gill. Arrived at the head of that splendid sheet of water, covered with rich and wooded islands, with their ruined buildings, and bounded by towering mountains, noble plantations, grassy slopes, and precipitous rocks, which give beauty, and, in some places, sublimity to its shores, I proceeded at once up the wide river which forms its principal tributary. The “ *ould* abbey” is chiefly remarkable for having been built at a period nearer to the Reformation than any other ecclesiastical edifice of the same class. Full within view of it, and at the distance of half a mile, stands the shattered remnant of Breffni's princely hall. I strode forward with the enthusiasm of an antiquary, and the high beating heart of a patriotic Irishman. I felt myself on classic ground, immortalized by the lays of Swift

and of Moore. I pushed my way into the hallowed precincts of the grand and venerable edifice. I entered its chambers, and, oh my countrymen, I found them converted into the domicile of pigs, cows, and poultry ! But the exterior of "O'Rourke's old hall," grey, frowning, and ivy-covered, is well enough ; it stands on a beetling precipice, round which a noble river wheels its course. The opposite bank is a very steep ascent, thickly wooded, and rising to a height of at least seventy feet, and, for a quarter of a mile, this beautiful copse follows the course of the river.

The first individual I encountered was an old cowherd ; nor was I unfortunate in my Cicerone, for he assured me there were plenty of old stories about strange things that used to be in the place ; " but," continued he, " for my own share, I never met any thing worse nor myself. If it bees ould stories that your honour's after, the story about Linn-na-Payshtha and Poul-maw-Gullyawn is the only thing about this place that 's worth one jack-straw. Does your honour see that great big black hole in the river yonder below ?" He pointed my attention to a part of the river about fifty yards from the old hall, where a long island occupied the centre of the wide current, the water at one side running shallow, and at the other assuming every appearance of unfathomable depth. The spacious

pool, dark and still, wore a death-like quietude of surface. It looked as if the speckled trout would shun its murky precincts—as if even the daring pike would shrink from so gloomy a dwelling-place. “That’s Linn-na-Paysstha, sir,” resumed my guide, “and Poul-maw-Gullyawn is just the very *moral* of it, only that it’s round, and not in a river, but standing out in the middle of a green field, about a short quarter of a mile from this. Well, ’tis as good as fourscore years—I often *hard* my father, God be merciful to him! tell the story—since Manus O’Rourke, a great buckeen, a cock-fighting, drinking blackguard that was long ago, went to sleep one night and had a dream about Linn-na-Paysstha. This Manus, the dirty spalpeen, there, was no ho with him; he thought to ride rough-shod over his betters through the whole country, though he was not one of the real stock of the O’Rourkes. Well, this fellow had a dream that if he dived in Linn-na-Paysstha at twelve o’clock of a Hollow-eve night, he’d find more gold than would make a man of him and his wife while grass grew or water ran. The next night he had the same dream, and sure enough if he had it the second night, it came to him the third in the same form. Manus, well becomes him, never told mankind or womankind, but swore to himself, by all the books that ever were shut or open, that any

how, he would go to the bottom of the big hole: What did he care for the Payshttha-more that was lying there to keep guard on the gold and silver of the old ancient family that was buried there in the wars, packed up in the brewing-pan? Sure he was as good an O'Rourke as the best of them, taking care to forget that his grandmother's father was a cow-boy to the earl O'Donnel. At long last Hollow-eve came, and sly and silent master Manus creeps to bed early, and just at midnight steals down to the river side. When he came to the bank his mind misgave him, and he wheeled up to Frank M'Clure's—the old Frank that was then at that time—and got a bottle of whiskey, and took it with him, and 'tis unknown how much of it he drank. He walked across to the island, and down he went gallantly to the bottom like a stone. Sure enough the Payshttha was there *afore* him, lying like a great big conger eel, seven yards long, and as thick as a bull in the body, with a mane upon his neck like a horse. The Payshttha-more reared himself up, and looking at the poor man as if he'd eat him, says he, in good English,

“ ‘Arrah, then, Manus,’ says he, ‘what brought you here? It would have been better for you to have blown your brains out at once with a pistol,

and have made a quiet end of yourself, than to have come down here for me to deal with you.'

" ' Oh, *plase* your honour,' says Manus, ' I beg my life : ' and there he stood shaking like a dog in a wet sack.

" ' Well, as you have some blood of the O'Rourkes in you, I forgive you this once ; but by this, and by that, if ever I see you, or any one belonging to you, coming about this place again, I'll hang a quarter of you on every tree in the wood.'

" ' Go home,' says the Payshttha—' go home, Manus,' says he ; ' and if you can't make better use of your time, get drunk, but don't come here, bothering me. Yet, stop ! 'since you are here, and have ventured to come, I'll show you something that you'll remember till you go to your grave, and ever after, while you live.'

" With that, my dear, he opens an iron door in the bed of the river, and never the drop of water ran into it ; and there Manus sees a long dry cave, or under-ground cellar like, and the Payshttha drags him in, and shuts the door. It wasn't long before the *baste* began to get smaller, and smaller, and smaller ; and at last he grew as little as a taughn of twelve years old ; and there he was, a brownish little man, about four feet high."

“ ‘ *Plase* your honour,’ says Manus, ‘ if I might make so bold, maybe you are one of the good people ?’

“ ‘ Maybe I am, and maybe I am not ; but, anyhow, all you have to understand is this, that I ’m bound to look after the Thiernas* of Breffni, and take care of them through every generation ; and that my present business is to watch this cave, and what ’s in it, till the old stock is reigning over this country once more.’

“ ‘ Maybe you are a sort of a banshee ?’

“ ‘ I am not, you fool,’ said the little man. ‘ The banshee is a woman. My business is to live in the form you first saw me in, guarding this spot. And now hold your tongue, and look about you.’

“ Manus rubbed his eyes, and looked right and left, before and behind ; and there was the vessels of gold and the vessels of silver, the dishes, and the plates, and the cups, and the punch-bowls, and the tankards : there was the golden methers, too, that every Thierna at his wedding used to drink out of to the kerne in real usquebaugh. There was all the money that ever was saved in the family since they got a grant of this manor, in the days of the Firbolgs, down to the time of

* Or *Tighearna*—a lord. Vide O'BRIEN.

their *outer* ruination. He then brought Manus on with him to where there was arms for three hundred men ; and the sword set with diamonds, and the golden helmet of the O'Rourke ; and he showed him the staff made out of an elephant's tooth, and set with rubies and gold, that the Thierna used to hold while he sat in his great hall, giving justice and the laws of the Brehons to all his clan. The first room in the cave, ye see, had the money and the plate, the second room had the arms, and the third had the books, papers, parchments, title-deeds, wills, and every thing else of the sort belonging to the family.

“ ‘ And now, Manus,’ says the little man, ‘ ye seen the whole o’ this, and go your ways ; but never come to this place any more, or allow any one else. I must keep watch and ward till the Sassanach is *druv* out of Ireland, and the Thiernas o’ Breffni in their glory again.’ The little man then stopped for a while and looked up in Manus’ face, and says to him in a great passion, ‘ Arrah ! bad luck to ye, Manus, why don’t ye go about your business ?’

“ ‘ How can I ?—sure you must show me the way out,’ says Manus, making answer. The little man then pointed forward with his finger.

“ ‘ Can’t we go out the way we came ?’ says Manus.

“ ‘No, you must go out at the other end—that’s the rule o’ this place. Ye came in at Linn-na-payshttha, and ye must go out at Poul-maw-gullyawn: ye came down like a stone to the bottom of one hole, and ye must spring up like a cork to the top of the other.’ With that the little man gave him one *hoise*, and all that Manus remembers was the roar of the water in his ears; and sure enough he was found the next morning, high and dry, fast asleep, with the empty bottle beside him, but far enough from the place he thought he landed, for it was just below yonder on the island that his wife found him. My father, God be merciful to him! heard Manus swear to every word of the story.”

The symbolizing genius of antiquity devised different allegorical beings as the guardians of what was hallowed and secret. In Egypt the Sphynxes, placed in rows, lined the approach to the temples of the gods, and many critics regard the cherubim of the Hebrews in the same light. But no creature enjoyed a consideration so extended as the dragon, which, throughout the East and Europe, has at every period been regarded as the sentinel over hidden treasures. A dragon watched the golden apples of the Hesperides; a dragon

reposes on the buried gold of Scandinavia and Germany ; and the Payshtha-more or great worm, in Ireland, protects the wealth of O'Rourke. Of so widespread a belief, perhaps the following is the true origin.

“ Couvéra ou Paulestya est le dieu des richesses et des trésors cachés, l'ami des souterrains et des esprits qui y résident, le protecteur des cavernes et des grottes, le roi des rois. Il habite la region du nord. Là, dans Alaka, se demeure ordinaire, au centre d'une épaisse forêt, il est environné d'une cour brillante de genies appelés Kinnaras et Yakchas : ces derniers ont la charge de donner ou de retirer, aux mortels, les biens sur lesquels ils viellent incessamment. Quelquefois le dieu leur souverain se tient dans une grotte profonde gardée par des serpens, et défendue, en outre, par l'eau et par le feu ; alors nu, et remarquable par l'énormité de son ventre, il veille lui-même sur ses trésors souterrains.” Creuzer, Religions de l'Antiquité, traduction de Guigniaut. Paris, 1825, v. i. p. 248.

On which the translator gives the following note : “L'habitation de Couvéra, au nord, dans les montagnes qui donnent l'or et les pierreries, est remarquable ; on voit aussi l'origine de cette opinion, si ancienne et si répandue, qui fait garder par des monstres et des esprits les trésors cachés au sein de la terre.”

Mr. Owen (son of Dr. Owen Pughe) has kindly communicated to the compiler of this volume the following particulars respecting some treasure, which still lies concealed in North Wales, and of the efforts

made and making to recover it. Mr. Owen's letter is dated Nantglyn, May 10, 1827.

“ Some short time ago,” he writes, “ I was applied to by a man, with a view of ascertaining if I could afford him any assistance in his necromantic pursuits. He informed me he had made considerable progress in the rudiments, and was able to cause noises to disturb the rest of any obnoxious person who had displeased him, and to ascertain the purloiners of lost articles almost to infallibility ; that his practice in that way was already pretty considerable, and he expected to enjoy a fair portion of business. In truth, he evinced great expertness in casting nativities, and all the horological and astronomical niceties which distinguish the profound science of astrology.

“ This application, he observed, was more particularly instigated from the information which his master in the science had given him of a great treasure, which he had unsuccessfully attempted to obtain. Some forty years before, when the natural enthusiasm of youth, and vain confidence in his necromantic acquirements, had induced him to explore the arcana of nature, he had rashly undertaken an adventure which no person had accomplished. In a bordering parish, tradition (*ar lavar gwla*, or the voice of the country) asserts the existence of a chest filled with gold. So great a prize he thought deserved the most strenuous efforts, and he prepared for the undertaking with the most earnest solicitude.

“ Fortified with all that science or resolution could

furnish, he went to the district, and it was not long before his art discovered the unobtrusive spot of the gnomic deposit. He found the entrance of a cave—with breathless expectation he explored its intricacies, and at last arrived at its innermost recess: there he perceived a mighty chest, but some mysterious incubus brooded over the prize. Amid a mass of formless mist he discovered what were evidently talons of a most fearful magnitude, well suited to score the hide of the hapless wight whose spell might not be sufficiently potent to lull the vigilance of this modern Argus; a beak of awful curve, and two lurid eyes, whose basilisk influence unnerved all his powers. He thought he perceived it unfold its wings; dread preparatory of an attack; and finding no time was to be lost, he fumbled for the spell which was to render this appalling menace impotent. He found he had searched in the wrong pocket, and nervous trepidation incapacitated him from a proper use of his faculties; his tongue refused to perform its office; and in this cruel dilemma the impatient fiend pounced upon him. He felt its chilling grasp—and, stretched senseless, he saw no more. When the blood again animated his frame, he found himself laid upon the green sward, and every joint racked with the most excruciating torments. ‘In this state,’ he observed to his pupil, ‘I have remained ever since; my limbs have never recovered their proper tone. I could have exemplified to you the manner in which I must have been treated if I had fortunately preserved the clothes I wore at

the time: you would have judged some malicious plough-boy had drawn his harrows over me during my swoon. The scratches on my body in such a lapse of time have of course healed, but their marks remain.' 'My opinion is,' remarked the disciple, 'that he ought not to have undertaken the task alone; and although, when the gold is considered, I would encounter the scratch of a demon with the talons of a condor, yet, as it happened to him, a man may, after groping his way through those devious recesses, and coming suddenly, perhaps, in view of the treasure and its guardian, lose his presence of mind and use the wrong incantation. Now I intend, if you, sir, will write the spell very large and plain, so that this imp can have no pretence to disregard it, to insert it in the cleft of a stick as long as a fishing-rod, and taking care to keep it in advance, I will hold it right under his nose, and then we shall see!'

Mr. Owen adds that the old professor is still alive, and resides on the banks of the Conwy.

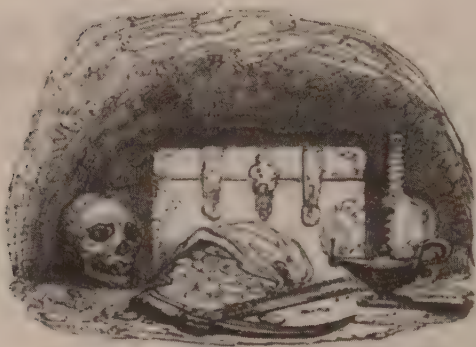
Linn na Payshtha signifies the Pool of the Worm. The latter word is correctly written *Beistin*, the diminutive of *biast* or *piasd*, a little beast, which is used for any worm or insect. The application of the term worm to the serpent tribe is very general; indeed the similarity of form naturally led to it. Any one acquainted with the legends of the north must be familiar with Lind-orms, and in those of Germany the Lind-wurm is no unfrequent actor. Dante calls Satan "Il gran Verme;" Milton's Adam re-

proaches Eve with having lent an ear “to that false worm ;” and Shakspeare says, that slander’s tongue “outvenoms all the worms of Nile.”

The scene of Dean Swift’s well known verses of “O’Rourke’s noble feast” was the old hall of Dromahair. They were translated from the Irish of Hugh Mac-Gowran of Glengoose in the county of Leitrim, who was a contemporary. The original begins thus :

“*Fleapáca na Ruarcaí a ccuimne nle dhne.*”

“The Revel-rout of the O’Rourkes is in the memory of all men.”



FAIRY LEGENDS.

ROCKS AND STONES.



“ Forms in silence frown'd,
Shapeless and nameless ; and to mine eye
Sometimes they rolled off cloudily,
Wedding themselves with gloom—or grew
Gigantic to my troubled view,
And seemed to gather round me.”

BANIM'S CELT'S PARADISE.

ROCKS AND STONES.

THE LEGEND OF CAIRN THIERNA.

FROM the town of Fermoy, famous for the excellence of its bottled ale, you may plainly see the mountain of Cairn Thierna. It is crowned by a great heap of stones, which, as the country people remark, never came there without “a crooked thought and a cross job.” Strange it is, that any work of the good old times should be considered one of labour; for round towers then sprung up like mushrooms in one night, and people played marbles with pieces of rock, that can now no more be moved than the hills themselves.

This great pile on the top of Cairn Thierna was caused by the words of an old woman, whose bed still remains—*Labacally*, the hag’s bed—not far from the village of Glanworth. She was certainly far wiser than any woman, either old or young, of my immediate acquaintance. Jove defend me, however, from making an envious comparison between ladies; but facts are stubborn things, and the legend will prove my assertion.

O'Keefe was lord of Fermoy before the Roches came into that part of the country ; and he had an only son—never was there seen a finer child : his young face filled with innocent joy was enough to make any heart glad, yet his father looked on his smiles with sorrow, for an old hag had foretold that this boy should be drowned before he grew up to manhood.

Now, although the prophecies of Pastorini were a failure, it is no reason why prophecies should altogether be despised. The art in modern times may be lost, as well as that of making beer out of the mountain heath, which the Danes did to great perfection. But I take it, the malt of Tom Walker is no bad substitute for the one ; and if evil prophecies were to come to pass, like the old woman's, in my opinion we are far more comfortable without such knowledge.

“ Infant heir of proud Fermoy,
 Fear not fields of slaughter ;
 Storm nor fire fear not, my boy,
 But shun the fatal water.”

These were the warning words which caused the chief of Fermoy so much unhappiness. His infant son was carefully prevented all approach to the river, and anxious watch was kept over every playful movement. The child grew up in strength and

in beauty, and every day became more dear to his father, who hoping to avert the doom, which however was inevitable, prepared to build a castle far removed from the dreaded element.

The top of Cairn Thierna was the place chosen ; and the lord's vassals were assembled, and employed in collecting materials for the purpose. Hither came the fated boy ; with delight he viewed the laborious work of raising mighty stones from the base to the summit of the mountain until the vast heap which now forms its rugged crest was accumulated. The workmen were about to commence the building, and the boy, who was considered in safety when on the mountain, was allowed to rove about at will. In his case how true are the words of the great dramatist :

—“ Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be, as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a *being* up.”

A vessel which contained a small supply of water, brought there for the use of the workmen, attracted the attention of the child. He saw, with wonder, the glitter of the sunbeams within it ; he approached more near to gaze, when a form resembling his own arose before him. He gave a cry of joy and astonishment, and drew back ; the image drew back also, and vanished. Again he ap-

proached ; again the form appeared, expressing in every feature delight corresponding with his own. Eager to welcome the young stranger, he bent over the vessel to press his lips, and losing his balance, the fatal prophecy was accomplished.

The father in despair abandoned the commenced building ; and the materials remain a proof of the folly of attempting to avert the course of fate.

The writer hopes no reader will be uncharitable enough to suspect him of wishing to inculcate a belief in predestination : he only follows his brief. But the truth is, the human mind, as may be observed in the vulgar of every country, has, doubtless owing to its weakness, a strong bias to believe in this doctrine. The tragic muse of Greece delighted to pourtray the unavailing struggles of men “ bound in the adamantine chain ” of destiny ; and the effect on our minds, though humbling, is not dispiriting. Over the East fate is dominant : it not only enters into the serious occupations of life, but extends its empire through the realms of fiction ; and the reader, were he not now to be supposed familiar with such coincidences, might perhaps be surprised at the similarity between this legend of the Irish peasant and the exquisite tale of Prince Agib, in the *Thousand and One Nights*.

Cairn Thierna is the scene of a subsequent tale in

this section ; and it only appears necessary to add that the Cork and Dublin mail coach road runs under it. Of the Hag's bed, a plate, though not a particularly correct or picturesque representation, is given in the second volume of Dr. Smith's History of Cork. The Irish name (of this huge block of stone supported by smaller stones) is correctly written *Leaba Cail-leach*. Of the hag it may be said, as has been wittily remarked of

———" St. Keven;

If hard lying could gain it, he surely gained heaven ;
For on rock lay his limb, and rock pillowed his head,
Whenever this good holy saint kept his bed ;
And keep it he must, even to his last day,
For I 'm sure he could never have thrown it away."

" *Bà cairt a cheann-adhairt*" — a stone bolster — is the usual account given of the self-mortification of Irish saints, while the hags, their predecessors in the island on which their piety has bestowed celebrity, seemed to prefer an entire couch of the same material. These dames, however, possessed the power of pitching their pillows after any one at whom they were displeased. What is somewhat remarkable, the Finni, who were contemporaries with the Hags, were rather luxurious in their rest, for tradition relates that

" *Barrughal crann, caonnach, agus ùr-luachair.*"

Branches of trees, moss, and green rushes, formed their beds.

THE ROCK OF THE CANDLE.

A FEW miles west of Limerick stands the once formidable castle of Carrigogunnel. Its riven tower and broken archway remain in mournful evidence of the sieges sustained by that city. Time, however, the great soother of all things, has destroyed the painful effect which the view of recent violence produces on the mind. The ivy creeps around the riven tower, concealing its injuries, and upholding it by a tough swathing of stalks. The archway is again united by the long-armed briar which grows across the rent, and the shattered buttresses are decorated with wild flowers, which gaily spring from their crevices and broken places.

Boldly situated on a rock, the ruined walls of Carrigogunnel now form only a romantic feature in the peaceful landscape. Beneath them, on one side, lies the flat marshy ground called Corkass land, which borders the noble river Shannon; on the other side is seen the neat parish church of Kilkeedy, with its glebe-house and surrounding improvements; and at a short distance appear the

irregular mud cabins of the little village of Ballybrown, with the venerable trees of Tervoo.

On the rock of Carrigogunnel, before castle was built, or Brien Boro born to build it, dwelt a hag named Grana, who made desolate the surrounding country. She was gigantic in size, and frightful in appearance. Her eyebrows grew into each other with a grim curve, and beneath their matted bristles, deeply sunk in her head, two small grey eyes darted forth baleful looks of evil. From her deeply wrinkled forehead issued forth a hooked beak, dividing two shrivelled cheeks. Her skinny lips curled with a cruel and malignant expression, and her prominent chin was studded with bunches of grizzly hair.

Death was her sport. Like the angler with his rod, the hag Grana would toil and watch, nor think it labour, so that the death of a victim rewarded her vigils. Every evening did she light an enchanted candle upon the rock, and whoever looked upon it, died before the next morning's sun arose. Numberless were the victims over which Grana rejoiced; one after the other had seen the light, and their death was the consequence. Hence came the country around to be desolate, and Carrigogunnel, the Rock of the Candle, by its dreaded name.

These were fearful times to live in. But the

Finnii of Erin were the avengers of the oppressed. Their fame had gone forth to distant shores, and their deeds were sung by an hundred bards. To them the name of danger was as an invitation to a rich banquet. The web of enchantment stopped their course as little as the swords of an enemy. Many a mother of a son—many a wife of a husband—many a sister of a brother had the valour of the Finnian heroes bereft. Dismembered limbs quivered, and heads bounded on the ground before their progress in battle. They rushed forward with the strength of the furious wind, tearing up the trees of the forest by their roots. Loud was their war-cry as the thunder, raging was their impetuosity above that of common men, and fierce was their anger as the stormy waves of the ocean!

It was the mighty Finn himself who lifted up his voice, and commanded the fatal candle of the hag Grana to be extinguished. "Thine, Regan, be the task," he said, and to him he gave a cap thrice charmed by the magician Luno of Lochlin.

With the star of the same evening the candle of death burned on the rock, and Regan stood beneath it. Had he beheld the slightest glimmer of its blaze, he, too, would have perished, and the hag Grana, with the morning's dawn, rejoiced over his corse. When Regan looked towards the light,

the charmed cap fell over his eyes and prevented his seeing. The rock was steep, but he climbed up its craggy side with such caution and dexterity, that, before the hag was aware, the warrior, with averted head, had seized the candle, and flung it with prodigious force into the river Shannon; the hissing waters of which quenched its light for ever!

Then flew the charmed cap from the eyes of Regan, and he beheld the enraged hag with outstretched arms, prepared to seize and whirl him after her candle. Regan instantly bounded westward from the rock just two miles, with a wild and wonderous spring. Grana looked for a moment at the leap, and then tearing up a huge fragment of the rock, flung it after Regan with such tremendous force, that her crooked hands trembled and her broad chest heaved with heavy puffs, like a smith's labouring bellows, from the exertion.

The ponderous stone fell harmless to the ground, for the leap of Regan far exceeded the strength of the furious hag. In triumph he returned to Finn;

“The hero valiant, renowned, and learned;
White-tooth'd, graceful, magnanimous, and ac-
tive *.”

* “*Ἀνὴρ μῆλ' ἰδὸς ἀνῆμας ἀνῆμνεας εὐλας;
Deudgeal, dealbēac, meanmhaeac treoraēac.*”

The hag Grana was never heard of more ; but the stone remains, and, deeply imprinted in it, is still to be seen the mark of the hag's fingers. That stone is far taller than the tallest man, and the power of forty men would fail to move it from the spot where it fell.

The grass may wither around it, the spade and plough destroy dull heaps of earth, the walls of castles fall and perish, but the fame of the Finni of Erin endures with the rocks themselves, and *Clough-a-Ragaun* is a monument fitting to preserve the memory of the deed !

The Finni are, in Ireland, what the race who fought at Thebes and Troy were in Greece ; Sigurd and his companions in Scandinavia ; Dietrich and his warriors in Germany ; Arthur and his knights in Britain ; and Charlemagne and the Paladins in France ; that is, mythic heroes, conceived to have far exceeded in strength and prowess the puny beings who now occupy their place. Their deeds were confined to no one part of the island, for hills, rocks, and stones in each province still testify their superhuman might, and many an extant poem and many a traditionary tale record their exploits. The preceding is one of the latter, in which the writer has ventured to retain much of the idiomatic peculiarities of the Irish original.

Regan's leap and the hag's stone-cast will find numerous parallels in the legends of other countries. In German tradition, a young giantess makes a grand clearance of a wide valley ; and pitching rocks across an arm of the sea, by way of trying each other's might, was a common amusement of the northern giants.

An humorous friend writes thus of a large stone near Dublin, after describing the various objects which antiquaries had assigned for its use.

“ Or left by the giants of old who play'd quoits
When their game they forsook to attack the *potatoes*.
Potatoes! sure the root was not then in its glory.
No matter—'tis true as of giants the story !”

CLOUGH NA CUDDY.

ABOVE all the islands in the lakes of Killarney give me Innisfallen—"sweet Innisfallen," as the melodious Moore calls it. It is, in truth, a fairy isle, although I have no fairy story to tell you about it; and if I had, these are such unbelieving times, and people of late have grown so sceptical, that they only smile at my stories, and doubt them.

However, none will doubt that a monastery once stood upon Innisfallen island, for its ruins may still be seen; neither, that within its walls dwelt certain pious and learned persons called Monks. A very pleasant set of fellows they were, I make not the smallest doubt; and I am sure of this, that they had a very pleasant spot to enjoy themselves in after dinner—the proper time, believe me, and I am no bad judge of such matters, for the enjoyment of a fine prospect.

Out of all the monks you could not pick a better fellow nor a merrier soul than father Cuddy: he sung a good song, he told a good story, and

had a jolly, comfortable-looking paunch of his own, that was a credit to any refectory table. He was distinguished above all the rest by the name of "the fat father." Now there are many that will take huff at a name ; but father Cuddy had no nonsense of that kind about him ; he laughed at it—and well able he was to laugh, for his mouth nearly reached from one ear to the other : his might, in truth, be called an open countenance. As his paunch was no disgrace to his food, neither was his nose to his drink. 'Tis a doubt to me if there were not more carbuncles upon it than ever were seen at the bottom of the lake, which is said to be full of them. His eyes had a right merry twinkle in them, like moonshine dancing on the water ; and his cheeks had the roundness and crimson glow of ripe arbutus berries.

"He eat, and drank, and prayed, and slept.—
What then ?

He eat, and drank, and prayed, and slept again !"

Such was the tenor of his simple life : but when he prayed, a certain drowsiness would come upon him, which, it must be confessed, never occurred when a well-filled "black-Jack" stood before him. Hence his prayers were short and his draughts were long. The world loved him, and he saw no good reason why he should not in return love its

venison and its usquebaugh. But, as times went, he must have been a pious man, or else what befel him never would have happened.

Spiritual affairs—for it was respecting the importation of a tun of wine into the island monastery—demanded the presence of one of the brotherhood of Innisfallen at the abbey of Irelagh, now called Mucruss. The superintendence of this important matter was committed to father Cuddy, who felt too deeply interested in the future welfare of any community of which he was a member, to neglect or delay such mission. With the morning's light he was seen guiding his shallop across the crimson waters of the lake towards the peninsula of Mucruss; and having moored his little bark in safety beneath the shelter of a wave-worn rock, he advanced with becoming dignity towards the abbey.

The stillness of the bright and balmy hour was broken by the heavy footsteps of the zealous father. At the sound the startled deer, shaking the dew from their sides, sprung up from their lair, and as they bounded off—"Hah!" exclaimed Cuddy, "what a noble haunch goes there!—how delicious it would look smoking upon a goodly platter!"

As he proceeded, the mountain bee hummed his tune of gladness around the holy man, save

when buried in the fox-glove bell, or revelling upon a fragrant bunch of thyme ; and even then the little voice murmured out happiness in low and broken tones of voluptuous delight. Father Cuddy derived no small comfort from the sound, for it presaged a good metheglin season, and metheglin he regarded, if well manufactured, to be no bad liquor, particularly when there was no stint of usquebaugh in the brewing.

Arrived within the abbey garth, he was received with due respect by the brethren of Irelagh, and arrangements for the embarkation of the wine were completed to his entire satisfaction. "Welcome, father Cuddy," said the prior : " grace be on you."

" Grace before meat, then," said Cuddy, " for a long walk always makes me hungry, and I am certain I have not walked less than half a mile this morning, to say nothing of crossing the water."

A pasty of choice flavour felt the truth of this assertion, as regarded father Cuddy's appetite. After such consoling repast, it would have been a reflection on monastic hospitality to depart without partaking of the grace-cup ; moreover, father Cuddy had a particular respect for the antiquity of that custom. He liked the taste of the grace-cup well ;—he tried another,—it was no less ex-

cellent; and when he had swallowed the third he found his heart expand, and put forth its fibres, willing to embrace all mankind. Surely, then, there is christian love and charity in wine!

I said he sung a good song. Now though psalms are good songs, and in accordance with his vocation, I did not mean to imply that he was a mere psalm-singer. It was well known to the brethren, that wherever father Cuddy was, mirth and melody were with him;—mirth in his eye, and melody on his tongue; and these, from experience, are equally well known to be thirsty commodities; but he took good care never to let them run dry. To please the brotherhood, whose excellent wine pleased him, he sung, and as “*in vino veritas*,” his song will well become this veritable history.

“ Quam pulchra sunt ova
 Cum alba et nova
 In stabulo scite leguntur;
 Et a Margery bella,
 Quæ festiva puella!
 Pinguis lardi cum frustis coquuntur.

“ Ut belles in prato
 Aprico et lato
 Sub sole tam læte renident

Ova tosta in mensa,
 Mappa bene extensa
 Nitidissima lance consistent *."

Such was his song. Father Cuddy smacked his lips at the recollection of Margery's delicious fried eggs, which always imparted a peculiar relish to his liquor. The very idea provoked Cuddy to raise the cup to his mouth, and with one hearty pull thereat he finished its contents.

This is, and ever was, a censorious world, often construing what is only a fair allowance into an excess; but I scorn to reckon up any man's drink, like an unrelenting host, therefore I cannot tell how many brimming draughts of wine, bedecked with *the venerable Bead*, father Cuddy emptied

*

O 'tis eggs are a treat
 When so white and so sweet
 From under the manger they 're taken,
 And by fair Margery,
 Och! 'tis she 's full of glee,
 They are fried with fat rashers of bacon.

Just like daisies all spread
 O'er a broad sunny mead
 In the sunbeams so beauteously shining,
 Are fried eggs, well display'd
 On a dish, when we 've laid
 The cloth, and are thinking of dining.

into his "soul-case," so he figuratively termed the body.

His respect for the goodly company of the monks of Irelagh detained him until their adjournment to vespers, when he set forward on his return to Innisfallen. Whether his mind was occupied in philosophic contemplation or wrapped in pious musings, I cannot declare, but the honest father wandered on in a different direction from that in which his shallop lay. Far be it from me to insinuate that the good liquor which he had so commended caused him to forget his road, or that his track was irregular and unsteady. Oh no!—he carried his drink bravely, as became a decent man and a good christian; yet, somehow, he thought he could distinguish two moons. "Bless my eyes," said father Cuddy, "every thing is changing now-a-days!—the very stars are not in the same places they used to be; I think *Cam-céachta* (the Plough) is driving on at a rate I never saw it before to-night; but I suppose the driver is drunk, for there are blackguards every where."

Cuddy had scarcely uttered these words, when he saw, or fancied he saw, the form of a young woman, who, holding up a bottle, beckoned him towards her. The night was extremely beautiful,

and the white dress of the girl floated gracefully in the moonlight as with gay step she tripped on before the worthy father, archly looking back upon him over her shoulder.

“ Ah, Margery, merry Margery !” cried Cuddy, “ you tempting little rogue !

‘ *Et a Margery bella,
Quæ festiva puella !*

I see you, I see you and the bottle ! let me but catch you, Margery *bella !*” and on he followed, panting and smiling, after this alluring apparition.

At length his feet grew weary, and his breath failed, which obliged him to give up the chase ; yet such was his piety that, unwilling to rest in any attitude but that of prayer, down dropped father Cuddy on his knees. Sleep, as usual, stole upon his devotions, and the morning was far advanced when he awoke from dreams, in which tables groaned beneath their load of viands, and wine poured itself free and sparkling as the mountain spring.

Rubbing his eyes, he looked about him, and the more he looked the more he wondered at the alteration which appeared in the face of the country. “ Bless my soul and body !” said the good father, “ I saw the stars changing last night, but here is a change !” Doubting his senses, he looked

again. The hills bore the same majestic outline as on the preceding day, and the lake spread itself beneath his view in the same tranquil beauty, and studded with the same number of islands ; but every smaller feature in the landscape was strangely altered. What had been naked rocks, were now clothed with holly and arbutus. Whole woods had disappeared, and waste places had become cultivated fields ; and, to complete the work of enchantment, the very season itself seemed changed. In the rosy dawn of a summer's morning he had left the monastery of Innisfallen, and he now felt in every sight and sound the dreariness of winter. The hard ground was covered with withered leaves ; icicles depended from leafless branches ; he heard the sweet low note of the Robin, who familiarly approached him ; and he felt his fingers numbed from the nipping frost. Father Cuddy found it rather difficult to account for such sudden transformations, and to convince himself it was not the illusion of a dream, he was about to arise, when, lo ! he discovered both his knees buried at least six inches in the solid stone ; for, notwithstanding all these changes, he had never altered his devout position.

Cuddy was now wide awake, and felt, when he got up, his joints sadly cramped, which it was only natural they should be, considering the hard

texture of the stone, and the depth his knees had sunk into it. But the great difficulty was to explain how, in one night, summer had become winter, whole woods had been cut down, and well-grown trees had sprouted up. The miracle, nothing else could he conclude it to be, urged him to hasten his return to Innisfallen, where he might learn some explanation of these marvellous events.

Seeing a boat moored within reach of the shore, he delayed not, in the midst of such wonders, to seek his own bark, but, seizing the oars, pulled stoutly towards the island ; and here new wonders awaited him.

Father Cuddy waddled, as fast as cramped limbs could carry his rotund corporation, to the gate of the monastery, where he loudly demanded admittance.

“ Holloa ! whence come you, master monk, and what’s your business ? ” demanded a stranger who occupied the porter’s place. •

“ Business !—my business ! ” repeated the confounded Cuddy,—“ why, do you not know me ? ”
Has the wine arrived safely ? ”

“ Hence, fellow ! ” said the porter’s representative, in a surly tone ; “ nor think to impose on me with your monkish tales.”

“ Fellow ! ” exclaimed the father : “ mercy upon us, that I should be so spoken to at the gate of my

own house!—Scoundrel!” cried Cuddy, raising his voice, “do you not see my garb—my holy garb?”

“Ay, fellow,” replied he of the keys—“the garb of laziness and filthy debauchery, which has been expelled from out these walls. Know you not, idle knave, of the suppression of this nest of superstition, and that the abbey lands and possessions were granted in August last to Master Robert Collan, by our Lady Elizabeth, sovereign queen of England, and paragon of all beauty—whom God preserve!”

“Queen of England!” said Cuddy; “there never was a sovereign queen of England—this is but a piece with the rest. I saw how it was going with the stars last night—the world’s turned upside down. But surely this is Innisfallen island, and I am the Father Cuddy who yesterday morning went over to the abbey of Irelagh, respecting the tun of wine. Do you not know me now?”

“Know you!—how should I know you?” said the keeper of the abbey. “Yet true it is, that I have heard my grandmother, whose mother remembered the man, often speak of the fat Father Cuddy of Innisfallen, who made a profane and godless ballad in praise of fried eggs, of which he and his vile crew knew more than they did of the word of God; and who, being drunk, it is said

tumbled into the lake one night, and was drowned ; but that must have been a hundred, ay, more than a hundred years since."

" 'Twas I who composed that song in praise of Margery's fried eggs, which is no profane and godless ballad—no other Father Cuddy than myself ever belonged to Innisfallen," earnestly exclaimed the holy man. "A hundred years!—what was your great-grandmother's name?"

"She was a Mahony of Dunlow—Margaret ni Mahony ; and my grandmother—"

"What ! merry Margery of Dunlow your great-grandmother !" shouted Cuddy. St. Brandon help me!—the wicked wench, with that tempting bottle!—why, 'twas only last night—a hundred years!—your great-grandmother, said you?—God bless us ! there has been a strange torpor over me ; I must have slept all this time !"

That Father Cuddy had done so, I think is sufficiently proved by the changes which occurred during his nap. A reformation, and a serious one it was for him, had taken place. Eggs fried by the pretty Margery were no longer to be had in Innisfallen ; and, with a heart as heavy as his footsteps, the worthy man directed his course towards Dingle, where he embarked in a vessel on the point of sailing for Malaga. The rich wine

of that place had of old impressed him with a high respect for its monastic establishments, in one of which he quietly wore out the remainder of his days.

The stone impressed with the mark of Father Cuddy's knees may be seen to this day. Should any incredulous persons doubt my story, I request them to go to Killarney, where Clough na Cuddy—so is the stone called—remains in Lord Kenmare's park, an indisputable evidence of the fact. Spillane, the bugle-man, will be able to point it out to them, as he did so to me.

Stories of wonderful sleepers are common to most countries; of persons who, having fallen into a slumber, remained so for a long course of years; and who found, on waking, every thing with which they had been familiar altered; all their former friends and companions consigned to the tomb, and a new generation, with new manners and new ideas, arisen in their places. It was thus that Greece fabled of Epimenides, the epic poet of Crete, who, going in search of one of his sheep, entered a cavern to repose during the mid-day heat, and slept there quietly, according to Eudamus, for forty-seven years, while Pausanias states his nap to have extended thirty years more. When he awoke, fancying that he had only taken a short doze, he proceeded in quest of his ewe.

The legend of the Seven Sleepers was current throughout the East, since the Prophet has deigned to give them a place in the Koran. Their story, the most famous one of the kind, will be found in the *Mines de l'Orient*, where it is related at great length.

The scene of a similar legend is placed by Paulus Diaconus on the shore of the Baltic, where, in "a darke and obscure caverne," five men were found sleeping, "their bodies and garments in no part consumed, but sound and whole as at first, who by their habits appeared to be ancient Romans. Certaine of the inhabitants had often made attempts to waken them, but could not. Upon a time, a wicked fellow purposing to dispoile and rob one of them of his garment, he no sooner touched it but his hand withered and dried up. Olaus Magnus was of opinion that they were confined thither to some strange purpose, that when their trance was expired they might either discover strange visions revealed unto them, or else they were to teach and preach the christian faith to infidels, who never knew the evangelicall doctrine." *Heywood's Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells.*

In German tradition we meet the account of the woman who sought a night's lodging from the celebrated Heiling, and who, when she awoke in the morning, found herself lying at the foot of a rock, where she had slept an hundred years: and also the tale of honest Peter Klaus, who slumbered for twenty years in the bowling-green of Kyffhäuser; which last has furnished Mr. Washington Irving with the ground-

work of his incomparable Rip van Winkle ; a beautiful specimen of the mode in which true genius is able to borrow and appropriate.

Another sleepy legend, related in Ireland, called “ the Song of the little Bird,” was communicated to the *Amulet*, for 1827, one of the elegant literary toys which make their annual appearance.

Miss Luby, in her poem on Killarney, has preserved the story of Clough na Cuddy, both in clever verse and in a prose note. The localities mentioned will be perfectly familiar to all who have visited that region of enchantment. Part of the monastic ruins on Innisfallen have been converted into a banqueting-house, which is the subject of the vignette title-page of Mr. Weld’s account of those lakes ; a work worthy of the scenery it illustrates.

Mr. Moore has written some exquisite verses, in the *Irish Melodies*, on his departure from that island ; and a sonnet and two-thirds, of a less sentimental nature, on dining there, was extracted from an artist’s sketch-book. These lines may be quoted in support of the legend, as evidence of the reputed character of the pious chroniclers of Innisfallen ; but as “ in vino veritas,” their work, if not the very best, is certainly one of the best, Irish historical records extant.

“ Hail, reverend fathers ! whose long-buried bones
Still sanctify this sod whereon we dine,
And take, as we are wont, our glass of wine.
Behold, we pour, amid these hallow’d stones,

Libation due, unto your thirsty clay !

For to be dry for now six hundred years,
Upon my soul, good fathers ! moves my tears,
And almost makes me rather drink than pray,
To think of what a long long thirst you have ;
You who were wet and merry souls, I wot,
And most ecclesiastically took your pot.
'Tis pity, faith it is, you 're in the grave :
But since it is our common fate, alas !
Good by, good friars !—Come, Tom, fill your glass.

Quoth Thomas, gravely, ' I do much revere
The clay wherein such reverend bones do lie ;
Yet thus to toast them, I would not comply,
But that their reverences are where they are ;
For were they face to face, God bless my soul !
And we had twice as many jugs and bottles,
And they set to, with all their thirsty throttles,
- A pretty hearing we 'd have of our bowl.' ”

BARRY OF CAIRN THIERNA.

FERMOY, though now so pretty and so clean a town, was once as poor and as dirty a village as any in Ireland. It had neither great barracks, grand church, nor buzzing schools. Two-storied houses were but few: its street—for it had but one—was chiefly formed of miserable mud cabins; nor was the fine scenery around sufficient to induce the traveller to tarry in its paltry inn beyond the limits actually required.

In those days it happened that a regiment of foot was proceeding from Dublin to Cork. One company, which left Caher in the morning, had, with “toilsome march,” passed through Mitchelstown, tramped across the Kilworth mountains, and, late of an October evening, tired and hungry, reached Fermoy, the last stage but one of their quarters. No barracks were then built there to receive them; and every voice was raised, calling to the gaping villagers for the name and residence of the billet-master.

“Why, then, can’t you be easy now, and let a

body tell you," said one. "Sure, then, how can I answer you all at once?" said another. "Anan!" cried a third, affecting not to understand the serjeant who addressed him. "Is it Mr. Consadine you want?" replied a fourth, answering one question by asking another. "Bad luck to the whole breed of *sogers*!" muttered a fifth villager—"it's come to eat poor people that work for their bread out of house and home you are." "Whisht, Teigue, can't you now?" said his neighbour, jogging the last speaker; "there's the house, gentlemen—you see it there yonder forenent you, at the bottom of the street, with the light in the window; or stay, myself would think little of running down with you, poor creatures! for 'tis tired and weary you must be after the road." "That's an honest fellow," said several of the dust-covered soldiers; and away scampered Ned Flynn, with all the men of war following close at his heels.

Mr. Consadine, the billet-master was, as may be supposed, a person of some, and on such occasions as the present, of great consideration in Fermoy. He was of a portly build, and of a grave and slow movement, suited at once to his importance and his size. Three inches of fair linen were at all times visible between his waistband and waistcoat. His breeches-pockets were never buttoned; and, scorning to conceal the bull-like pro-

portions of his chest and neck, his collar was generally open, as he wore no cravat. A flaxen bob-wig commonly sat fairly on his head and squarely on his forehead, and an *ex-officio* pen was stuck behind his ear. Such was Mr. Consadine: billet-master-general, barony sub-constable, and deputy-clerk of the sessions, who was now just getting near the end of his eighth tumbler in company with the proctor, who at that moment had begun to talk of coming to something like a fair settlement about his tithes, when Ned Flynn knocked.

"See who's at the door, Nelly," said the eldest Miss Consadine, raising her voice, and calling to the barefooted servant girl.

"'Tis the *sogers*, sir, is come!" cried Nelly, running back into the room without opening the door; "I hear the *jinketing* of their swords and *bagnets* on the paving stones."

"Never welcome them at this hour of the night," said Mr. Consadine, taking up the candle, and moving off to the room on the opposite side of the hall which served him for an office.

Mr. Consadine's own pen and that of his son Tom were now in full employment. The officers were sent to the inn; the serjeants, corporals, &c. were billeted on those who were on indifferent terms with Mr. Consadine; for, like a worthy man, he leaned as light as he could on his friends.

The soldiers had nearly all departed for their quarters, when one poor fellow, who had fallen asleep, leaning on his musket against the wall, was awakened by the silence, and, starting up, he went over to the table at which Mr. Consadine was seated, hoping his worship would give him a good billet.

“A good billet, my lad,” said the billet-master-general, barony sub-constable, and deputy-clerk of the sessions—“that you shall have, and on the biggest house in the place. Do you hear, Tom! make out a billet for this man upon Mr. Barry of Cairn Thierna.”

“On Mr. Barry of Cairn Thierna!” said Tom with surprise.

“Yes; on Mr. Barry of Cairn Thierna—the great Barry!” replied his father giving a nod, and closing his right eye slowly, with a semi-drunken wink. “Is not he said to keep the grandest house in this part of the country?—or stay, Tom, just hand me over the paper, and I’ll write the billet myself.”

The billet was made out accordingly; the sand glittered on the signature and broad flourishes of Mr. Consadine, and the weary grenadier received it with becoming gratitude and thanks. Taking up his knapsack and firelock he left the office, and Mr. Consadine waddled back to the proctor to

chuckle over the trick that he played the soldier, and to laugh at the idea of his search after Barry of Cairn Thierna's house.

Truly had he said no house could vie in capacity with Mr. Barry's ; for, like Allan-a-Dale's, its roof was

“ The blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale.”

Barry of Cairn Thierna was one of the chieftains who, of old, lorded it over the barony of Barrymore, and for some reason or other he had become enchanted on the mountain of Cairn Thierna, where he was known to live in great state, and was often seen by the belated peasant.

Mr. Consadine had informed the soldier that Mr. Barry lived a little way out of the town, on the Cork road ; so the poor fellow trudged along for some time, with eyes right and eyes left, looking for the great house ; but nothing could he see, only the dark mountain of Cairn Thierna before him, and an odd cabin or two on the road side. At last he met a man, of whom he asked the way to Mr. Barry's . . .

“ To Mr. Barry's !” said the man ; “ what Barry is it you want ?”

“ I can't say exactly in the dark,” returned the soldier. “ Mr. What 's-his-name, the billet mas-

ter, has given me the direction on my billet ; but he said it was a large house, and I think he called him the great Mr. Barry."

"Why, sure, it wouldn't be the great Barry of Cairn Thierna you are asking about?"

"Ay," said the soldier, "Cairn Thierna—that's the very place: can you tell me where it is?"

"Cairn Thierna," repeated the man; "Barry of Cairn Thierna—I'll show you the way and welcome; but it's the first time in all my born days that ever I heard of a soldier being billeted on Barry of Cairn Thierna. 'Tis surely a queer thing for old Dick Consadine to be after sending you there," continued he; "but you see that big mountain before you—that's Cairn Thierna. Any one will show you Mr. Barry's when you get to the top of it, up to the big heap of stones."

The weary soldier gave a sigh as he walked forward towards the mountain; but he had not proceeded far when he heard the clatter of a horse coming along the road after him, and turning his head round, he saw a dark figure rapidly approaching him. A tall gentleman, richly dressed, and mounted on a noble gray horse, was soon at his side, when the rider pulled up, and the soldier repeated his inquiry after Mr. Barry's of Cairn Thierna.

“ I ’m Barry of Cairn Thierna,” said the gentleman ; “ what is your business with me, friend ?”

“ I ’ve got a billet on your house, sir,” replied the soldier, from the billet-master of Fermoy.”

“ Have you, indeed ?” said Mr. Barry ; “ well, then, it is not very far off ; follow me, and you shall be well taken care of.”

He turned off the road, and led his horse up the steep side of the mountain, followed by the soldier, who was astonished at seeing the horse proceed with so little difficulty, where he was obliged to scramble up, and could hardly find or keep his footing. When they got to the top there was a house sure enough, far beyond any house in Fermoy. It was three stories high, with fine windows, and all lighted up within, as if it was full of grand company. There was a hall door, too, with a flight of stone steps before it, at which Mr. Barry dismounted, and the door was opened to him by a servant man, who took his horse round to the stable.

Mr. Barry, as he stood at the door, desired the soldier to walk in, and instead of sending him down to the kitchen, as any other gentleman would have done, brought him into the parlour, and desired to see his billet.

“ Ay,” said Mr. Barry, looking at it and smiling,

“ I know Dick Consadine well—he’s a merry fellow, and has got some excellent cows on the inch field of Carrickabrick ; a sirloin of good beef is no bad thing for supper.

Mr. Barry then called out to some of his attendants, and desired them to lay the cloth, and make all ready, which was no sooner done than a smoking sirloin of beef was placed before them.

“ Sit down, now, my honest fellow,” said Mr. Barry, “ you must be hungry after your long day’s march.”

The soldier, with a profusion of thanks for such hospitality, and acknowledgments for such condescension, sat down, and made, as might be expected, an excellent supper ; Mr. Barry never letting his jaws rest for want of helping until he was fairly done. Then the boiling water was brought in, and such a jug of whiskey punch was made, there was no faulting it.

They sat together a long time, talking over the punch, and the fire was so good, and Mr. Barry himself was so good a gentleman, and had such fine converse about every thing in the world, far or near, that the soldier never felt the night going over him. At last Mr. Barry stood up, saying, it was a rule with him that every one in his house should be in bed by twelve o’clock, “ and,” said he, pointing to a bundle which lay in one corner of the room, “ take that to bed with you,

it's the hide of the cow which I had killed for your supper ; give it to the billet-master when you go back to Fermoy in the morning, and tell him that Barry of Cairn Thierna sent it to him. He will soon understand what it means, I promise you ; so good night, my brave fellow ; I wish you a comfortable sleep, and every good fortune ; but I must be off and away out of this long before you are stirring."

The soldier gratefully returned his host's good night and good wishes, and went off to the room which was shown him, without claiming, as every one knows he had a right to do, the second-best bed in the house.

Next morning the sun awoke him. He was lying on the broad of his back, and the sky-lark was singing over him in the beautiful blue sky, and the bee was humming close to his ear among the heath. He rubbed his eyes ; nothing did he see but the clear sky, with two or three light morning clouds floating away. Mr. Barry's fine house and soft feather bed had melted into air, and he found himself stretched on the side of Cairn Thierna, buried in the heath, with the cow-hide which had been given him rolled up under his head for a pillow.

" Well," said he, " this beats cock-fighting ! — Didn't I spend the pleasantest night I ever spent in my life with Mr. Barry last night ?—

And what in the world has become of the house, and the hall door with the steps, and the very bed that was under me?"

He stood up. Not a vestige of a house or any thing like one, but the rude heap of stones on the top of the mountain, could he see; and ever so far off lay the Blackwater glittering with the morning sun, and the little quiet village of Fermoy on its banks, from whose chimneys white wreaths of smoke were beginning to rise upwards into the sky.

Throwing the cow-hide over his shoulder, he descended, not without some difficulty, the steep side of the mountain, up which Mr. Barry had led his horse the preceding night with so much ease, and he proceeded along the road, pondering on what had befallen him.

When he reached Fermoy, he went straight to Mr. Consadine's, and asked to see him.

"Well, my gay fellow," said the official Mr. Consadine, recognising, at a glance, the soldier, "what sort of an entertainment did you meet with from Barry of Cairn Thierna?"

"The best of treatment, sir," replied the soldier; "and well did he speak of you, and he desired me to give you this cow-hide as a token to remember him."

"Many thanks to Mr. Barry for his generosity,"

said the billet-master, making a bow in mock solemnity ; “ many thanks, indeed, and a right good skin it is, wherever he got it.”

Mr. Consadine had scarcely finished the sentence when he saw his cow-boy running up the street, shouting and crying aloud that the best cow in the inch field was lost and gone, and nobody knew what had become of her, or could give the least tidings of her.

The soldier had flung the skin on the ground, and the cow-boy looking at it, exclaimed—

“ That is her hide, wherever she is !—I ’d take my bible oath to the two small white spots, with the glossy black about them, and there ’s the very place where she rubbed the hair off her shoulder last Martinmas.” Then clapping his hands together, he literally sung, to “ the tune the old cow died of,”

Agus oro Drimen duve ; oro bo

Oro Drimen duve ; mhiel agrah !

Agus oro Drimen duve—O—Ochone !

Drimen duve deelish—go den tu slane beugh.*

* This, which is written as it is pronounced, may be translated—

And oh, my black cow—oh my cow,

Oh my black cow, a thousand times dear to me ;

And oh my black cow—alas, alas,

My darling black cow, why did you leave me.

This lamentation was stopped short by Mr. Consadine.

“ There is no manner of doubt of it,” said he. “ It was Barry who killed my best cow, and all he has left me is the hide of the poor beast to comfort myself with ; but it will be a warning to Dick Consadine for the rest of his life never again to play off his tricks upon travellers.”

An anonymous correspondent before alluded to, has supplied the compiler with the outline of the foregoing tale. Another version, in which a fair dame named Una (Anglicè, Winny, who proves to be the queen of the Fairies) is substituted for Mr. Barry, was related to him some years since, under the title of “ the Lady of the Rock.” The circumstances of the billet, the supper, the hide, and the billet master’s loss of his best cow, are precisely similar in both. The scene of the story was Blarney, and the soldier said to be one of Cromwell’s troopers.

According to tradition, the great Barry has his magic dwelling on the summit of Cairn Thierna, the legend of which mountain will be found in the present section. He appears to belong to the same class of beings as Gileroon Doonoch, or Gileroon of the old Head of Kinsale ; Farwinneth O’Kilbritaune, or the Green Man of Kilbrittan ; Garold Earloch, or Early Garrett of Killarney, &c. respecting whom stories very

similar to the foregoing and subsequent are related. These superhuman mortals also commonly appear before any remarkable event, like the German Emperor Charles V., who, with his army, according to tradition, inhabit the Odenberg, in Hesse, and when war is on the eve of breaking out, the mountain opens, the Emperor issues forth, sounds his bugle, and with his host passes over to another mountain. Rodenstein, who in a similar manner announces war, was seen so recently as 1815, previous to the landing of Napoleon, to pass with his followers from Schnelbert to his former strong hold of Rodenstein.

An account of the rise of the town of Fermoy to its present state from the poor village described, may be found in the second volume of Brewer's Beauties of Ireland; a work which will materially assist those inclined to acquire a correct knowledge of that country. Mr. Brewer's character is already well known and highly esteemed, as an accurate observer, a pleasing writer, and a careful and industrious compiler: and judging from the volumes which have appeared, the "Beauties of Ireland" are worthy of that gentleman's reputation.

THE GIANT'S STAIRS.

ON the road between Passage and Cork there is an old mansion called Ronayne's Court. It may be easily known from the stack of chimneys and the gable ends, which are to be seen look at it which way you will. Here it was that Maurice Ronayne and his wife Margaret Gould kept house, as may be learned to this day from the great old chimney-piece, on which is carved their arms. They were a mighty worthy couple, and had but one son, who was called Philip, after no less a person than the King of Spain.

Immediately on his smelling the cold air of this world the child sneezed, which was naturally taken to be a good sign of his having a clear head; and the subsequent rapidity of his learning was truly amazing, for on the very first day a primer was put into his hand, he tore out the A, B, C, page, and destroyed it, as a thing quite beneath his notice. No wonder then that both father and mother were proud of their heir, who gave such indisputable proofs of genius, or, as they call it in that part of the world, "*genus*."

One morning, however, Master Phil, who was then just seven years old, was missing, and no one could tell what had become of him : servants were sent in all directions to seek him, on horseback and on foot, but they returned without any tidings of the boy, whose disappearance altogether was most unaccountable. A large reward was offered, but it produced them no intelligence, and years rolled away without Mr. and Mrs. Ronayne having obtained any satisfactory account of the fate of their lost child.

There lived, at this time, near Carrigaline, one Robert Kelly, a blacksmith by trade. He was what is termed a handy man, and his abilities were held in much estimation by the lads and the lasses of the neighbourhood ; for, independent of shoeing horses, which he did to great perfection, and making plough irons, he interpreted dreams for the young women, sung Arthur O'Bradley at their weddings, and was so good natured a fellow at a christening, that he was gossip to half the country round.

Now it happened that Robin had a dream himself, and young Philip Ronayne appeared to him in it at the dead hour of the night. Robin thought he saw the boy mounted upon a beautiful white horse, and that he told him how he was made a page to the giant Mahon Mac Mahon, who had

carried him off, and who held his court in the hard heart of the rock. "The seven years—my time of service—are clean out, Robin," said he, "and if you release me this night, I will be the making of you for ever after."

"And how will I know," said Robin—cunning enough, even in his sleep—"but this is all a dream?"

"Take that," said the boy, "for a token"—and at the word the white horse struck out with one of his hind legs, and gave poor Robin such a kick in the forehead, that thinking he was a dead man, he roared as loud as he could after his brains, and woke up calling a thousand murders. He found himself in bed, but he had the mark of the blow, the regular print of a horse-shoe upon his forehead as red as blood; and Robin Kelly, who never before found himself puzzled at the dream of any other person, did not know what to think of his own.

Robin was well acquainted with the Giant's Stairs, as, indeed, who is not that knows the harbour? They consist of great masses of rock, which, piled one above another, rise like a flight of steps, from very deep water, against the bold cliff of Carrigmahon. Nor are they badly suited for stairs to those who have legs of sufficient length to stride over a moderate sized house, or to enable them to

clear the space of a mile in a hop, step, and jump. Both these feats the giant Mac Mahon was said to have performed in the days of Finnian glory; and the common tradition of the country placed his dwelling within the cliff up whose side the stairs led.

Such was the impression which the dream made on Robin, that he determined to put its truth to the test. It occurred to him, however, before setting out on this adventure, that a plough iron may be no bad companion, as, from experience, he knew it was an excellent knock-down argument, having, on more occasions than one, settled a little disagreement very quietly: so, putting one on his shoulder, off he marched, in the cool of the evening, through Glaun a Thowk (the Hawk's Glen) to Monkstown. Here an old gossip of his ('Tom Clancey by name) lived, who, on hearing Robin's dream, promised him the use of his skiff, and moreover offered to assist in rowing it to the Giant's Stairs.

After a supper which was of the best, they embarked. It was a beautiful still night, and the little boat glided swiftly along. The regular dip of the oars, the distant song of the sailor, and sometimes the voice of a belated traveller at the ferry of Carrigaloe, alone broke the quietness of the land and sea and sky. The tide was in their

favour, and in a few minutes Robin and his gossip rested on their oars under the dark shadow of the Giant's Stairs. Robin looked anxiously for the entrance to the Giant's palace, which, it was said, may be found by any one seeking it at midnight; but no such entrance could he see. His impatience had hurried him there before that time, and after waiting a considerable space in a state of suspense not to be described, Robin, with pure vexation, could not help exclaiming to his companion, "'Tis a pair of fools we are, Tom Clancey, for coming here at all on the strength of a dream."

"And whose doing is it," said Tom, "but your own?"

At the moment he spoke they perceived a faint glimmering of light to proceed from the cliff, which gradually increased until a porch big enough for a king's palace unfolded itself almost on a level with the water. They pulled the skiff directly towards the opening, and Robin Kelly seizing his plough iron, boldly entered with a strong hand and a stout heart. Wild and strange was that entrance; the whole of which appeared formed of grim and grotesque faces, blending so strangely each with the other that it was impossible to define any: the chin of one formed the nose of another: what appeared to be a fixed and stern eye, if dwelt upon, changed to a gaping mouth; and the lines of the

lofty forehead grew into a majestic and flowing beard. The more Robin allowed himself to contemplate the forms around him, the more terrific they became ; and the stony expression of this crowd of faces assumed a savage ferocity as his imagination converted feature after feature into a different shape and character. Losing the twilight in which these indefinite forms were visible, he advanced through a dark and devious passage, whilst a deep and rumbling noise sounded as if the rock was about to close upon him and swallow him up alive for ever. Now, indeed, poor Robin felt afraid.

“ Robin, Robin,” said he, “ if you were a fool for coming here, what in the name of fortune are you now ?” But, as before, he had scarcely spoken, when he saw a small light twinkling through the darkness of the distance, like a star in the midnight sky. To retreat was out of the question ; for so many turnings and windings were in the passage, that he considered he had but little chance of making his way back. He therefore proceeded towards the bit of light, and came at last into a spacious chamber, from the roof of which hung the solitary lamp that had guided him. Emerging from such profound gloom, the single lamp afforded Robin abundant light to discover several gigantic figures seated round a mas-

sive stone table as if in serious deliberation, but no word disturbed the breathless silence which prevailed. At the head of this table sat Mahon Mac Mahon himself, whose majestic beard had taken root, and in the course of ages grown into the stone slab. He was the first who perceived Robin; and instantly starting up, drew his long beard from out the huge piece of rock in such haste and with so sudden a jerk that it was shattered into a thousand pieces.

“What seek you?” he demanded in a voice of thunder.

“I come,” answered Robin, with as much boldness as he could put on; for his heart was almost fainting within him—“I come,” said he, “to claim Philip Ronayne, whose time of service is out this night.”

“And who sent you here?” said the giant.

“’Twas of my own accord I came,” said Robin.

“Then you must single him out from among my pages,” said the giant; “and if you fix on the wrong one, your life is the forfeit. Follow me.” He led Robin into a hall of vast extent, and filled with lights; along either side of which were rows of beautiful children all apparently seven years old, and none beyond that age, dressed in green, and every one exactly dressed alike.

“Here,” said Mahon, “you are free to take

Philip Ronayne, if you will ; but, remember, I give but one choice."

Robin was sadly perplexed ; for there were hundreds upon hundreds of children ; and he had no very clear recollection of the boy he sought. But he walked along the hall, by the side of Mahon, as if nothing was the matter, although his great iron dress clanked fearfully at every step, sounding louder than Robin's own sledge battering on his anvil.

They had nearly reached the end without speaking, when Robin seeing that the only means he had was to make friends with the giant, determined to try what effect a few soft words might have.

" 'Tis a fine wholesome appearance the poor children carry," remarked Robin, " although they have been here so long shut out from the fresh air and the blessed light of heaven. 'Tis tenderly your honour must have reared them !"

" Ay," said the giant, " that is true for you ; so give me your hand ; for you are, I believe, a very honest fellow for a blacksmith."

Robin at the first look did not much like the huge size of the hand, and therefore presented his plough-iron, which the giant seizing, twisted in his grasp round and round again as if it had been a potatoe stalk ; on seeing this all the children

set up a shout of laughter. In the midst of their mirth Robin thought he heard his name called; and all ear and eye, he put his hand on the boy whom he fancied had spoken, crying out at the same time, "Let me live or die for it, but this is young Phil Ronayne."

"It is Philip Ronayne—happy Philip Ronayne," said his young companions; and in an instant the hall became dark. Crashing noises were heard, and all was in strange confusion; but Robin held fast his prize, and found himself lying in the gray dawn of the morning at the head of the Giant's Stairs with the boy clasped in his arms.

Robin had plenty of gossips to spread the story of his wonderful adventure—Passage, Monkstown, Carrigaline—the whole barony of Kerri-currihy rung with it.

"Are you quite sure, Robin, it is young Phil Ronayne you have brought back with you?" was the regular question; for although the boy had been seven years away, his appearance now was just the same as on the day he was missed. He had neither grown taller nor older in look, and he spoke of things which had happened before he was carried off as one awakened from sleep, or as if they had occurred yesterday.

"Am I sure? Well, that's a queer question,"

was Robin's reply ; " seeing the boy has the blue eyes of the mother, with the foxy hair of the father ; to say nothing of the *purty* wart on the right side of his little nose."

However Robin Kelly may have been questioned, the worthy couple of Ronayne's court doubted not that he was the deliverer of their child from the power of the giant Mac Mahon ; and the reward they bestowed on him equalled their gratitude.

Philip Ronayne lived to be an old man ; and he was remarkable to the day of his death for his skill in working brass and iron, which it was believed he had learned during his seven years' apprenticeship to the giant Mahon Mac Mahon.

This legend, in some particulars, resembles those told in Wales of Owen Lawgoch, or Owen of the bloody hand : in Denmark, of Holger the Dane : in Germany, of Frederic Barbarosa, or red beard, &c. The writer of a valuable paper in the Quarterly Review has thus condensed the story, which may be found in Mr. Thiele's *Danske Folkesagn*, &c.

" The emperor (Frederic) is secluded in the castle of Kyffhäuser, in the Hercynian forest, where he remains in a state not much unlike the description which Cervantes has given of the inhabitants of the cavern of Montesinos : he slumbers on his throne—his red

beard has grown through the stone table on which his light arm reclines, or, as some say, it has grown round and round it. A variation of the same fable, coloured according to its locality, is found in Denmark; where it is said, that Holger Danske, whom the French romances call Ogier the Dane, slumbers in the vaults beneath Cronenburgh castle. A villain was once allured by splendid offers to descend into the cavern and visit the half-torpid hero. Ogier muttered to the visitor, requesting him to stretch out his hand. The villain presented an iron crow to Ogier, who grasped it, indenting the metal with his fingers. 'It is well!' quoth Ogier, who imagined he was squeezing the hand of the stranger, and thus provoking his strength and fortitude: 'there are yet *men* in Denmark.'"

Billy Quinn, the poet of Passage, has sung the charms of the scenery of this legend in such popular numbers, that it is presumed the reader will not be displeased at finding a verse here. After praising the noble river Lee, he tells us that at Passage

"A ferry-boat's there, quite convenient
For man and horse to take a ride;
Who, both in clover, may go over
To Carrigaloe at the other side.
'Tis there is seen—oh! the sweet Marino
With trees so green oh, and fruit so red—
Brave White-point, and right forenent it
The Giant's Stairs, and old Horse's head."

The witty Mr. Henry Bennett, in his pleasant local poem of the Steam Boat, is pleased to call the Giant's Stairs

——— "a flight
of fancy."

It may be so : but against such authority the compiler is enabled to support the truth of this legend, at least, by circumstantial evidence. A wonderful pair of cubes have been exhibited to him in proof of Mr. Ronayne's supernatural handicraft. Dr. Smith, in his History of Cork, vol. i. p. 172, also says that " he (Mr. Philip Ronayne) invented a cube which is perforated in such a manner that a second cube *of the same dimensions exactly in all respects* may be passed through the same."



*And now, farewell! the fairy dream is o'er :
The tales my infancy had loved to hear,
Like blissful visions, fade and disappear.
Such tales Momonia's peasant tells no more !
Vanish'd are MERMAIDS from her sea-beat shore ;
Check'd is the HEADLESS HORSEMAN'S strange
career ;*

*FIR DARRIG'S voice no longer mocks the ear,
Nor ROCKS bear wonderous imprints as of yore !
Such is " the march of mind."—But did the fays
(Creatures of whim—the gossamers of will)
In Ireland work such sorrow and such ill
As stormier spirits of our modern days ?
Oh land beloved ! no angry voice I raise ;
My constant prayer—" may peace be with thee
still."*



ERRATA.

- Page 101, line 23, for *Folksagn*, read *Folkcsagn*.
108, 22, for *gessoon*, read *gossoon*.
111, 22, for *Græn*, read *Græn*.
129, 18, for *humanos*, read *hermanos*.
137, 12, for *dares*, read *does*.
160, 9, for *ought*, read *out*.
175, 3, for *Beetham*, read *Betham*.
217, 18, for *Keineswegs*, read *Keinesweges*.
233, 6, for *Sagan*, read *Sagen*.

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From a Sketch by Sir R. L. Hoare Bart.

CRUBEN YR ELLYLL.

TO

DR. WILHELM GRIMM,

*Secretary of the Prince's Library, Member of the
Royal Scientific Society of Gottingen,
&c. &c. &c.*

AT CASSEL, IN HESSEN.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the pleasure of presenting to you and your brother the third and concluding volume of a work illustrative of the traditionary superstitions of my country.

You will perceive that a considerable portion consists in a close translation of your introductory essay to the *Irische Elfenmärchen*; and I only hope that its appearance in an English dress may be as satisfactory to you, as your translation of the legends to which it is prefixed has been to the writers. But this, critically speaking, I fear, as many words, particularly the old German, presented

difficulties similar to those which you experienced in the Irish name *Boliaun*, even with its English explanatory, Ragweed*. However, I trust the general meaning has been conveyed.

I have given your essay without note or comment of my own, because I perfectly coincide in the candid opinion which you so kindly expressed to me in your last valuable letter, that an essay on Fairy superstition should exhibit a collection of inferences unmixed with tales and traditions. "Although to the generality of readers," as you justly remark, "the book is thereby rendered what is called less entertaining; yet the scientific examination is undisturbed by the dispersion

* In justice to the care of the Messrs. Grimm, as translators, I give their note on the "Field of Boliauns."

"Hip is here chosen, because barren and unprofitable tracts are often covered with thorns. In the original it is called Boliaun. The word is not in Nemnich's Catholicon, nor indeed in any other dictionary. Natives of Ireland, whom a friend has questioned on the subject, affirm that Boliaun is a staff or cudgel; but from the context it must mean a plant. It is also explained by the addition *Ragweed*, which is likewise not an English word; but, as a native of Ireland says, signifies a weed which grows like a bush about an ell high, and has yellow flowers of a disagreeable smell."

of those points on which it really falls, and a clear and firm view of the subject is not lost by poetic amplifications." The corrections and additional notes which you have favoured me with are inserted in their proper places, and I have again to thank you for the communication of them.

The collection of Welsh legends which appears in this volume will, I doubt not, prove acceptable to you, as from their similarity with those current in other countries, they afford an additional proof that the Fairy creed must have been a complete and connected system. I have taken some pains to seek after stories of the Elves in England; but I find that the belief has nearly disappeared, and in another century no traces of English Fairies will remain, except those which exist in the works of Shakspeare, Herrick, Drayton, and Bishop Corbet.

In Devonshire, the Pixies or Pucksies are still remembered and described as "little people and merry dancers;" but I can collect no other anecdotes respecting their pranks than the two following.

About seventy years since a clergyman

named Tanner held two benefices between Crediton and Southmolton, adjoining each other. The farmers of both parishes attended the tithe-audit annually at his residence; and in going to the glebe-house the distant parishioners had to pass an extensive moor, intersected by numerous tracks or sheep-walks. Although they reached their destination in safety in the morning, yet on their return they invariably found themselves "Pixy-laid," and were compelled to pass a night of bewildered wandering upon the moor. Such recreation at Christmas was not very agreeable, and it was determined that a deputation from the parishioners should proceed to Exeter, and consult an old woman celebrated for her skill in charming away the tooth-ach. Her instructions against Pixy spells proved effectual. She directed the way-laid travellers, on reaching the verge of the moor, to strip themselves, and sit down on their clothes for five-and-thirty minutes, or more, according to the state of the weather; and so soon as they discovered the cloud which the Pixies had thrown around them to be dissipated, they might then safely proceed. By following

this valuable prescription Mr. Tanner's parishioners invariably reached their homes without further interruption from Pixy spells, or inconvenience from their hospitable pastor's excellent cockagee cider.

The other legend of Devonian Elves resembles the German one alluded to in your Essay at page 110 of this volume; and is told of the family of Sukespic or Sokespitch, respecting whom, if you are curious to inquire into their history, I can refer you to Lysons's *Magna Britannia*, vol. 6, part ii. p. 118. This family resided near Topsham; and a barrel of ale in their cellar had for very many years continued to run freely without being exhausted. It was considered as a valuable heir-loom, and was respected accordingly, until a curious maid-servant took out the bung, to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary power. On looking into the cask, she found it full of cobwebs; but the Pixies, it is supposed, were offended, and on turning the cock as usual, no more ale flowed out.

Captain Sainthill, of the royal navy, who is now in his eighty-eighth year, informs me that when he was a boy, the common reply

at Topsham to the inquiry how any affair went on, when it was intended to say that it was proceeding prosperously, was, "It is going on like Sokespitch's cann."

Some traces of Fairy superstition still linger also in Hampshire. Gads Hill or God's Hill, near Newport, in the Isle of Wight, is remarkable for a very ancient church built on its summit, and, until lately, the old women, as they toiled up this hill to their devotions, might be heard lamenting "that the Fairies would not let the church bide on the plain, where it was intended to be built."

This church, according to the tradition, was commenced on the plain at the foot of the hill, and considerable progress was made with the building in that situation. One morning, however, when the workmen arrived, they found, to their great astonishment, that the walls had completely disappeared, and at last they discovered them on the summit of the hill, precisely in the same state they had been left in on the plain the preceding evening. As it was not intended to have the church in that elevated situation, the work-

men pulled down the walls, removed the bricks from the hill to the plain, and again commenced the building. But no sooner had the walls gained their former height, than they were again transported to the hill. The workmen, though less surprised than before, persevered in their intention of building on the plain, and having brought down the bricks, began for the third time to erect the church. When the walls were raised to the same height as before, they determined on watching for the persons who had so provokingly removed them to the summit of the hill, and had thus twice frustrated their intention. The weather favoured the workmen, for it was a beautiful moonlight night, and they distinctly saw innumerable little people busily employed in demolishing the walls. Although the bricks seemed considerably larger than these little creatures, yet they appeared to carry them without difficulty, and very soon completed their purpose of having the church upon the hill. Some of the workmen said that they saw them dancing in a ring on the site after having removed the bricks. Ocular proof being thus given of

the impossibility of carrying on the design of building the church on the plain, it was determined to erect it on the hill, where it was speedily completed without interruption. The hill, from the church, received the name of God's Hill, afterwards corrupted into Gads Hill; and when the building was finished, great rejoicing and shouting was heard, which was supposed to proceed from the little people making merry on account of their success.

This legend I received a few months since from a friend: he had obtained it from his nurse, who was then above ninety, and with whose death he has just acquainted me. It will, I am sure, my dear sir, recall a very similar tale in Mr. Thiele's *Danske Folkesagn* to your memory.

On mentioning the subject of Hampshire Fairies to Mr. Landseer, who has not confined his inquiries alone to "*Sabean Researches*," he pointed out to my notice the names of "*Puck-pool*," and "*Puck-aster Cove*," in the Isle of Wight. The former, which is about two miles from Ryde, near the eastern skirts of the grounds belonging to Appley, is now a small, sedgy, and neglected

pond, which scarcely more than answers to the line, "The nine men's morrice is filled up with mud;" and beyond its name has nothing to recall Puck to the imagination. Puck-aster is a romantic fishing-cove on the south side of the island. "It may easily be conceived," said Mr. Landseer, "to have formerly been the scene of such fairy frolics as that merry wanderer of the night boasts of as being his pastime. Its hollows, where dank vapours must in past ages have lingered, are now drained; and the plantations of Mr. Arnold, and other gentlemen, who have built cottages there, have rendered it a scene at once smiling and wild. But every poetical spectator will see at a glance that it must in days of yore have been the very place where Robin Goodfellow, 'in very likeness of a friar's lantern,' has laughed at the misled clowns; where those 'faithless phantoms,' the wild-fires of autumn, have often sparkled and sported. The name Puck-aster (or Puck a Star) agrees precisely with these local phenomena."

"When I visited this fairy spot," continues Mr. Landseer, "recollecting how large a

portion of Shakspeare's life there is of which nothing is known, and reflecting how impossible it is to suppose that any portion of his life could have been inactively spent; my fancy was quite ready to fill up part of the hiatus with a supposition that our great bard was at some time during that period rambling with strolling players, and that in the course of those rambles he had visited the Isle of Wight, and gathered there some of his local fairy lore. Some thirty and odd years ago, when I was there, the island was periodically visited by histrionic strollers from 'the continent of England.' (This was an immemorial custom). And in the time of Shakspeare, the Isle was so well wooded, that he might have found in it all his fairy scenery (for it may well be classed under sea-shore and forest scenery); and where else do you find the name Puck stamped on the country itself?"

The northern counties of England are, I am inclined to think, those which retain the memory of the Elvès most strongly. Yorkshire, in particular, has many secluded districts; and although I have been unable to obtain

any tales, I know that some exist respecting the appearance and freaks of the Barguest and the Bogle. At Thorn, in that county, about fifty years since, it was a common practice of the children to go to a neighbouring hill on a particular day (Shrove Tuesday), in order that they might hear the Fairies frying their pancakes within the rock.

Amid this dearth of English Fairy Legends, I have been surprised at receiving from Mr. Balmanno the following account of the actual appearance of a fairy within three miles of the British metropolis. He gives it on the authority of his late friend, Mr. Fuseli, the artist, "than whom," remarks Mr. Balmanno, "there never lived a greater lover of a fairy tale."

"For nearly half a century, a weekly dinner party of literary men took place at the house of Joseph Johnson, a respectable and honest bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard. Johnson was the publisher of Captain Steadman's work on Surinam, and as the captain lived at Hammersmith, he usually came to town on the morning of the weekly dinner, by the Hammersmith stage. As the coach was proceed-

ing at its usual rumbling rate towards London, Captain Steadman was aroused by a very uncommon sound in the air, and on looking out of the coach-door, his surprise was increased by the apparition of a little fellow, about two feet high, dressed in a full suit of regimentals, with a gold-laced cocked hat, and a gold-headed cane, striding along the footpath, "and raising such a devil of a sough," that the captain's astonishment knew no bounds. He rubbed his eyes, looked, doubted, and looked again, but there to visible certainty was the little man striding away, swinging his arm, and "swishing his cane," in full force, going at the rate of nine miles an hour, and leaving the coach far behind him. Away he went at this prodigious pace, until he came to a green lane, which led to Holland-house, up which he wisked with the greatest nimbleness. When the coach came opposite to the lane, the little man was nowhere to be seen.

"This was related by Captain Steadman at dinner, the very day it occurred, and he continued to affirm his belief in the appearance of the goblin to the day of his death."

In Buckinghamshire and Wiltshire, where

I have had opportunities of going among the peasantry, and conversing with them, I could extract no other supernatural tales than those respecting witches, and their intercourse with the Evil One; who, according to the traditions of these counties, cannot be so formidable an enemy as he is generally considered, having been more than once vanquished by a drunken blacksmith, whose name varies in different districts, but who was well-known, and is perfectly remembered by many credible witnesses in each.

Thus, my dear Sir, I have laid before you the result of nearly three years' constant inquiry after the Elves in England. Scotland has had an abundance of Fairy historians, and with what they have written, it is evident that few are better acquainted than yourself. As, however, establishing the connexion which you have pointed out between witchcraft and Fairy superstition (page 140 of this volume) you will, I think, be pleased with the following communication, for which I am indebted to the kindness of Sir Walter Scott,

“A rummager of our records,” writes Sir Walter, “sent me the other day a most sing-

gular trial of an old woman, who was tried, condemned, and burned alive for holding too close a connexion with Elf-land. The poor old woman was in fact tried for having succeeded in curing maladies by her prayers and spells, as well as her herbs and ointments. Her familiar was one Tom Reid, whom she saw almost daily, at the hour of noon. He died, as he told her (for to her he was a posthumous acquaintance), in the fatal battle of Pinkie, called ‘the Black Saturday,’ and, it seems, was carried off by those wandering spirits, the fairies, who, when heaven and hell were sharing stakes, came in for some portion, it would seem, of so magnificent a spoil as ‘the Black Saturday’ afforded.

“ ‘I cannot help, therefore, enclosing you a sketch of Tom Reid, a favourite, as it appears, of the queen of Elf-land. To save you and myself trouble, I use the modern orthography, but retain the Scottish words.

“ ‘Asked by what art or knowledge she could tell divers persons of things they *tint* (lost), or were stolen away, or help sick persons? Answered and declared, ‘that she herself had no kind of art or science so to do,

but divers times, when any such persons came to her, she would inquire at ane Thomey Reid, who died at Pinkie (as he himself affirmed), who would tell her what she asked.' Item, she being inquired (at) what kind of man this Thomey Reid was? Declared, 'he was an honest, seemly, elderly man, gray-bearded, and had ane gray coat, with Lombart sleeves of the old fashion, ane pair of gray breeks, and white *schankis* (leggings or stockings), gartered above the knee, and ane black bonnet on his head, close behind and plain before, with silken laces drawn through the *lips* (brims) thereof, and ane white wand in his hand.'

“ ‘Item, being interrogated, how and in what manner and place the said Thomey Reid came to her? Answered, ‘as she was ganging betwixt her *ain* (own) house and the yard of Monkcastle, driving her kye to the pasture, and making heavy *sair dole* (sore lamentation) with herself, *greeting* (weeping loudly) very fast for her cow that was dead, her husband and child that were lying sick on the land, ill, and she new arisen out of *gisance* (from *gisante*, French, an in-lying woman), the foresaid

Thomey met her by the way, *halsed* * her (saluted her courteously), and said, ' Good day, Bessie,' and she said, ' Good day, good man.' ' Santa Maria !' said he, ' Bessie, why makes thou so great dole and great wisting for any worldly thing?' She answered, ' Alas ! have I not cause to make great dole ? for our gear is *trakit* (our cattle destroyed by sickness), and my husband is on the point of death, and ane baby of my own will not live, and myself at a weak point: have I not cause, then, to have so sore a heart ?' But Thomey said, ' Bessie, thou has craved God, and asked something you should not have done ; and therefore I consell thee to wend to home, for I tell thee thy *bairn* (child) shall die ere you come home, thy two sheep shall die too, but thy husband shall mend, and be hail and feir as ever he was.' Then Thomey Reid went away from me, in through the yard of Monkcastle, and I thought he *gaed* (went) in at a narrow hole of the dike, smaller than earthly man could have gone through, and so ' I was something *fleyit* (affrightened).'

* *Halse* is ~~new~~ in Scotch, as in German, &c.

“Notwithstanding his religious commencement, Thomey became afterwards unreasonable in his demands, insisting, that Bessie should deny her Christendom, and yield up the faith she took, at the font-stone; but on this point she was, by her own account, resolute. Nevertheless Thomey appeared afterwards in her dwelling, her husband and three tailors being present, although neither integer nor fractional part of a man were aware of his elvish presence. He took her out of doors with him to the kiln-end, where there were twelve persons, eight women and four men. ‘The men were clad in gentlemen’s clothing, and the women had all plaids round about them, and were very seemly like to see, and Thomey was with them.’ ‘Demanded, if she knew any of them?’ Answered, ‘none, except Thomey.’ Demanded, what they said to her? Answered, ‘they bade her sit down, and said, ‘welcome Bessie, wilt thou go with us?’ But she answered not, because Thomey had forbidden her;’ with much more to the same purpose; especially how she excused Thomey of the most distant approach to impropriety, except that in pressing her to go to

Elf-land, he caught her by the apron to enforce his request; and how Thomey reminded her, that when she was recovering of her confinement, a *stout woman* had come into her house, sat down on a bench beside her, and asked for a drink, in exchange for which she gave Bessie words of comfort. ‘That,’ said Thomey, ‘was the queen of Elf-land, his mistress, who had commanded him to wait upon her and do her good.’ ” Thus far Sir Walter Scott.

Lengthy as my letter already is, I must crave your indulgence while I add a few words in conclusion, on Irish fairies, as a note of yours reminds me of my inadvertance in leaving the name *Shefro*, by which I have designated the first section of the Irish Fairy Legends, unexplained.

The term *Shefro* (variously, but correctly, written *Síabhrúz*, *Sícbhrúz*, *Sízbhrúz*, *Síozbhrúz*, *Síozbhrúg*, &c.) literally signifies a fairy house or mansion, and was adopted as a general name for the Elves, who lived in troops or communities, and were popularly supposed to have castles or mansions of their own.

Sia, *sigh*, *sighe*, *sigheann*, *siabhra*, *sia-chaire*, *siogidh*, are Irish words, evidently

springing from a common root, used to express a fairy or goblin, and even a hag or witch. Thus we have the compound *Leannan-sighe*, a familiar, from *Leannan*, a pet, and *Sioghdh-raoidheachd*, enchantment with or by spirits.

Sigh-gàoithe, or *siaheann-gáoithe*, a whirlwind is so termed, because it is said to be raised by the fairies. The close of day is called *Sia*, because twilight,

“ That sweet hour, when day is almost closing,”

is the time when the fairies are most frequently seen. Again, *Sigh* is a hill or hillock, because the fairies are believed to dwell within. *Sidhe*, *sidheadh*, and *sigh*, are names for a blast or blight, because it is supposed to proceed from the fairies. I could readily produce other instances, to show nearly as extended an use of the word *Si*, or *she* (it is so pronounced) as that of *alp*, which is so well illustrated in your Essay. In that curious poem, “The Irish Hudibras,” 1689, the word *Shoges* is used. This is probably *Sigh oges*, young spirits; *oge* corresponding to our word junior.

“ Within a wood near to this place

There grows a bunch of three-leaved grass,

Called by the Boglanders * shamroques (*shamrocks*)
 A present for the queen of *Shoges* †,
 Which thou must first be after fetching,
 But all the cunning 's in the catching," &c. p. 23.

In another place the nun says,

" Yet for the grace I have with Joaney,
 Queen of *Shoges*, and my own croney,
 I know as much Nees as another,
 But dare not tell it, were it my brother." p. 81.

It is related in O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, part iii, and other works, that St. Patrick, who, with some of his followers, were engaged in chanting matins at a fountain one morning very early, were taken for *sidhe* or fairies by the daughters of King Laogar, whither the fair pagans repaired "to wash their faces, and view themselves in that fountain as in a mirror." The passage is curious, and I will quote it, as I do not think you have seen it.

" When the princesses saw these venerable gentlemen, clothed in white surplices, and holding books in their hands, astonished at their unusual dress and attitudes, they looked upon them to be the people *Sidhe*. The Irish

* Clowns.

† Spirits.

call these *Sidhe, aerial spirits or phantoms*, because they are seen to come out of pleasant hills, where the common people imagine they reside, which fictitious habitations are called by us *Sidhe* or *siodha*. St. Patrick, taking an opportunity of addressing the young ladies, introduced some divine topic, which was concerning the existence of one God only. When the elder of the sisters, in reply, thus unembarrassed, inquired, ‘Who is your God, and where doth he dwell? Does he live in heaven, or under, or on earth? or is his habitation in mountains, or in valleys, or in the sea, or in rivers? Whether has he sons remarkable for their beauty? and are his daughters handsome and more beautiful than the daughters of this world? Are many employed about the education of his son? Is he opulent, and in affluent circumstances, and does his kingdom abound with a plenty of wealth and riches? In what mode of worship does he delight? Whether is he decked in the bloom of youth, or is he bending under the weight of years? Has he a life limited to a certain period, or immortal?’ In which interrogations there was not a word of resemblance or comparison

between the pagan gods, Saturn, Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Diana, Pallas, Juno, and the unknown divinity; nor did she allude, in her discourse, to that Cromcruach, the principal god of our heathen deities, or to any of their attributes.

“ From whence we may infer, that the divinities of the Irish were local ones; that is, residing in mountains, plains, rivers, in the sea, and such places. For, as the pagan system of theology taught, ‘ as souls were divided with mortals at their birth, so fatal genii presided over them, and that the Eternal Cause has distributed various guardians* through all nations.’ And that these topical genii never went to other countries.”—Translated by the Rev. James Hely, A. B. vol. ii. p. 55. Dublin, 1793.

I regret that the space to which I am limited prevents my giving you a curious Irish poem, of thirty verses, which Mr. Edward O'Reilly, the Secretary of the Ibero Celtic Society, most politely forwarded to me. It is an address to a fairy chief by a wandering bard,

* Symmachus Ethnicus, b. i. Epist. 4.

named Andrew M'Curtin, wherein, by praising the splendour and hospitality of the fairy court, he contrives obliquely to censure the parsimony of the county gentry. This ideal chief is termed Donn of Dooagh, literally Lord of the Vatts, or sand pits; which are certain hollows on the coast of the county Clare. However, as the commencement of this poem exhibits an interesting summary of Irish mythology, I cannot resist presenting you with two or three verses in my translation, as unmusical and as rugged to the full as the original :

Donn of the ocean vatts, I give low reverence to thee ;
 'Tis not with haughty Saxon nod, though such is given to me :
 A minstrel blind, of humble mind, seeks pity in thy breast,
 With bow profound, unto the ground, and craves to be thy
 guest.

Oh princely Donn of noble blood—for noble is thy race,
 Thy pedigree is known to me, thy actions can I trace ;
 Of Ain and Eva art thou not, the sky-descended brother,
 For he of might, king Daha hight, did he not wed thy mother ?

Grandson to Lir, who ploughed the field of ocean round old
 Erin,
 Cousin to Donn of dark Knock Uaish, and Donn of high
 Knock Firinn,
 Nursed in sunshine, no pains were thine, bred up in royal court,
 Whence thou didst join, by gentle Boyne, young Angus in his
 sport.

From thence away, with mild Luay—but him thou left for
 dangers,

And rush'd to war with fierce Balar, and necromantic strangers.
 Milesian barks contended then with more than stormy ocean:
 Against the blast of magic cast, in wild and strange commotion.

Thence far remote, with Naoise of note, thou dwelt in lonely
 places;

Yet doth thy field, Murthené, yield of mighty deeds some
 traces.

* * * * *

Chief of the battle field, to thee Cona owes his hundred fights;
 For thou to Spain led o'er the main Egan, who fled his rights:
 To Finn thou gave thy powerful aid on Traha's shore of
 slaughter,

Where the battle cry pealed to the sky, and blood poured free
 as water.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Since that day's strife thou led a life of feasting and of sleeping;
 And where's the need, for me indeed, to tell of thy housekeeping?
 Fair chief, whose beauty far exceeds the blossom of that flower,
 Lord of the gray and mossy rock, smooth hill and pleasant
 bower, &c.

On Knock Uaish and Knock Firinn, I must
 append Mr. O'Reilly's note, as it establishes

a conjecture offered in the first volume of this work: "The first of these mountains is situated in the county of Cork, and is now called Knock na Noss; the other is in the county of Limerick. Of the fairy chiefs of each of these hills, and of their respective hosts, many extraordinary stories are told by the old people of the adjoining districts. Knock Firinn is called by the people of the country '*Knock Dhoinn Firinne*,' the mountain of Don of Truth. This mountain is very high, and may be seen for several miles round; and when people are desirous to know whether or not any day will rain, they look at the top of Knock Firinn, and if they see a vapour or mist there, they immediately conclude that rain will soon follow; believing that Donn of that mountain and his aerial assistants are collecting the clouds, and that he holds them there for some short time, to warn the people of the approaching rain. As the appearance of mist on that mountain in the morning is considered an infallible sign that that day will be rainy, Donn is called '*Donn Firinne*,' Donn of Truth."

I have now only, my dear Sir, to return you my best and warmest acknowledgments for

the flattering manner in which you and your brother have accepted the dedication of this volume, and to assure you that

I remain

your grateful and

very faithful servant,

T. Crofton Croker.

London,
12th November, 1827.

*The Etchings and Wood Engravings designed and executed
by W. H. Brooke, F. S. A.*

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THE
ELVES IN IRELAND.

1. THE GOOD PEOPLE*.

THE Elves, which in their true shape are but a few inches high, have an airy, almost transparent body ; so delicate is their form, that a dew-drop, when they dance on it, trembles indeed, but never breaks. Both sexes are of extraordinary beauty, and mortal beings cannot be compared with them.

They do not live alone, or in pairs, but always in large societies. They are invisible to man, particularly in the day-time ; and as they can be present and hear what is said, the peasantry never

* The Irish expression for Elf in this signification is *Shefro* ; and this in the original is the name of the first division ; but it does not occur elsewhere, nor is there any explanation of it. *She* or *Shi*, without doubt, means Elf ; compare *Ban-shi* and the Scotch *Doane-shi* and *Shian*.

speak of them but with caution and respect, terming them the good people, or the friends; as any other name would offend them. If a great cloud of dust rises on the road, it is a sign that they are about to change their residence and remove to another place, and the invisible travellers are always saluted with a respectful bow. They have their dwellings in clefts of rocks, caves, and ancient tumuli. Every part within is decorated in the most splendid and magnificent manner; and the pleasing music which sometimes issues from thence in the night has delighted those who have been so fortunate as to hear it.

During the summer nights, when the moon shines, and particularly in harvest-time, the Elves come out of their secret dwellings, and assemble for the dance in certain favourite spots, which are hidden and secluded places, such as mountain-valleys—meadows near streams and brooks—churchyards where men seldom come. They often celebrate their feasts under large mushrooms, or repose beneath their shade.

In the first rays of the morning sun they again vanish, with a noise resembling that of a swarm of bees or flies.

Their garments are as white as snow, sometimes shining like silver; a hat or cap is indispensable, for which purpose they generally select

the red flowers of the foxglove, and by it different parties are distinguished.

The secret and magic powers of the Elves are so great as scarcely to know any bounds. They can assume in a moment, not only the human, but every other form, even the most terrific ; and it is easy for them to convey themselves in one second a distance of five leagues.

Before their breath all human energy fails. They sometimes communicate supernatural knowledge to men ; and if a person is seen walking up and down alone, and moving his lips as one half distraught, it is a sign that an Elf is invisibly present and instructing him.

The Elves are above all things fond of music. Those who have heard their music cannot find words to describe the power with which it fills and enraptures the soul : it rushes upon them like a stream ; and yet the tones are simple, even monotonous, and in general resembling natural sounds.

Among their amusements is that of playing at ball, which they pursue with much eagerness, and at which they often differ so as even to quarrel.

Their skill in dancing far exceeds the highest art of man, and the pleasure they take in this amusement is inexhaustible. They dance without interruption till the rays of the sun appear on the

mountains, and make the boldest leaps without the least exertion.

They do not appear to require any food, but refresh themselves with dew-drops which they collect from the leaves.

They severely punish all who inquisitively approach or tease them ; otherwise they are friendly and obliging to well-meaning people who confide in them. They remove humps from the shoulder ; make presents of new articles of clothing ; undertake to grant requests ; though in such cases, good-humour on the applicant's part seems to be necessary. Sometimes too they appear in human form, or allow persons who have accidentally strayed among them during the night to join in their dances ; but there is always some danger in this intercourse. The person becomes ill in consequence, and falls into a violent fever from the unnatural exertion, as they seem to lend him a part of their power. If he forgets himself, and, according to the custom, kisses his partner, the whole scene vanishes the instant his lips touch hers.

The Elves have another peculiar and more intimate connexion with mortals. It seems as if they divided among themselves the souls of men, and considered them thenceforth as their property. Hence certain families have their particular Elves,

to whom they are devoted, in return for which, however, they receive from them help and assistance in critical moments, and often recovery from mortal diseases. But as after death they become the property of their Elves, the death of a man is to them always a festival at which one of their own body enters into their society. Therefore they require that people shall be present at funerals, and pay them reverence; they celebrate an interment like a wedding, by dancing on the grave, and it is for this reason that they select churchyards for their favourite places of resort. A violent quarrel often arises whether a child belongs to the Elves of the father or of the mother, and in what churchyard it is to be buried. The different parties of these supernatural beings hate and make war on each other, with as much animosity as nations among mankind; their combats take place in the night, in cross-roads, and they often do not separate till daybreak parts them. This connexion of men with a quiet and good tribe of spirits, far from being frightful, would rather be beneficial: but the Elves appear in a dubious character; both evil and good are combined in their nature, and they show a dark as well as a fair side. They are angels expelled from heaven, who have not fallen into hell, but are in fear and doubt respecting their future state, and whether they shall find

mercy at the day of judgment. This mixture of the dark and malevolent is visibly manifested in their actions and inclinations. If in remembrance of their original happy condition they are beneficent and friendly towards man, the evil principle within them prompts them to malicious and injurious tricks. Their beauty, the wondrous splendour of their dwellings, their sprightliness, is nothing more than illusive show; and their true figure, which is frightfully ugly, inspires terror. If, as is but rarely the case, they are seen in the day-time, their countenances appear to be wrinkled with age, or, as people express it, "like a withered cauliflower;" a little nose, red eyes, and hair hoary with extreme age.

One of their evil propensities consists in stealing healthy and fine children from their mothers, and substituting in their room a changeling who bears some resemblance to the stolen infant, but is in fact only an ugly and sickly Elf. He manifests every evil disposition, is malicious, mischievous, and, though insatiable as to food, does not thrive. When the name of God is mentioned, he begins to laugh, otherwise he never speaks, till being obliged to do so by artifice, his age is betrayed by his voice, which is that of a very old man. The love of music shows itself in him, as well as extraordinary proficiency; supernatural energies are also mani-

fested in the power with which he obliges every thing, even inanimate objects, to dance. Wherever he comes he brings ruin: a series of misfortunes succeed each other, the cattle become sick, the house falls into decay, and every enterprise proves abortive. If he is recognised and threatened he makes himself invisible, and escapes; he dislikes running water, and if he is carried on a bridge, he jumps over, and sitting upon the waves plays on his pipe, and returns to his own people. He is called in Irish *Lepreehan**.

At particular times, such as May eve, for instance, the evil Elves seem to be peculiarly active and powerful; to those to whom they are inimical, they give a blow unperceived, the consequence of which is lameness; or they breathe upon them, and boils and swellings immediately appear on the place which the breath has touched. Persons who pretend to be in particular favour with the fairies, undertake to cure such diseases by magic and mysterious journeys.

2. THE CLURICAUNE.

In this quality the Elf is essentially distinguished from the Shefro by his solitary and awk-

* The word, properly written *Prèachán* or *Prìachan*, is said to signify a raven.

ward manners ; the Cluricaune is never met with in company, but always alone. He is much more corporeal, and appears in the day-time as a little old man with a wrinkled countenance, in an antiquated dress. His pea-green coat is adorned with large buttons, and he seems to take a particular delight in having large metal shoe-buckles. He wears a cocked hat in the ancient French style. He is detested on account of his evil disposition, and his name is used as an expression of contempt. People try to become his master, and therefore often threaten him ; sometimes they succeed in outwitting him, sometimes he is more cunning, and cheats them. He employs himself in making shoes, at the same time whistling a tune. If he is surprised by man when thus engaged, he is indeed afraid of his superior strength, but endowed with the power of vanishing, if he can contrive to make the mortal turn his eyes from him even for an instant.

The Cluricaune possesses a knowledge of hidden treasures, but does not discover them till he is pressed to the utmost. He frequently relieves himself when a man fancies that he is wholly in his power. A common trick of his is infinitely to multiply the mark showing where the treasure lies, whether it be a bush, a thistle, or a branch, that it may no longer serve as a guide to the person who

has fetched an instrument to dig up the ground. The Cluricaune has a small leathern purse with a shilling, which, however often he may pay it away, always returns, and which is called the lucky shilling (*sprè na skillenagh*). He frequently carries about him two purses; the one contains the magic shilling, and the other a copper coin; and if compelled to deliver, he cunningly presents the latter, the weight of which is satisfactory, and when the person who has seized it is examining whether it is correct, he watches the opportunity, and disappears.

His enjoyments consist in smoking and drinking. He knows the secret, which the Danes are said to have brought into Ireland, of making beer from heather. The small tobacco-pipes of antique form, which are frequently found in Ireland in digging or ploughing, especially in the vicinity of those circular entrenchments, called Danish forts, are supposed to belong to the Cluricaunes; and if they are discovered broken, or in any way damaged, it is looked upon as a sort of atonement for the tricks which their pretended owners are presumed to have played*.

* There is a representation of such a pipe in the *Anthologia Hibernica* (Dublin, 1793), i. 352, and in the original of these tales, p. 176.

The Cluricaune also appears connected with men, and then attaches himself to a family, with which he remains as long as a member of it survives, who are at the same time unable to get rid of him. With all his propensity to mischief and roguery, he usually has a degree of respect for the master of the house, and treats him with deference. He lends a helping hand, and wards off secret dangers; but is extremely angry and enraged if they forget him, and neglect to put his food in the usual place.

3. THE BANSHEE.

This word is variously interpreted as the chief of the Elves, and the white woman. It means a female spirit belonging to certain families, generally, however, of ancient or noble descent, which appears only to announce the death of one of the members. The Banshee shows herself in the vicinity of the house, or at the window of the sick person, clasps her hands, and laments in tones of the greatest anguish. She wears an ample mantle, with a hood over her head.

4. THE PHOOKA.

It is difficult to obtain any correct notions of this spirit*. There is something indefinite and obscure about it. People recollect it imperfectly, like a dream, even though they have experienced the strongest sensations; yet the Phooka is palpable to the touch. It appears as a black horse,—an eagle,—a bat, and compels the man of whom it has got possession, and who is incapable of making any resistance, to go through various adventures in a short time. It hurries with him over precipices, carries him up into the moon, and down to the bottom of the sea. If a building falls in, it is imputed to the Phooka. There are numerous precipices and rocky caverns, called Phooka caves (Poula Phooka); even a waterfall formed by the Liffey, in the county of Wicklow, has derived its name from this spirit. The people prohibit their children from eating blackberries after Michaelmas, and ascribe the decay of that fruit, which takes place after that season, to the Phooka.

* The collector observes, p. 275, that the Welsh word *Gwyll*, which signifies darkness, night, shade, mountain-spirit, fully corresponds with the Irish Phooka. It is the Alp of the Germans.

5. THE LAND OF YOUTH.—(*Thierna na oge*).

Beneath the water is a country, as well as above the earth, where the sun shines, meadows flourish, trees blossom, fields and woods alternate, cities and palaces arise, only far more magnificent and splendid, and inhabited by happy fairies. If you have found, at the proper moment, the right spot upon the banks of the water, you may behold all these wonders. Persons who have fallen in, and reached this subaqueous world without accident, have given an account of it on their return. It is called the Land of Youth, because time has no power there, no one becomes old, and persons who have passed many years there, fancied it only to be a moment. On particular days, at the rising of the sun, these fairies appear above the surface of the water with the greatest splendour, decked in all the colours of the rainbow. With music, and dancing, and rejoicing, they pass in a certain track along the water, which no more yields under their feet than the solid earth under the foot of man, till they at length vanish in mist.



THE
ELVES IN SCOTLAND.

THE basis of the following dissertation is, "The Popular Superstitions and festive Amusements of the Highlanders of Scotland, Edinburgh, 1823, by W. Grant Stewart;" a book hitherto unknown in Germany, and with which the compiler of the *Irish Legends* appears to have been unacquainted; yet it is very valuable for the variety and minuteness of the oral traditions preserved in it. We have also availed ourselves of the *Essay on Fairies*, in the second volume of *Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 4th Edit. Edinb. 1810. II. p. 109—183, and the *Introduction*, I. 99—103, of his notes to the *Lady of the Lake*; *Graham's Sketches of Picturesque Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire*, p. 107—118; *Jamieson* in the *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, I. 404—406; *Allan Cunningham's Traditional Tales*, Lond. 1822. II. 89—122; all which, however, in comparison with the first mentioned work, are not considerable.

1. *Descent.* The Elves are called Doane Shee : Men of peace, good people. They were originally angels, dwelling in bliss ; but having yielded to the temptations of the devil, were cast out of heaven in countless numbers. They are doomed to wander amid mountains and lakes till the day of judgment, in ignorance of their sentence whether they shall be pardoned or condemned, but they fear the worst.

2. *Form.* No other superhuman being can vie with the fairies in beauty, and they seem still to retain traces of their original state. They are in general diminutive in stature, but of the most perfect symmetry. The female fairies in particular are said to be the most enchanting creatures in the world. Their eyes sparkle like diamonds, red and white are delicately blended in their cheeks, their lips resemble coral, and their teeth ivory, and a profusion of dark-brown hair falls in ringlets over their shoulders. Their garments are of a green hue and very simple. They are angry when mortals wear this colour, who for this reason consider it to be an unlucky one. In the Highlands it is generally a woollen stuff; in marshes they have sometimes been seen clothed in heath-brown, or in dresses dyed with the lichen.

3. *Dwellings and mode of life.* The Elves are a sociable tribe, passionately fond of pleasure and

amusements. They rarely live together in pairs, but wander about in companies; and each has a distinct dwelling or place of abode, where they all assemble according to circumstances, and which is called *Tomhan*, or *Shian*. These dwellings are generally in the caves and precipices of wild and lonesome places; they are built of stone, in the form of irregular towers, and so strong and durable as to resemble pieces of rock, or mounds of earth. The doors, windows, and chimneys are so skilfully concealed, that the naked eye cannot see them in the day-time, but in the night they are discovered by the bright light which issues from them. In Perthshire they inhabit round and verdant hills, on which they dance by the light of the moon. Not far from Lochcon is a place called Coirshian, to which they are particularly attached; near it are conical elevations, especially one above Lake Katrine, which many persons are afraid to pass after sun-set. People sometimes discover traces of them in circles, which are sometimes yellow and trodden down, sometimes of a dark green colour: in these it is dangerous to sleep or to be found after sun-set. Joy and mirth reign in such assemblies of the fairies; for they are particularly fond of dancing, and it is one of their chief occupations. The most delightful music accompanies them. But, in spite of all this gaiety, the fairies

are jealous of the more pure and perfect happiness of man ; and there is always a gloom and anxiety in their secret pleasures, as well as something false or merely illusive in the splendour of their Shians. If not absolutely malicious, they are yet peevish and envious beings. The Highlanders do not like to speak of them, especially on a Friday, when their power is said to be particularly great : and as they can be invisibly present, they are never mentioned but with much respect.

Sometimes, too, they ride invisibly in a large body, when the ringing of their bridles betrays their presence. On these occasions they often take the horses out of people's stables, which are found in the morning fatigued and panting, their manes and tails in disorder. Their own horses are generally as white as snow.

4. *Intercourse with men.* The dwellings of the fairies have sometimes been visited by men, who have either been enticed by them or else discovered the entrances at particular seasons. The people in Perthshire believe that a person who walks alone nine times round a fairy hill on Christmas eve will see an open door on his left hand, by which he may enter. A farmer in the neighbourhood of Cairngorm, in Strathspey, emigrated with his family and his cattle to the forest of Glenavon, which is known to be an abode of

fairies. Two of his sons, who had gone out in the night to seek some strayed sheep, came to a Shian of great extent ; to their no small surprise they saw the most brilliant light issuing from innumerable clefts in the rock, which the keenest eye had never before discovered in it. Curiosity prompted them to approach, and, enchanted with the magic notes of a violin, accompanied by expressions of the greatest mirth, they were in some measure reconciled to their dangerous situation. One of the brothers, in spite of the dissuasions of the other, could not resist his desire to take part in the dance, and at length jumped, at one leap, into the Shian. His brother, who did not venture to follow him, placed himself near one of the clefts, and, as is customary, called him three times by his name, Donald Macgillivray, and earnestly entreated him to return home ; but all in vain : Donald was obliged to bring the melancholy news of his brother's fate to his parents. Every means and art which were resorted to, to withdraw him from the power of the fairies, proved fruitless, and he was given up for lost. At length a wise man advised Donald to return to the Shian after the lapse of a year and a day ; that a cross on his dress would protect him from the power of the Elves, and he might then go in with confidence, demand back his brother in the name of God ; and

in case he refused to follow him, to carry him away by force. Donald sees the light in the Shian, and hears music and rejoicing: after some anxious hesitation he at length enters and finds his brother, who, with the utmost hilarity, is dancing a highland reel. He hastens up to him, takes him by the collar, and conjures him to accompany him. He consents, but wishes first to finish the dance, saying he had not been there more than half an hour. Donald in vain assures him, that instead of half an hour, he had already been dancing a twelvemonth; nor would he have credited him on his return home had not the growth of the children and of the calves convinced him that his dance had lasted a year and a day.

About three hundred years ago there lived in Strathspey two men who were celebrated for their skill in playing on the violin. It once happened that they went, about Christmas time, to Inverness to exercise their art. They immediately took lodgings, gave notice of their arrival, and offered their services. There soon appeared an old man, with a venerable aspect, gray hair, and wrinkles in his face, but agreeable and courteous in his manners. They accompanied him, and came to the door of a rather singular house; it was night, but they could easily perceive that the house was not in any part of the country with which they

were acquainted. It resembled a Tomhan in Glenmore. The friendly invitation and the sound of the money overcame their scruples, and all their fear vanished at the sight of the splendid assembly into which they were introduced. The most delicious music inspired boundless joy and pleasure, and the ground trembled under the feet of the dancers. Both the men passed the night in the most satisfactory manner, and took their leave, much pleased with the kind reception they had experienced. But how great was their surprise when, on leaving this singular abode, they found that they were coming out of a little hill, and that every thing which only the day before had looked fresh, new, and splendid, was now in ruins and decayed by age, while they, at the same time, remarked strange alterations in the dress and manners of the many spectators who followed them, full of wonder and amazement! After coming to a mutual explanation, they concluded that the two musicians must have been with the inhabitants of Tomnafurich, where the Elves in the neighbourhood used to assemble. An old man, who had been attracted by the crowd, on hearing the story, exclaimed: "You are the two men who lodged with my great grandfather, and who, as was supposed, were enticed away by Thomas Rymer to Tomnafurich. Your friends lamented

you very much, but a hundred years, which have since elapsed, have caused your names to be forgotten." Both the men, astonished at the miracle which God had wrought in them, went, as it was Sunday, into the church; they sat and listened for a while to the ringing of the bells, but when the clergyman approached the altar to read the gospel to his congregation, strange to say, at the first word which he uttered, they both crumbled into dust.

The traditions respecting the manner in which persons may be released from the power of the fairies are various. According to the general opinion, it must be done within a year and a day, and can be performed only on Christmas eve, at the annual festive procession of the Elves. Whoever in the slightest degree partakes of the proffered dainties forfeits, by this act, the society of men, and is for ever united to the fairies. It is supposed that a person who has once been in their power will not be permitted to return to the abodes of men till after seven years. After the course of another seven years he vanishes, and is then rarely seen again among mortals. The accounts given by them respecting their situation are different. According to some, they lead a life of uninterrupted action, and wander about in the moonshine; and according to others, they inhabit a de-

lightful district: but their situation is rendered miserable by the circumstance, that one or more of them must be sacrificed to the devil every seventh year.

The wife of a farmer in Lothian had fallen into the hands of the fairies, and, during the probationary year, sometimes appeared on a Sunday, among her children, combing their hair. On these occasions she was addressed by her husband; she related to him the melancholy circumstance which had separated them, and told him the means by which he might recover her; she exhorted him to summon all his resolution, as her present and future happiness depended on the success of his undertaking. The farmer, who sincerely loved his wife, went on Christmas eve, and impatiently waited on a heath for the procession of the fairies. At the rattling of the bridles, and the wild supernatural voices of the riders, his courage forsook him, and the train passed without his attempting to interrupt it. When the last had ridden by, they all vanished amidst laughter and exclamations of rejoicing, among which he recognised the voice of his wife, lamenting that she was now lost to him for ever.

A woman had been enticed into the abodes of the good people, and was there recognised by a person who had once been a mortal man, but was

now joined to the fairies. This acquaintance, who still retained some feelings of humanity, warned her of the danger, and advised her, as she valued her freedom, to abstain for a certain time from taking any food with the Elves. She followed his counsel, and when the term had expired, she once more found herself on the earth among men. It is farther said, that the food which was offered to her, and which appeared so tempting, now that the spell was broken, she found, on closer inspection, to consist merely of lumps of earth.

The fairies had carried a new-born infant to their Shian, and afterwards fetched its mother, that she might nurse her own child. One day, during this period, the woman observed the Elves busy in throwing various ingredients into the boiling kettle, and when it was ready, they carefully anointed their eyes with the mixture, and saved the remainder for future use. When all were absent, she resolved to touch her own eyes with this precious ointment, but had only time to try the experiment on one, as the Elves returned too soon. Yet, with this single eye, she was enabled to see clearly every thing as it really was in the Shian; not as heretofore, in illusive splendour and beauty, but in its true shape and colour. The glittering chamber proved to be nothing more than a gloomy cave. Soon after, having

discharged her duty, she was suffered to go home, but still retained the power of being able to discern, in its true colours, every thing deceitfully transformed. One day she recognised among a crowd the Elf in whose possession she had left her child, though he was invisible to every other eye. Actuated by maternal affection, she went up to him with hesitation, and inquired after the health of her child. The Elf, greatly surprised at being seen by a mortal creature, asked her how she had been able to discover him. Terrified at his frightful threatenings, she confessed what she had done. He spit into her eye, and she was blinded for life *.

Captain George Burton communicated the following particulars for Richard Bovet's *Pandemonium*, which was published in 1684: "About fifteen years ago, I was for some time detained by business at Leith, near Edinburgh, and went frequently with my friends to a respectable house,

* Graham, who communicates this legend from tradition, and which, as Sir W. Scott, p. 122, assures us is as current in the Highlands as in the Lowlands, was not aware that Gervase of Tilbury had related it with some variation in the *Otia Imperialia*. They were only spirits of the water, among whom the woman was detained, and where she anointed her eye with serpent's fat.

where we drank a glass of wine. The mistress of the house one day told me, that there was living in the town a little fairy-boy, as she called him ; and on my expressing a desire to see him, she soon after pointed him out to me, saying, ‘ There, sir, that is he who is playing with the other boys.’ I went up to him, and by kind words, and a piece of money, induced him to accompany me into the house, where, in the presence of several people, I put to him various astrological questions, which he answered with much precision, and in every thing he afterwards said, proved himself to be much beyond his years, being apparently not more than ten or twelve years of age. On his playing with his fingers on the table, I asked him whether he knew how to beat the drum ? ‘ Yes, sir, as well as any one in Scotland ; every Thursday night I beat it for a certain people, who meet in that mountain’ (alluding to the great one between Edinburgh and Leith). ‘ What sort of an assembly is that ?’ said I. ‘ A large company of men and women, who, besides my drum, have various other kinds of music, and an abundance of meats and wine : sometimes we are carried to France or Holland, and back again, in one night, and enjoy the amusements of the country.’ I asked how one could come into the mountain ?

‘By two great doors,’ replied he, ‘which open of themselves, though invisible to others; within are fine large rooms, and as handsomely furnished as any in Scotland.’ I asked him how I could know that what he told me was true? He answered, he would tell me my fortune: I should have two wives, that he saw the form of one of them sitting on my shoulder, and that both were handsome women. As he said these words, a woman living in the neighbourhood came in, and inquired about her fortune. He told her she would have two children before her marriage, at which she was so angry that she would hear no more. The mistress of the house told me, that all the people in Scotland were not able to prevent his visits on the Thursday night. On my holding out to him the prospect of a larger present of money, he promised to meet me in the same house on the following Thursday. He, in fact, made his appearance, and I had agreed with some friends to detain him from his nocturnal visit. He sat among us, and answered various questions, till about eleven o’clock, when he slipped away unperceived, but instantly missing him, I ran towards the door, held him fast, and brought him back. We all watched him, but all at once he was again out at the door. I followed him; in the street he made

a noise as if he had been attacked, and from that time I never saw him any more."

In their intercourse with men, the Elves are sometimes said to manifest evil propensities and inclinations. A long time ago, there lived in the neighbourhood of Cairngorm, in Strathspey, an old woman, a midwife. Late one night, as she was about to retire, somebody knocked very violently at the door. She opened it, and saw a man on horseback, who entreated her to accompany him without delay, as the life of a person was in great danger. He would not even suffer her to change her dress, but obliged her to ride behind him on the horse just as she was. They galloped off, and he returned no other answer to her questions, than that she would be handsomely rewarded. When she grew more anxious, the Elf said, "My good woman, I am going to take you to an Elves' dwelling, where you are to attend on a fairy; but I promise, by every thing that is sacred, that no harm shall happen to you, but that, as soon as your business is finished, you shall be conducted home in safety, and receive a reward as great as you can desire." The Elf was a handsome young man, whose openness and friendly behaviour removed all her fears. The fairy gave birth to a fine little boy, which was the cause of much re-

joicing; and the woman obtained her request, that herself and successors should always be fortunate in their business.

5. *Skill.* — The Elves possess great powers, which they know how to turn to the best advantage. They are the most expert workmen in the world; and every fairy unites in his own person the most various trades: he is his own weaver, tailor, and shoemaker.

A weaver was one night waked out of his sleep by a very great noise; on looking out of bed, he saw his room filled with busy Elves, who were using his tools without the least ceremony. They were employed in converting a large sack of the finest wool into cloth. One was combing, another spinning, a third weaving, the fourth pressing it, and the noise of these different operations and the cries of the fairies created the greatest confusion. Before daybreak they had finished a piece of cloth above fifty ells long, and took their departure without even thanking the weaver for the use of his machinery.

An Elf once made a pair of shoes for a shepherd during the time that he was stirring his porridge, and another shaved an acquaintance with a razor not sharper than a hand.

They are unrivalled in the art of building; this is sufficiently proved by their own dwellings,

which are so strong, that they have resisted the wind and weather for several thousand years, and sustained no damage, except in the stoppage of the chimney.

The buildings which they have executed under the direction of the famous architect, Michael Scott, are truly astonishing. In his early days he used to go once every year to Edinburgh, to get employment. He was once going there with two companions ; they were obliged to pass over a high hill, probably one of the Grampians, and fatigued with the ascent, rested on its summit. They were, however, soon startled by the hissing of a large serpent which darted towards them. Michael's two friends took flight ; but he resolved to make a bold stand, and just as it was about to give him the mortal bite, he, at one stroke of his stick, hewed the monster into three pieces. Having overtaken his terrified companions, they pursued their journey, and lodged for the night in the nearest inn. Here they talked over Michael's adventure with the serpent, which the landlady by chance overheard. Her attention seemed to be excited, and when she heard that the serpent was a white one, she promised to give a large reward to any person who would bring her the middle piece. As the distance was not great, one of the three offered to go : he found the middle

piece, and the tail, but the part with the head had disappeared, and had probably taken refuge in the water, in order to come out again entire, as is the manner of serpents which have combated with men. (It is singular enough, that a person who has been bit by a serpent is infallibly cured if he reaches the water before the serpent.) The woman, on receiving the piece of the serpent, which still gave signs of life, uttered a loud cry, appeared in the highest degree pleased, and gave her guests the best that her house afforded. Michael, curious to know what the woman intended to do with the serpent, feigned to be suddenly seized with violent colic, which could only be cured by sitting near the fire, the warmth of which apparently relieved him. The woman did not at all discover the trick, and thinking that a person in so much pain could not have much curiosity to examine her pots, she willingly consented to his sitting the whole evening at the fire. As soon as all the others had retired, she set about her important business, and Michael had an opportunity of observing, through the keyhole, every thing that occurred. He saw her, after many rites and ceremonies, put the serpent, with some mysterious ingredients, into a kettle, which she brought to the fire before which Michael was lying, and where it was to boil till morning.

Once or twice during the night she came, under pretence of inquiring after the invalid, and to bring him a cordial; she then dipped her fingers into the kettle with the mixture, whereupon the cock, which was perched on a bar, began to crow aloud. Michael wondered at this influence of the broth on the cock, and could not resist the temptation of following her example. He thought that all was not quite right, and feared that the evil one might have some hand in it; but at length his curiosity got the better of his objections. He dipped his fingers into the soup, and touched the tip of his tongue with it, and the cock instantly announced the occurrence in a plaintive tone. Michael now felt himself illuminated with a new, and to him hitherto entirely unknown light, and the affrighted landlady judged it most prudent to let him into her confidence.

Armed with these supernatural endowments, Michael left the house on the following morning. He soon brought some thousands of the devil's best workmen into his power, whom he made so skilful in his trade, that he was able to undertake the buildings of the whole kingdom. To him are ascribed some wonderful works to the north of the Grampians; some of those astonishing bridges which he built in one night, at which only two or three workmen were visible. One day a

work had just been completed, and his people, as they were accustomed to do, thronged round his house, crying out, "Work! work! work!" Displeased at this constant teasing, he called out to them in joke, that they should go and build a road from Fortrose to Arderseir, across the frith of Moray. The cries instantly ceased, and Michael, who considered it impossible to accomplish the task, laughed at them, and remained at home. The following morning, at daybreak, he went to the shore, but how great was his surprise, when he saw that this unparalleled labour had so far succeeded as to require only a few hours to be finished. Uncertain, however, whether it might not prove injurious to trade, he gave orders for demolishing the greater part of the work, and only left in memory of it a piece at Fortrose, which the traveller may behold at this very day.

The fairies, once more out of work, came again with their cries; and Michael, with all his ingenuity, could not devise any harmless employment, till at length he said: "Go and twine ropes which may carry me to the moon, and make them of slime and sea-sand." This procured him rest, and if there was a scarcity of other work, he sent them to make rope. It is true they did not succeed in manufacturing proper ropes, but traces of their labour may be seen to this day on the sea-shore.

Michael Scott, having one day had a quarrel with a person who had offended him, he sent him as a punishment to that unhappy region, where dwells the evil one and his angels. The devil, somewhat displeased at Michael's presumption, showed the new comer the whole extent of hell ; and at length also, by way of consolation, the spot he had prepared for Michael ; it was filled with the most horrid monsters imaginable, toads, lizards, leeches, and a frightful serpent opened its terrific jaws. Satisfied with this spectacle, the stranger returned to the region of day : he related all that he had seen, and made no secret of what Michael Scott had to expect as soon as he should have passed into the other world. Michael, however, did not lose his courage, and declared that he would disappoint the devil in his expectations. " When I am dead," said he, " open my breast, and take out my heart. Place it on a pole in a public place, where every one may see it. If the devil is to have my soul, he will come and fetch it away, under the form of a black raven ; but if it is to be saved, a white dove will bear it off : this shall be a sign to you." After his death they complied with his request : a large black raven came from the east with great swiftness, while a white dove approached with the same velocity from the west. The raven darted violently towards

the heart, missed it, and flew by, while the dove, which reached it at the same time, carried it off, amidst the shouts of the populace.

6. *Good Neighbours*.—People endeavour to be on good terms with the Elves, who possess so much power, and are at the same time so capricious. Though every thing fluid which is spilt on the ground is theirs by right, many persons purposely set apart for them a portion of the best things they possess. Sometimes the subterraneous dwellings of the fairies are in the neighbourhood of men; or, as the people express it, “under the threshold;” and then an intercourse with mankind arises by borrowing and lending, and other neighbourly offices. In this quality they are called the good neighbours*: and they secretly provide for the wants of their friends, and assist them in all their undertakings so long as they do not publish their favours.

A farmer in Strathspey was one day sowing his grounds, at the same time singing a merry tune, when a very beautiful fairy made her appearance. She requested him to oblige her by singing an old Gaelic song; when he had complied, she begged him to make her a present of some corn. He asked her what she would give him for it.

* The people pay a similar regard even to the devil, and call him the good man.

She replied, that if he granted her request, he should not soon be in want of seed. He gave her a considerable share out of his sack, and she withdrew. Soon after he was agreeably surprised to find that the sack out of which he had already sown a large field did not diminish, and was still the same in weight and size as when he met the fairy. He sowed yet another field without perceiving any decrease. Quite delighted, he returned home; but his loquacious wife, who had a tongue as busy with a head as empty as the great bell of the church steeple, did not cease to proclaim her surprise at this unaccountable property of the sack out of which they had procured seed sufficient to sow the half of their lands. Now it is well known, that if you invoke a supernatural power, the charm is instantly broken. The same was the case in this instance; the sack became immediately empty. "Thou stupid woman!" exclaimed the mortified husband, "hadst thou kept thy troublesome tongue within bounds, the sack would have been worth its weight in gold."

Godfrey Macculloch was one day riding out: he met near his own house a little old man, dressed in green, and mounted on a white horse. They saluted each other, and the little fellow gave him to understand that he lived below his house, and had to make great complaints respecting the course of



The "good Neighbour" spurred his horse.

a drain, which emptied itself exactly in his best apartment. Macculloch was startled at this singular speech, but guessing the nature of the being with whom he had to deal, assured the old man in the most friendly manner, that he would give another direction to the drain; and immediately commenced the necessary arrangements. Some years after (1697) Macculloch had the misfortune to kill a neighbouring nobleman in a dispute; he was taken and condemned. The scaffold, on which he was to be beheaded, was prepared on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, but he had scarcely reached it when the little old man on the white horse rushed through the crowd with the rapidity of lightning. Macculloch, at his bidding, jumped up behind; the "good neighbour" spurred his horse down the steep declivity, and neither he nor the animal were ever seen afterwards.

7. *Spiteful tricks.*—Necessity does not impel the fairies to rob mankind in secret and with cunning, but a natural inclination seems to actuate them. The whirlwind is not the only artifice of which they avail themselves to steal any object; they resort to others more pernicious, and cause misfortunes, such as conflagrations, in order to derive advantage from them.

A female fairy, who lived in the towers of Craig-ail-naic, begged a farmer's wife, in Delnabo,

for a little oatmeal, for her family ; promising to return it shortly, as she should soon have a large supply of it herself. The woman being afraid, granted the request of the Elf, and, according to custom, treated her with some liquor, and bread and cheese; and offered to accompany her on the road. As they were going up an eminence above the town, the Banshee stopped, and with evident satisfaction told the woman that she might take her meal home again, she having now obtained the expected supply. The woman, without asking the Elf where she had procured it, took back her own with pleasure, and returned home. But how great was her surprise, when in a few minutes after she beheld the granary of a neighbouring farm in flames.

A farmer, who held the farm of Auchriachan of Strathavon, was one day looking after his goats on a distant hill in Glenlivat, when a thick fog concealed the road, and confused his senses. Every stone was, in his eyes, as large as a mountain ; every little brook seemed to flow in an opposite direction, and the poor wanderer gave up all hopes of ever again reaching his own home. As the night was closing in, he sat down quite exhausted, and expecting his end, when he saw the glimmering of a faint light. At the sight he seemed to acquire fresh strength ; he arose and went towards

it; when he came up with the light, he found that it was a wild and savage place, where human foot had probably never trod; still he took courage, and advanced towards an open door. But how did his resolution fail him when he met an old female friend, whose corpse he had lately accompanied to the grave, and who appeared here to discharge the office of housekeeper! She instantly ran up to him, and told him that he would be a lost man if he did not hide himself in a corner, where he must continue till he could find an opportunity for flight. He took her advice. Scarcely had he concealed himself, when an innumerable assemblage of Fairies, who seemed to have returned from some important expedition, came in very hungry, and called out for food. "What have we to eat?" said they. Then replied a cunning looking old Elf, who was sitting at the fire: "You all know and hate the miserly old fellow of Auchriachan, mean and avaricious as he is; he lets nothing come to us, and even deprives us of our due. From his old grandmother, the witch, he has learnt to protect every thing by a charm, and we can't even glean upon his fields, much less touch the crop. To-night he is from home, as he is seeking his goats, our allies," (for goats are said to have a good understanding with the Elves, and to possess more cunning than

appears at first sight); "his careless people have never thought of taking any precautions, and we can now dispose, at our pleasure, of all his property; come along, and let us fetch his favourite ox for our supper!" "Agreed!" exclaimed all with one voice, "Thomas Rymer is right; the farmer of Auchriachan is a miserable wretch, we will have his ox!" "But where shall we get bread?" said another gray-haired Elf. "We'll also take his new-baked bread," cried the sage counsellor; "he is a poor old creature, and his wife has forgotten to mark the sign of the cross upon the first loaf." The unhappy man overheard all this in his corner, and had besides the mortification to see his ox brought in and killed. While all were busy in preparing the meat, the old woman found an opportunity to let him escape. When he got out the fog was dispersed, the stones appeared in their proper shape, and the moon shone so brightly that he found his way home without any difficulty. His family were overjoyed to see him; and his wife, who thought that he must be hungry, brought some milk and new bread, and invited him to partake of it; but he would not touch it, knowing that the bread was not real bread, but only a shameful illusion. He inquired after his ox, and whether it had been, as usual, protected against evil influence? "Ah, no, dear father! in our great anxiety for you, I

forgot it." Alas!" cried the disconsolate farmer, "my favourite ox is gone!" "How?" said the son, "I saw it only two hours ago." "That was only a false substitute of the Fairies; bring it hither quickly, that I may get rid of it." And amidst the most violent invectives against the malevolent Elves, he aimed such a desperate blow at its forehead that it fell down dead. It lay there, together with the bread, and neither dog nor cat would touch it.

8. *Changelings*. Among the wicked propensities of the Fairies is their inclination to steal children, in doing which they display particular sagacity. They have often, in broad daylight, taken a favourite child from its inexperienced mother, and substituted a changeling, whose fictitious illness and death makes the lot of the poor parents still more hard. And they have even stolen a child out of its father's arms when he had taken it out with him on horseback.

Two men of Strathspey used to visit a family at Glenlivat for the purpose of dealing in spirits, which could be the most securely carried on during the night. One night, while engaged in measuring the whiskey, an infant, which was lying in the cradle, gave a violent shriek, as if it had been shot. The mother immediately made the sign of the cross over the child, and took it out of the cradle:

the two men took no further notice of it, and, when their business was finished, went away with their load. At a short distance from the house they were surprised to find a little child quite alone in the road. One of them took it up, when it instantly left off crying, threw its arms round his neck, and began to smile. On looking at it more closely, they recognised their friend's child, and directly suspected the Elves, particularly as they remembered the shriek. They had carried off the real child, and put a changeling in its place; but on the mother's making the sign of the cross, it was delivered out of the power of the Fairies, who were forced to abandon it. As their time was limited, and they could not turn back on the spot to explain the mysterious event, they continued their journey, and took every care of the young traveller. A fortnight after, business again brought them to Glenlivat; they carried the child with them, but concealed it on their entrance. The mother began to complain of the obstinate illness of her child, with which it had been afflicted since their last visit, and which would certainly be the cause of its death. At the same moment the changeling uttered lamentable cries, as if in the greatest pain. The strangers told the mother to be of good courage—she should have her own child restored as healthy and lively as a fish in water—

that the other was nothing but a changeling. The mother received her own child with joy: the men lighted a bundle of straw to throw the changeling in, but at the sight of it the Elf made its escape through the chimney.

If a mother wishes to protect her child against fairies, she must let its head hang down when she is dressing it in the morning. A red thread tied round the throat, or a cross, is likewise a safeguard. If the child has already been exchanged for a fairy, it can be obtained again in the following manner: The changeling is laid before night-fall, in a place where three lands, or three rivers, meet; in the night the Elves bring back the stolen child, put it down, and carry the substitute away with them.

On the east coast of Scotland, the people resort to a peculiar method to avert the danger. During the month of March, when the moon is on her increase, they cut down branches of oak and ivy, which are formed into garlands, and preserved till the following autumn. If any one of the family should grow lean, or a child pine away, they must pass three times through this wreath.

The Elves likewise endeavour to gain possession of women who are near their lying-in; and, as in the case of child-stealing, they substitute a fictitious and illusive being.

At Glenbrown, in the parish of Abernethy, lived John Roy, a very courageous man. One night he was going over the mountains, when he fell in with a company of Elves, whose mode of travelling clearly indicated that they were carrying a person off with them. He recollected to have been told, that the fairies are obliged to give up what they have, for any thing offered to them in exchange, even if it should be of inferior value. John Roy pulled off his cap, threw it to them, and cried, "Mine is yours, and yours is mine!" upon which the Elves were obliged to take his cap, and resign their prey, which proved to be nothing less than a beautiful woman, by her dress and language a Saxon. John Roy brought her with much kindness to his home, where, for seven years, she was treated with the greatest respect. She gradually accustomed herself to her new mode of life, and was looked upon as a member of the family. It chanced that "the new king" caused the great public road in this neighbourhood to be made by soldiers. John Roy forgot his dislike to a *Saxon*, and offered a lodging, (which could not otherwise have been easily obtained), in his house, to a captain and his son, who commanded a body of workmen in the vicinity. Both the host and his guests were mutually pleased with each other; only it was disagree-

able to Roy that the latter regarded the English lady with so much attention. One day the father said to his son, "I am struck with the resemblance of this woman to my deceased wife; two sisters could not be more like each other, and if it were not morally impossible, I should say that she was my own beloved wife;" at the same time mentioning her name. The woman, attentive to their conversation, on hearing her own name, recognises her husband and son, and runs to embrace them. The Elves who inhabited the Shian of Coirlaggack had undertaken an expedition into the south of England, and made no scruple to steal the woman even during her illness. A false being was laid in her room, who died a few days after; and the husband, supposing it to have been his own wife, had her buried.

9. *Elfbolt, weapons, and utensils.* The most shameful action of the Elves, however, is their killing men and animals with a magic weapon generally called an elfbolt. These bolts are of various sizes, of a hard, yellowish substance, resembling flint, which they can always replace. The bolt is frequently in the shape of a heart, the edges sharply indented like a saw. The Fairies shoot this mortal weapon at men and beasts with so much precision that they seldom miss their aim, and the wound is

always fatal. So great is the force with which it strikes, that the moment it touches its object it pierces it to the heart, and in the twinkling of an eye the man or beast lies dead and cold upon the ground. Strange it is, an ordinary man is not able to find the wound, unless he possesses the power which enables some wise people to trace the way by which the bolt came, and to discover it in the dead body. Whoever finds it should preserve it with much care, as the possessor of it is always secured against death from such a weapon.

The rude metal battle-axes which are met with are made by Fairies, who are here hammering in the clefts and caves of rocks. The pierced and rounded stones which are formed by attrition in the beds of the rivers are the dishes and goblets of the Elves.

The lightning sometimes cuts out pieces of turf with extreme regularity: these are supposed to have been dug out by the Elves.

10. *The Elf bull.* In the fine days of autumn, when the fields have been reaped, and a number of cattle are collected together from the different farms, the creatures oftentimes run about and bellow as if mad, though there appears no cause for this confusion. If you look through an Elf's knot-hole, or through the aperture made in the skin of an animal by an elf bolt, you may see the elf

bull butting with the strongest bull in the herd : but this eye is ever after deprived of sight ; and many a one has become blind in this way. The elf bull is small in comparison with the real one ; of a mouse colour, has upright ears, short horns and legs ; his hair is short, smooth, and shining like an otter. He is, besides, supernaturally strong and courageous : he is mostly seen on the banks of rivers, and is fond of eating green grass in the night.

A farmer who lived near a river had a cow which regularly every year, on a certain day in May, left the meadow and went slowly along the banks of the river till she came opposite to a small island overgrown with bushes ; she went into the water and waded or swam towards the island, where she passed some time, and then returned to her pasture. This continued for several years ; and every year, at the usual season, she produced a calf which perfectly resembled the elf bull. One afternoon, about Martinmas, the farmer, when all the corn was got in and measured, was sitting at his fireside, and the subject of the conversation was, which of the cattle should be killed for Christmas. He said : “ We ’ll have the cow ; she is well fed, and has rendered good services in ploughing, and filled the stalls with fine oxen : now we will pick

her old bones." Scarcely had he uttered these words when the cow with her young ones rushed through the walls as if they had been made of paper, went round the dunghill, bellowed at each of her calves, and then drove them all before her, according to their age, towards the river, where they got into the water, reached the island, and vanished among the bushes. They were never more heard of.

11. *Sea Elves.* On the north coast of Scotland dwelt a man who got his living by fishing, and particularly by catching those singular creatures called seals, for the skins of which he was well paid. Yet most of these are neither seals nor fish, but are properly Elves. One day, as the fisherman was returning from his business, he was called by a person who appeared to be a stranger, and who told him that he had been sent by one who wished to bargain with him for a number of seals' skins, but that he must instantly accompany him. The fisherman, overjoyed at the prospect of a good job, consented, and mounting a horse which belonged to the stranger, he rode with him so swiftly that the wind, which was in their backs, seemed, from the rapidity of their motion, to blow in their faces. They reached a frightful crag which projected into the sea, when the guide said

they had now come to the place of their destination, and seizing the fisherman with more than human strength, threw himself with him into the sea. They sunk, and sunk, till they came at length to an open door at the bottom, through which they entered into a suite of rooms, all filled with seals, which, however, have the power of language, and possess human feelings; at length the fisherman, to his utmost surprise, found that, without being aware of it, he had himself been changed into a seal. His guide produced an enormous knife, and he already thought that his end was come; when the latter quieted his fears, and asked him if he had never before seen the knife? He recognised it to be his own, with which he had that morning wounded a seal, which, however, had escaped. "That was my father," said his guide; "he lies dangerously ill, and cannot recover without your assistance." He brought the terrified fisherman to the patient, who was lying, in great pain, in a bed: the man was obliged to dress the wound, and the seal immediately recovered. The mourning was now converted into general joy. The guide said to the fisherman, "I will myself bring you back to your family, but you must promise that you will not kill another seal as long as you live." Both swam

towards the surface, and landed at a place where they found horses ready for them. The guide breathed on the fisherman, and both received the human form. At the door of his house he received a present so large as not to leave any cause of regret at having renounced his trade.

12. *The Brownie.* He never speaks of his descent, but seems upon the whole to belong to the Elves. His figure is not very slim, but well proportioned and agreeable; while others represent him as lean and rough coated. He derives his name from his peculiarly brown colour. He is industrious, intent on his master's service, and always willing. According to some, he remains concealed in his corner night and day; and according to others, only in the daytime, and works at night. He labours for scanty fare, and sometimes cast-off clothes; nay, he even vanishes when any other recompense is given him. So cheap and useful a servant is naturally very valuable, but cannot be obtained with money. He continues in a family so long as a member of it survives, and hence he is the heir-loom of an ancient and respected house. Besides unparalleled fidelity, he is unremitting in promoting his master's interest; and his services are still further enhanced by the gift of foretelling future events. He maintains a

strict watch over the servants, reports their good and bad actions, and they are therefore but seldom on friendly terms with him: if he is left to their mercy, his fidelity is not likely to meet with any extraordinary reward. The master who regards his own interest must take care that the Brownie properly receives his food. He likes to lie down at night near the fire; and if the servants loiter too long around the hearth, he seems apprehensive of losing his place, and several times makes his appearance at the door, as if it was his business to see that they retire in proper time, and exhorts them, saying, "Go to bed, and I'll mind the fire!"

A certain family had a Brownie, and the mistress of the house being taken in labour, a servant was desired to go to Jedburgh for a midwife; but being rather dilatory, the Brownie slipped into his great coat, rode on his master's best horse to town, and took the woman up behind him. Meantime the Tweed, through which they must necessarily pass, had swollen; the Brownie, who rode with the velocity of a spirit, was not to be stopped; he plunged into the water with the poor old woman, and they reached the house in safety. When he had taken the horse into the stable, where it was afterwards found in a very miserable condition, he went into the servant's room, whom he found just about

to put on his boots, and gave him some hearty blows with his own whip. So extraordinary a service excited his master's gratitude; and as he thought he had understood that the Brownie wished to have a green coat, he had one made and laid in his accustomed corner. The Brownie received the present, but was never heard of more. Perhaps he went in his green dress to join the fairies.

The last Brownie that was known in the forest of Ettrick dwelt in Bodsbeck, a wild and solitary valley, where he lived in perfect tranquillity till the officious piety of an old woman obliged him to remove, as she had a dish of milk, with a piece of money, placed in his abode. After this hint to depart he was heard crying and lamenting the whole night, "Farewell, dearest Bodsbeck!" which he was now compelled to leave for ever.

Formerly every family of consequence had its Brownie, but now they have become more rare. The two last that were known in the Highlands belonged to the ancient family of Tullochgorm in Strathspey: they were a man and his wife. The man, of a droll and merry disposition, often made game of people; he was particularly fond of pelting those who passed by with lumps of earth, whence he received the name of Brownie-clod. However, with all his good humour, he was rather simple,

and was tricked by those whom he himself intended to trick. The best instance is an agreement which he was foolish enough to make with the servants of Tullochgorm, and by which he engaged himself to thrash as much corn as two men could do in the whole winter; for this he was to receive an old coat and a Kilmarnock cap, to which he seemed to have taken a great fancy. While the servants lay down in the straw and idled away their time, poor Brownie thrashed without ceasing: in short, before the agreement was completed, the men, out of gratitude and compassion, put the coat and cap into a corn measure in the barn. He instantly left off work, and said contemptuously, that as they had been simple enough to give him the coat and cap before the end of his task, he would take good care, and not thrash a single sheaf more.

His wife, on the contrary, instead of being the sport of the maids with whom she worked, was a sort of mistress among them. She was seldom on good terms with them, on account of the fidelity with which she acquainted her master with every neglect of their duty. She had a profusion of hair on her head, whence she was called hairy Mag (*Maug vuluchd*). She was an honest and able housekeeper, and particularly clever in waiting at

table. The care with which she invisibly set out the table was a most entertaining sight to strangers; the thing asked for came as if by magic, and placed itself on the table with the greatest speed and nicety: she had no equal in the whole country for cleanliness and attention.



ON THE

NATURE OF THE ELVES.

THE Scotch traditions contain the most complete system of belief in a people of spirits invisibly filling all nature, and nearly connected with mankind ; and therefore deserved the preceding detailed account, in which we have consulted all accessible sources. With respect to what is new in this work concerning Ireland, the foregoing view seemed to be useful to facilitate the understanding of it. The traditions of other countries, as far as we are acquainted with them, are, on the whole, more incomplete, though in parts sometimes more detailed. To continue in this manner, and treat of every people by itself, would, indeed, offer some advantages ; but, on account of the many and yet necessary repetitions, occupy more room than can be allowed for this

introduction. It therefore seemed more to the purpose to select the principal points; and, in considering them, to notice the peculiarities of other nations, as well as the important coincidence and the remote antiquity of the whole.

The method we have pursued is different from that adopted by Sir Walter Scott, in the before-mentioned treatise, which is undoubtedly valuable for its contents. He endeavours, in a manner which appears to us too arbitrary, being founded on mere supposition, to elucidate various parts of this belief in spirits; a belief said to be established on history, which is presumed to have given the present form, although it is very much on the decline. Our object, on the contrary, is to represent it as something which, so long as it subsisted, must have been a complete and connected whole. By not confounding different ages, but, on the contrary, separating each, and showing the great influence of Christianity in effecting changes in it, we think that we preserve the right of historical investigation. It was, therefore, part of our object to seek the earliest traces of the existence of fairies: they have confirmed, and even explained, the still existing belief, or derived light from it.

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1. NAME.

That the word *Elf* is the most general expression in our (the German) language for these spiritual beings, is evident from the examination of every dialect of the German. More restrictive appellations were afterwards introduced, or the name itself was lost.

1. The form *Alp* belongs to the high German language; which simple word is not, indeed, met with in any ancient document previous to the thirteenth century; without doubt, merely because there was no occasion to make mention of a heathen notion despised by the learned. The expression, however, must have been current in the remotest ages. A number of masculine and feminine proper names are formed and compounded with it: *Alpinc*, *Alpirih*, *Alpkôz*, *Alpkast*, *Alphart*, *Alpkêr*, *Alpwin*, *Alphâri*, *Alptac*, *Alphilt*, *Alplint*, *Alploug*, *Alpsuint*, *Westralp*, which clearly shows that no evil or odious idea was attached to it.

The middle high German poets sometimes use this expression, though in general very rarely. It is usually in the masculine form. In the old *Meistergesangbuch* (Book of the Meister-Singers), 37^b, the poet addresses God: *Got unde niht alp*;

“ God, no deceitful spirit !” *Zer wilder albe klúsen*, in *Parc. 46^a*, is, indeed, uncertain, as it may signify, “ to the haunt of wild spirits,” and, also, “ to the wild Alpine, or mountain retreats.” (*Vide Barl. 194, gein den wilden alben*, and *Parc. 62^a zer wilden muntâne.*) The following passages more clearly indicate the spirit. ~

A travelling student (*Altd. Wäld. ii. 55*) mentions a remedy good against the Alp (*guot vür den Alp*). Most of the allusions are in the still inedited poem of Ruodigers, the *zwein Gesellen* (*Königsberg MS.*) 12^a.

*dich hat geriten der mar,
ein Elbischez ás.
dú solt daz übele getwâs
mit dem kriuze vertriben ;
sit, daz hât man von in wiben,
swenne uns mannen iht geschehe ;
daz ir immer des jehet
uns triege der Alp*.*

And immediately after :

*dir enhât nieman niht getân
wan so vil, daz dich zonmet*

* The night mare has ridden thee, an *Elvish* monster ; you should drive away the evil spirit (illusion ?) with the cross ; see that is what we get by you women, when it happens to us men then you always fancy the *Alp* deceives us.

*ein Alp, dâvon dir troumet ;
der var der Sonnen haz*.*

The last line is also a form of imprecation.
And 14^b:

*in bedûhte, daz er vlüge,
oder daz in lihte trûge
ein Alp in sime troume†.*

14^c: *ez gezâme michel baz,
daz dû mit zûhten lâges
unt solher ruowe pflâgez,
als ûf der beite wære
denm elbischen gebûre‡.*

Farther on, 16^d:

ich sehe wol, daz dû elbisch bist§ ;

17^a: *ein elbische ungehiure !
sprach sie, dû sist verwûzen || !*

18^a: *nû sagâ mir, elbischez getwâs.
vil rehte dinen namen ¶.*

In another poem (Old Meister, Singers-book,
2b):

* No one has done any thing to you ; it may be that an *Alp* plagues you, of which you dream, which is odious to the sun !

† Tell him that he flies, or that, perhaps, an *Alp* deceives him in his dreams.

‡ It would be more proper Michael baz that you should lie still, as on a bed, than behave yourself in such an Elfish manner.

§ I plainly see that thou art Elfish.

|| Cursed be thou, thou Elvish monster !

¶ Now tell me truly, Elvish illusion, thy name.

*elbe triegent nûit so vil jûnge
unde alte, alsô ez mich tuot*.*

Herbort (Trojan war, 84^c) speaks of *elbischem viure* (ignes fatui); but instead of *der alp*, he seems to use the neuter *daz alp*, or *elbe*. Plural, *diu elber* (idem 5^d):

diu elber triegent mich†
and 6^a: *unreinez getwâs‡*;

in the same manner at an earlier period; besides the masculine, *der tiuvel*, *daz tiuvel*, plural, *diu tiuvler* (old high German *diufilir*, Otrf. iii. 14. 103) was used. Otherwise the devil of Christianity, whom we conceive as masculine, is often in the old German language feminine; because, according to our popular belief, witch and sorceress were more familiar than the evil spirit and enchanter. Ulfilas says, rather *unhulthô* than *unhultha*; and in old high German documents (hymn xxiv. 3. gloss. Ker. 85), *diabolus*, instead of the masculine *unholdo*, is translated by the feminine *unholdâ*. German fables, at least, give the devil a grandmother; and the evil genius *Grendel*, in the Anglo-Saxon poem, is assisted by his still

* An *Elf* does not deceive so many young and old as it does me.

† The Elves deceive me.

‡ Impure illusion.

more wicked mother. We may, therefore, be the less surprised that the feminine *diu alp*, genitive *der elbe*, occurs. Henry of Morunge says (MS. i. 50^b),

*von der elbe wirt entsehen vil maniger man,
alsô wart ich von grözer liebe entsehen.*

That is, Many people have been bewitched by the *Alp*; so have I been bewitched by love. The meaning of *entsehen* (bewitched) is confirmed by the following passage from the inedited Eraclius, line 3329—3335:

*ich sage in guotiu märe,
sprach diu alte, do sie sie ersach,
iuwers kindes ungemach
kan ich wol vertriben,
hie geredet under uns wiben,
ich hân in geseget, er was entsehen,
im sol arges niht geschehen*.*

Besides this restricted meaning of a nocturnal spirit oppressing mankind, the older, and, originally, more common signification for spirit in general might have subsisted, as may be inferred, partly from the *Elberich* of the *Nibelungen* and

* "I will tell you a good tale," said the old woman when she perceived it, "your child's illness I can cure: here—spoken among us women—I have charmed him; if he has seen any thing no harm shall happen to him."

the Heldenbuch ; partly from a passage in the German translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (B. v. chap. 9), where the expression the *Elben* and *Elbinnen* occurs. Wikram probably met with it in the work of Albrecht of Halberstadt, which he paraphrased. In the legend of Brandan (Bruns, p. 195), we meet with the following :

“ *to hant kam de dûvel allenthalven
lôpen mit glôenden alven**.”

Here, therefore, the fiery spirits are called Elves of hell.

At present, only the superstitious belief of the pressing and suffocation by the Alp continues in Germany with the old name : all other stories of spirits are ascribed to dwarfs, wights, and not to Elves (*Elben*), though this expression is occasionally even met with in the later trials of witches †. We should have avoided the term *Elfen*, which is not high German, and was never current among the people, had it not been introduced by the poets of the last century in translations from the English, without regard to the

* “ The devil came running every where with *fiery alves*.”

† Vide Pomarius Colleg. Synopt. Phys. disp. 13. sent. 23, 24. 26, and Prætorius's Geography, i. 181, 182.

peculiarity of our language ; so that it has now become familiar.

2. The French have taken from the German the word *Alp* for Spirit, but have changed it to suit their language into *Aube*, for so we must understand the word *Auberon*, afterwards *Oberon*, which occurs in an old French tradition. It nearly corresponds with our *Elberich*, and has all the qualities of the benevolent Elves. From this ancient French source the English poets have borrowed their Elfin king *Oberon*, which they would more properly have translated by *Elfric*, since *Ob* signifies nothing more than the English word *Elf*.

3. In Anglo Saxon words we meet as well with the simple *âlf* as with the compounds *Alfric*, *Alfred*, &c. The feminine is *alfen*, genitive, *alfenne*. Respecting the older and more extensive signification, there can be no doubt ; *mägâlf* and *âlfscîne* are used in poems as epithets applied to men (*Cædm.* 40. 58. *Beov.* 194. *Jud.* 9.) No traditions seem to have been preserved. In MSS. we indeed meet with the expressions *dûnâlfenne* (monticolæ, castalides), *feldâlfenne* (naiades, hamadryades), *muntâlfenne* (oreades), *sæâlfenne* (naiades), *vudâlfenne* (dryades) ; but they appear rather to have been made for the translation of Greek words, than to teach us any distinctions among our indi-

genous spirits. Later old English poets contain numerous examples of the general continuance of the word, and of the thing. It will be sufficient to subjoin a few from the Canterbury Tales.

5174, the mother was an elve by aventure,
ycome by charmes or by sorcerie.

6442, the elfquene with hire joly compaignie
danced ful oft in many a grene mede,
this was the old opinion, as I rede,
I speke of many hundred yeres ago,
but now can no man see non elves me.

13718, 13720, 13724, an *elfquene*; 13633, se semeth *elvish* by his countenance; 16219, *elvish* craft; 16310, *elvish* nice. Many more are found in Spenser and Shakespeare*, and the almost synonymous term of Fairy has gradually become more common. Now, though this *Elf* has sometimes entirely the meaning of the later high German *Alp*, and *elvish* precisely that of fantastic, yet there is a series of genuine Elfin tales by the old name, without this restriction to mere enchantment.

4. The northern traditions and poems have preserved this denomination in the greatest purity

* Mr. Voss, in his remarks on the Midsummer Night's Dream, p. 509—511, has enumerated the properties of the Fairies in Shakespeare, in which the poet may perhaps have a considerable share, though upon the whole he has taken the popular belief as the foundation.

and in the original extensive signification. Old Norwegian *álfr*, plural *álfar*; Swedish *elf*, pl. *elfar*, of which the feminine plural *elfvor* is frequently used; Danish *elv*, pl. *elve*; in composition at present, *ellefolk*, *ellekone*, *ellekonge*, instead of *elvefolk*, &c.; from which *ellekonge*, the incorrect German termination *erlkönig*, has originated by a misunderstanding, as the spirit has nothing to do with the erle tree, Danish *elle*, old Norwegian *elni* (*alnus*).

5. The original meaning of the word *alp*, *älf*, *álfr*, is probably connected with the Latin *albus* (white); compare the Greek *ἄλφιτον* (flour) *ἄλφιστοι*, a female spirit, of which people were afraid (white woman?); but not with the Latin *alpes* (mountains). It is also connected with the general name of rivers, *Elbe*, *elf*, *albis* (French *aube*), without our however being obliged to conclude that the Elfs are water spirits, which is only sometimes the case.

2. DEGREES AND VARIETIES.

THE traditions which represent the fairies as angels expelled from heaven and half devoted to hell, and, therefore, as half devilish beings*, have

* Vide the Irish Legend, No. 4 of the "Priest's Supper," and the note upon it, where the similar Danish and Scotch tradition is quoted. In Sweden too it is every where known,

a counterpart, which already existed, explained on Christian principles; but it was probably of earlier date. The Edda distinguishes white shining Elves of light, and black Elves of darkness, not as good and evil, but to designate them as the spirits of the different regions; of the brilliant heaven and the gloomy earth. This is manifest from the circumstance that the black Elves are called also dwarfs (in the same manner as a dwarf, in the *Kenningar*, bears the name of *Alf*), this being the peculiar expression for subterraneous spirits dwelling in dark mountain caves. The Elves of light, of a pure colour, seem nearly transparent, quite ethereal, with white garments, shining like silver, as in the Irish legend. In German traditions (No. 10 and 11) they are represented as

only (and that is remarkable) with a contrary solution. (*Schwedische Volkslieder*, iii. 128). Two children are playing on the banks of a river—a Nix (a water sprite) was sitting on the water playing on his harp. The children call to him—"Of what use is it that you sit there and play, you will not be saved." The Nix cried bitterly, threw aside his harp, and sank to the bottom. When the children returned home to their father they related what had happened. The father bid them go back, comfort the Nix, and give him the assurance of his redemption. On reaching the river, they found the Nix sitting on the water and crying. "Nix, do not grieve," said they; "father says that thy Redeemer also liveth." Upon this the Nix took up his harp and played a cheerful air. (See also iii. 158.)

snow white virgins sitting in the sunshine ; appear at noon (No. 12) ; and are not permitted to remain after the setting of the sun ; which is hence called in the Edda (Säm. i. 70 and 231) *álfröðull*, “ shining on the Elves.” The terrestrial Elves, on the contrary, are corporeal, and of a dark colour ; hence in Norway they are called *blue*, in the same sense as in the Norwegian language a negro is called *blámadr* : the Scotch Brownie is brown and shaggy, like the wild Berta in the German tradition (No. 268) ; and brown dwarfs in Northumberland are mentioned in a note to Scott’s *Lady of the Lake*. The terrestrial fairies, also, wear dresses of a dark colour : they appear only in the night ; and, unlike the Elves of light, avoid the sun ; which is hence called in the Edda (Hamdismál Str. i.) “ the dread of the Elves” (*graeti álfa*). If daylight surprises them, the rays of the sun change them into stone. (See Edda, Säm. i. 274, ii. 44.)

This distinction of course ceased when reference was made to moral qualities ; and the two kinds of Elves were confounded ; but that in Germany the notion of the Elves of light existed, (and, perhaps, in direct opposition to later times, was the more general), is shown, not only from the already explained affinity of the word with the Latin *albus*, but by the circumstance, that after

the conversion, the Christian *engil* was used just in the same manner as *Alp* had been before in the composition of proper names, and so far took its place; for example, *Engilrich*, *Engilhart*, *Engilgêr*, &c. Among the Anglo-Saxons, composition produces *Älfscine*, i. e. shining like an Elf.

Elberich affords the best instance of the mixture of the two kinds. His very name discovers his origin. In the *Nibelungen* (1985), and in *Otnit* (Str. 127, Mone), he is called a *wildez getwerc* (a wild dwarf): he hammers and dwells in mountain caves, and yet he is superior in intellect; and externally brilliant, where he appears in the latter poem, of which he is in fact the hero. In Norwegian traditions it is indicated that the dwarf is more corporeal and less spiritual than the Elf; but the more intimate his connexion with man the more human are his wants. As a domestic spirit, he serves for food and clothing, while he can perform wonderful things, and is a being at once in need of help and possessed of supernatural power.

The expressions *wichte*, *schrâte*, *schretlein*, signify nothing more than the little subterraneous beings, or dwarfs, though to that particular denomination a peculiar indistinct secondary meaning, often difficult to be defined, may be attached.

We will subjoin the passages in which we have met with these names :

Glossae Lindenbrog. 995^a, fauni, silvestres homines: *waltscrechel*, which run about the forest. 996^b, larvæ, lares mali: *screza*. Gl. Vindob. larvæ: *screzzol scraito*. Gl. Trev. *screiz*, larvæ, and inserted by a later hand: *Klein herchin*. Barlaam, 251, 11. *ein wilder waltschrates* (a wild mountain schrate), and Alt. Wälder, iii. 225, where it stands for faun. *Schretel* in Cod. Palat. No. 341. f. 371. Titurel, 190, *sie ist villihte ein schrat' ein geist von helle*. (She is perhaps a schrat, a spirit of hell.) Hans Vintler's Tugendbuch of the year 1411 (according to the Gotha MS.):

——— *etliche die jehent,
daz Schretlîn daz si ein kleinez kint
unde si als ringe als der wint
unde si ein verzwivelôter geist* *.

In Joke Vocab. 1482. Schretlin, penates, *unreinez wiht* (Duitiska, i. 13), *unreiner Schraz* (Altd. Wälder, iii. 170), *Schrabaz* (Titurel, 4164), *Schrawaz* (Gudrun, 448), *waltschrates* (see Herrad. 200^b); ephialtes, *daz nacht schrettele* (Dasypod, p. 292^a, and 45^b).

The Norwegian *Vaettur* answers to the German

* Some who fancy that the *Schretlin* is a little child, and as swift as the wind, and that it is a fallen angel.

and Anglo-Saxon *wiht*; *hollar vaettir*, amiable spirits, are invoked in the Edda (Oddrânar grâtr, viii.), *wihtel* in Cod. Palat. No. 341. Wolddietrich, Str. 789. 799. *Kleinez wihtelîn* (little wight), Liedersaal, i. 378. 380. *Kleinez wihtelîn, ez moht kûme elnlanc sin* (little wight, it might scarce be an ell* high.) Vocab. 1482. *Wihtelin*, penates, See gl. blas. 87^a, *wihsilstein* (penas), perhaps *wihtilstein*? yet gl. trev. 36^b, have *wihilstein*.

The water, too, is inhabited by fairies; and as this element is shining and transparent, they appear to be classed among the Elves of light. They are called *Nixen*, *Nökken* (old high German, *nihhus*, pl. *nihhussá*) by Conrad of Würtzburg, Man. Samml. ii. 200^b, the *vertânen wazzer-nixen*; *wassermänner*, and *wasserfrauen*, *schwanen-jungfrauen*: and as they wear garments white as swans, it follows that they do not belong to the black Elves. Wikram, 171^a, calls them *wazzerholde*.

The Christian notion of many, especially Scotch and Danish, traditions, which represent the fairies as heathens, and associates of the devil, though it was adopted by the poets of the middle ages, was not generally received, as many of the already quoted passages prove. The dwarf, who in Otto-kar of Horneck appears to the Scherfenberger,

* The German ell is only two feet.

has the Christian faith (*Deutsche Sagen*, No. 29). Elberich himself is a Christian (*Otnit*, *Strophe* 283), and even assists in converting and baptising the heathens. (*Str.* 351 and 504.) In the German traditions, which are still current, they are frequently represented as good and benevolent spirits, and particularly as Christians; they pray, exhort mankind to piety, abhor swearing, and are highly incensed if they are taken for unclean spirits. A domestic spirit repeats the Lord's prayer and the creed (*Deut. Sag.* i. p. 113), though not quite perfect, muttering unintelligibly some parts, while the Scotch Elf, who converses with the priest, changes some passages.

3. EXTINCTION.

The traditions respecting the gradual disappearance of fairies are generally spread, and most probably arose through the introduction of Christianity. They do not merely withdraw from the noise and bustle of men, but there is a general emigration of the subterraneous beings. They enter into an agreement with men, and are heard tripping away, in countless multitudes, in the night, by a way before determined on, over a bridge; or they are conveyed over the water, and their great number almost causes the ship to sink.

(Deutsche Sagen, No. 152—154. Danish, Thiele, ii. 2.) It is said, that by way of remembrance, or out of gratitude for the favours they have received from man, each deposited a small coin, of ancient date, in a dish placed there for the purpose.

Some persons have fancied that they recognised in the emigration of the dwarfs an historical fact—the oppression and expulsion of an ancient aboriginal people by new comers, which the trait of shyness, sorrow, and irony, that is diffused in the character of these spirits, seems to confirm.

4. FORM.

If you see an Elf in his true form, he appears like a beautiful child, a few years old, delicate and well-shaped: the Scotch and Welsh legends describe him decidedly in this manner. Elberich is lying, under the form of a child of four years old, beneath a lime tree, where Otnit sees him, by virtue of a ring, and purposes to carry him off as a child. (Str. 99. 108.) And when the Elf shows himself to men, it is said (Str. 517), “*Ich wäne daz nie kein ouge schöner bilde ie gesach**.”

In the Wilkina Saga (chap. xxvi.), the fairy begs of Dieterich, who has laid hold of him, “that he would not squeeze his little body and tender

* I ween that no eye ever saw a fairer form.

limbs." In the same manner it is related of Oberon, in the French traditions, that he is only three feet high, but has a face of such exquisite beauty that none can behold without delight, p. 28: "Oberon, qui n'a que trois pieds de hauteur, il est tout bossu, mais il a un visage angélique, il n'y a personne sur la terre, qui le voyant ne prenne plaisir à le considérer, tant il est beau." Hinzelmann (*Deutsche Sagen*, No. 75) shows himself to boys with whom he is playing, as one of themselves, but with a beautiful countenance. With this agrees the notion of the Norwegians, who imagine the Elves to be little naked beings. The beauty of the female fairies is represented in the Scotch, Irish, Danish, and Swedish traditions, to be in the highest degree attractive and fascinating, far beyond all human beauty. They are described in the same manner by Swabian legends in the *Mägdleinsfelsen* (V. Gustav Schwab *die Schwäb. Alb.* Stutgard, 1823, p. 71), and the water virgins enrapture all men. (*Deutsche Sag.* No. 58. 60.)

2. The Scotch and Welsh traditions particularly mention that the fairies of both sexes are adorned with long hair, and hence a Brownie is called "hairy Mag." Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to the *Lady of the Lake*, p. 387, mentions a Northumberland dwarf who had curled red hair. The Swedish woman of the forest is of short stature, with fair

locks, as well as the Nix. This trait is not wanting in the German traditions: the domestic spirit, and a beautiful female fairy, who appears at noon, have ringlets of yellow hair floating over their shoulders (Deut. Sag. No. 11. 65. 75): a mountain woman has such beautiful hair, that a man falls in love with her, and his wife, who sees her asleep, cries out, "God preserve thy fine hair!" (Deut. Sag. No. 50.) In another similar tradition (Strack. Beschr. von Eilsen, p. 120), she actually cuts off one of the fairy's fine long tresses, which the latter afterwards urgently requests her to return. The female fairies in the north dance with their tresses unbound. (Thiele, iii. 44. Schwed. Lieder, iii. 165.) They seem to bestow particular attention in combing their long hair. Dame Holle or Hulda, who without doubt belonged to them (*Huldevolk* is still the name of fairies in the Faro islands, and *Huldrer* that of the female fairies in Norway), is very fond of having her hair combed. (See Hausmärchen, iii. 44.) The water Elves are seen engaged in this occupation (Schwedische Lieder, iii. 148); and Waldron, p. 128, relates of a changeling, that if left by himself it was discovered, on returning to him, he had been carefully combed, probably by some of his own tribe. The domestic spirit is very fond of currying the horses. The black Elves, on the contrary, entangle men's hair,

and twist the tails and manes of horses into knots: *elf locks, elvish knots*. (Vide the passages in Nares). German, *elf klatte* (Brem. Dictionary, i. 302), and *mahrenzöpf*.

3. The mixture of the heavenly and terrestrial Elves explains why in the traditions of these fairies they are described at the same time as young and beautiful, and as old and ugly. The dwarf, too, has the infant form, but is aged and disagreeable in appearance, has a long nose, and is of a dark bluish gray, or earth-brown colour, as was stated before. As the light never shines on him, his face resembles that of a corpse; hence, in the Edda (Alvismâl, ii.) the god says to the dwarf: "Why is thy nose so pale; wast thou with a corpse in the gloom of night?" Hagen (Wilkina Saga, chap. 150) has a *pale ash gray* countenance, because he is the son of an Elf. He is also deformed. A hump is improperly ascribed to Oberon (*il est tout bossu*), it belongs to the black Elves. (Vide Thiele, i. 121, 122.) Elberich shows here how apt the traditions were to make this confusion: while in Otnit he is described as a beautiful child, he appears in the Nibelungen as a bearded old man: 2001. "*Dô vienc er (Siegfried) bi dem barte den altgrisen man**." And his own age is also mentioned by

* Then he (Siegfried) took the gray old man by his beard.

the child in Otnit, str. 252. “*Ich trage ûf minem rücken mê dan vierdehalp hundert jâr**.” Just the same as the Elfin changeling in the German *Kinder-märchen* (i. 205) exclaims: “Now I am as old as the Wester Wald;” which may be compared with the corresponding passage in the Irish (p. 38) and Danish legends (Thiele, i. 48). An old Welsh poem (*Fairy Tales*, p. 195, 196) calls the fairies “wry-mouthed.” The Cluricaune is ugly, and his aged face resembles a shrivelled apple: this is also the appearance of the Elf of Bottle-hill, and he is described in precisely the same manner by Gervase of Tilbury, in the thirteenth century, in a remarkable passage which we shall quote at length hereafter. The dwarfs of the mountains in the German legends are always old and gray-headed. The Nix is represented in Sweden as diminutive, with gold-coloured locks, or old, and with a beard: he is frequently seen sitting on the rocks and wringing out his beard. (*Schwed. Volkslieder*, iii. 133.)

In the composition of names the Christian *Engil*, as we have already observed, took the place of the heathen *Alp*; a contrary process seems to have occurred in the arts. There is nothing in the Bible or in the Fathers of the Church, which warrants

* I carry on my back more than three centuries and a half.

the adoption of a diminutive form of the angels, but the people had been used to fancy the Elves to be children of great beauty. This idea was transferred to the spiritual beings of Christianity. It is deserving of a more accurate investigation at what period these little angels were first introduced into pictures and statuary, and also when the diminutive *Engelien* was first used. It must have begun in the twelfth or thirteenth century. In Otfried and other German writers of the ninth and tenth centuries, the angels are always represented as youths, and called the messengers of God. This had been altered about the year 1250. Berthold, a Bavarian clergyman, who died in the year 1272, and was distinguished for his animated and popular eloquence, said, in his sermon, of the holy angels (Kling's edit. p. 184), "*Ir sehet wol, daz si allesamt sint juncliche gemälet, als ein kint, daz dâ viinf jâr alt ist swâ man sie mâlet**." The same allusion is made in other sermons (p. 238. 282). The small form of the angels does not seem to have been derived from the genii of the Greeks and Romans, though perhaps their wings may; no genuine tradition gives wings to the fairies. Might not the dwarf's name, Euglin, in the poem of Hürnin Siegfried, be more correctly

* You see that they are all painted young, like a child of five years old.

Englin, and be a mere translation of the older Elberich? Even the Egwald in the 'Volksbuch,' might be explained from Engelwald.

5. DRESS.

1. We have already noticed the variety in the dress of the fairies according to the difference of their origin, and have now only to observe, that the Servian *Vilen*, which answers to the female fairies of the north, are dressed in white. Elberich wears a shining garment adorned with gold and precious stones. (Str. 104.) In the German (No. 48. 270), as well as in the Welsh, Scotch, and Shetland legends, the dress of the subterraneous tribes is of a dark tint, generally green or moss-coloured. In the Faro islands and Denmark, gray (Thiele, i. 122. 125); though here, too, Elves attired in green sometimes occur. Spirits which are connected with men wear variegated and red coats (Deut. Sag. No. 71. 75), or they receive them as presents from men (No. 37). That in Iceland the Elves were supposed to wear variegated and red dresses, is proved from Njala, p. 70, where a person gaily dressed (*í lit-klædum*) is ironically called *raud-álfr*. There is a remarkable coincidence. In the Irish legend of Bottle-hill, the Elf appears entirely wrapped up in his garment in order to conceal his feet: a

Swiss tradition says the dwarfs tripped along in large cloaks which quite covered their feet. A person, out of curiosity, strews ashes on the ground, and discovers that their feet are broad like those of geese, though such appear to belong properly to the water Elves: we may also mention the white Bertha with the large foot. (See Altd. Wälder, iii. 47, 48.)

2. The hood or cap is of particular importance; insomuch so, that the Norwegian Elves, though otherwise without clothing, wear a slouched hat. The Irish fairies make use, for this purpose, of the red flowers of the magic foxglove, or they have broad white hats like mushrooms. In Denmark and Sweden, too, they wear their caps of a red colour (Thiele, i. 122. ii. 3. Schwed. Volksl. iii. 127), as do also the *Nisser*, in the Faroes; otherwise they are black in these islands. In Prussia their hats are pointed and cocked like that of the *Claricaune*: the caps also of the domestic spirits in Denmark are pointed; while the hats which they wear in summer are round (Thiele, i. 135). In the German traditions the hat is not wanting. The little men of the mountains have white hoods attached to their dress (No. 37). The Nix wears a green hat (No. 52); and another gay spirit a large slouched hat (No. 271). Hodeken has derived his name from a large

hat, which he wore so low over his forehead that nobody could ever see his face ; and this hat produces in some measure the effect of the *nebel-kappe* (mist-hood), which renders the wearer perfectly invisible, which is already alluded to by the young Misener (Man. S. ii. 156), and which is assigned to the dwarfs of the Hartz mountains (Deutsche Sagen, No. 152, 153. 155). There is an evident connexion between this and Elberich's *tarn-kappe*, though it also includes the cloak, and answers to the *tarnhût*. He and his kingdom became subject to Siegfried, because the hero had taken his *tarn-kappe* : this is made still more clear by the German traditions (Nos. 152, 153. 155), which relate, that blows with rods were aimed at the invisible dwarfs till they struck and beat off their caps, upon which they became visible, and fell into the power of man. Eske Brok accidentally hit off, in a field, a dwarf's hat ; and in order to recover it, he granted all his requests (Thiele, iii. 49). This shows the importance of the head-dress to the fairies, as it enables them to remain concealed from human eyes. Laurin has a mist-cap, like Euglin, which he throws over Siegfried, and thus hides him from the view of the giant ; Rosengarten attributes the same powers to the veil of Kriemhild. The goblin Zephyr (in the old French romance, Perceforest, Mélanges,

t. iii.) who, like the dwarfs of the Edda, is so called after a wind, wears a black cap, which enables him to render himself invisible, or to assume any other form.

Mist-caps are also assigned to fickle, roguish people, resembling the dwarfs in temper (Man. Samml. ii. 258^b); and the popular superstition of the Romans fancied their *incubo*, which may be compared in all respects with the German Alp, in like manner, with a hat to which they attached the invisibility of the spirit. The passage is in the Satires of Petronius, c. 38 (Burm. p. 164): “Sed quomodo dicunt, ego nihil scio, sed audiui, quomodo incuboni pileum rapuisset et thesaurum invenit.” “Incubones qui thesauris invigilant.” (Sabinus ad ii. Georg. v. 507.) And a more recent expositor of Petronius adds, from the traditions of his day, “Ex superstitione veteri, cujus hodieque passim exstant reliquiæ, velut incubones sint ornati pileis, quibus surreptis, compellantur ad obsequium in indicandis pecuniis absconditis.” This wholly agrees with the words of the Nibelungen Lied:

399 *dô er die tarn-kappen sit Alberîch angewan,*
dô was des hordes herre Sîvrit der vreisliche man.*

* When he had got the tarn-kappe from Elberich, then was Seigfrîed the most terrible man of the horde.

The small household gods of Phœnician and Grecian antiquity, the Pataeci, Cabiri, and Triptotores, which correspond to our fairies and dwarfs, appear with pointed caps, and have many other traits of resemblance with them, in form, dress, and skill.

6. HABITATION.

1. According to the Edda, the Elves of light dwell with Freir, the god of the sun; but the black ones in the ground and in stones. The current traditions all assign them an extensive kingdom in mountains, wild and inaccessible defiles, tumuli, and clefts of rocks. They have often regularly constructed abodes in them, filled with gold and silver: the Scotch Shians are represented as very splendid, resembling the Frau Venusberg (Venus's Mountain) of the German tradition (No. 170). In Sweden it is believed that they sit in small circular, hollowed stones, which are called Elfin mills (*alfquarnar*), which elf mills occur also in the Scottish traditions, and correspond with the Iceland *âlfavakir*, small holes in the ice. Wolfram, in Saint William, p. 26^b, says of mountains: "*daz den wilden getwergen wäre ze stigenne dà genuoc* *." Hugo von Langenstein, in the St. Martina, f. 128^d:

* That the wild dwarfs descended into them.

*sie loufent uf die berge
als die wilden twerge*.*

In poems of the middle ages : Dieterich's Flucht,
6469 :

*zwei tûsent man
under helm unt halsbergen,
den wilden getwergen
vuoren sie vil nâch gelîche
mit îlen sicherlîche †.*

Also, Conrad von Würzburg, Trojan War,
6183 :

*er muoste loufen unde gân
uf menigen hôhen bert,
dâ weder katze noch getwert
môhte über sîn geklommen ‡.*

*Unter der Erde wohne ich, unter dem Stein habe
ich meine Stätte §,* says the dwarf of the Edda
(Alvismâl, iii.) In the Nibelungen :

1356 *von wilden getwergen hân ich gehoeret sagen
sie sîn in holn bergen ||.*

* They run up the mountains like the wild dwarfs.

† Two thousand men, in helm and hauberk, hastily pursued the wild dwarfs into the morasses.

‡ He was obliged to run over many a high mountain, which neither cats nor dwarfs could climb.

§ Beneath the earth I dwell ; under the stone I have my abode.

|| Of the wild dwarfs I have heard it said, that they dwell in hollow mountains.

And in Otnit, Elberich exclaims, Str. 127, "*mir dienet manec tal unde berc*" (many a vale and mountain serve me); and Str. 249. 278: "*im was kunt beidiu tal unde berc*" (to him was known both hill and vale). There he possesses all the riches of the world; the treasure of the Nibelungen, consisting of gold and precious stones, which he watches, is well known. In Otnit, too, he says, Str. 138 and 525:

*ich gibe wol swem mich lustet silber oder golt
ich mahte einen man wol riche, dem ich wäre holt*.*

And to the emperor himself, Str. 137:

*unde hâst dû ûf der erden des landes also vil,
sô hân ich darunder klâres goldes swaz ich wil†.*

In the Wilkina Saga, he offers to ransom himself out of the power of Dieterich by gold and silver.

2. The Nixen have under the water a country which, in German traditions (No. 52. 65) is described with as much magnificence as in the Irish, where there are splendid houses and cities, adorned with all the riches of the world. Dame Holle

* I give to whom I list silver or gold, and make him rich to whom I am friendly.

† And if thou hast so much land on the earth, I have beneath it as much pure gold as I like.

has beneath her pond a garden abounding with the finest fruit.

3. Above ground the fairies have favourite haunts; meadows, enclosed and solitary forests, especially trees, beneath the shade of which they like to assemble. (See Thiele, iii. 18.) Thus Elberich lies on the grass, under a lime tree; among the ancient Prussians, the elder was sacred to him, and it was unlawful to damage it; and the same superstition still prevails in Denmark. (Thiele, i. 132.) It was also customary in Germany to pay a particular respect to this tree on the first of May, or about Midsummer, when the Elves of light go in procession (Prætorius Glückstopf, p. 217). In Norway it is forbidden, on their account, to cut down certain high trees. Domestic spirits are used to have particular paths. Hütchen's road was over mountains and forests, and Hütchen therefore always got the start of all others (Deut. Sag. i. p. 100). Bolieta (in French Switzerland) always followed the same steep path, which was so clean that a stone was never seen to lie on it though there is a whole bed of boulders on the mountains: it is still called Bolieta's path.

4. Men have sometimes been in the dwellings of the fairies; and their spiritual nature has then been shown by the circumstance that time ceases

with them. A girl who had passed a whole year in an Elfin mountain fancied that she had been there only three days (Hausmärchen, No. 39); and a hundred years appeared to the two Scotch musicians as but one night passed in pleasure; while a poor woman (Deutsche Sagen, No. 151) slept the whole time. Tannhäuser does not perceive how quickly the time passes in the subterraneous mountains.

7. LANGUAGE.

1. The Edda ascribes a peculiar language to the fairies, different from that of gods, men, and giants; the terms in which, for the principal natural phenomena, are given in the *Alvismâl*. In the same manner as Homer in several places distinguishes between divine and human appellations. It is remarkable that in northern traditions the echo is called *dvergmâl*, or *bergmâl*; that is, "dwarf, or mountain language." (See Biörn Haldorson, i. 73ⁱ, and Färöiske Quäder. Randers, 1822, p. 464. 468.) The subterraneous beings in Wales have an entirely distinct language, of which a person, who had been among them, learned a few words.

2. The Elves speak in a very low voice. In Ruodiger's poem of the *Zwein Gesellen* (Königsberg MS. fol. 17^d), a person speaks in a *low voice*,

quite in *goblin's language*. In the Isle of Man, Waldron heard a whispering, which must have proceeded from them. In Sweden, too, their voice is soft as the air. Hinzelmann (*Deut. Sag.* i. 104. 111. 113) had the gentle accents of a delicate boy.

3. The ugly, shrivelled Elf in the Irish legend speaks in a snarling and piercing tone, which terrifies men. As a changeling, he does not speak at all, but howls and screams in a frightful manner; and, if compelled, his voice sounds like that of a very old man.

4. Some mountain spirits cry aloud and roar. The Servian Vile is said to have the voice of a woodpecker.

8. FOOD.

The fairies require some delicate food: it is not till they are more intimately connected with men that they manifest a desire for more gross meats. In Ireland they sip the dew drops; otherwise 'sweet milk' seems to be their peculiar sustenance. According to German traditions (No. 38. 45. 75. 273. 298), a bowl of it is frequently placed ready for them; and in Wales a similar custom prevails. A basin of sweet, fresh cream was every evening placed on the roof of the cow-shed for a mountain spirit in French Switzerland,

and always emptied by him (Alpenrosen for 1824, p. 74). They will also eat crumbs of cheese, or white bread. In Prussia, bread and beer used formerly to be set apart for them in the night, and the doors locked, and people were happy if they found in the morning that they had partaken of them. It is expressly said (Deutsche Sag. No. 67) that for the Nixen there must be no salt mixed with the food.

Sir Walter Scott (Minstrelsy, ii. 163) observes that on the summit of Minchmuir, a mountain in Peebles-shire, there is a spring called the Cheese spring, because, formerly, every person who passed threw into it a piece of cheese, as an offering to the fairies, to whom it was dedicated. It is singular that, in the Scotch Highlands, according to Mr. Stewart (p. 136), cheese is regarded as an antidote against the influence of fairies. It must be prepared from the milk of a cow which has eaten a certain herb, called in Gaelic *mohan*, which grows on the tops or declivities of high mountains, and where no quadruped has ever been in quest of food.

9. MODE OF LIFE.

1. The Elves live in large societies, sometimes independent, sometimes under a chief. In the Highlands there is nothing known of the queen,

who is however mentioned in the English and Irish legends. In Wales they have a king, who is attended by a court, as also in Sweden (*Schwedische Lieder*, iii. 158, 159), where they imitate the forms usual among men. In Iceland the relation is more organized. There, the subterranean mode of government is almost quite like the human. An Elfin king resides in Norway, whither the stattholder, with some other officers, repair every two years to make their report; upon which judgment is pronounced and executed. In German poems of the middle ages we meet with dwarf kings who are powerful, and reign over extensive kingdoms. Elberich wears a crown (*Otnit*, Str. iii.) and is sovereign of large subterranean dominions; he says to *Otnit* (Str. 173):

ich hân eigens landes mê dan diner dri.*

Thus, too, Laurin is a king, and governs many dwarfs.

2. Every where the employment and delight of the fairies consists in dancing. They pass whole nights in this amusement without being tired, and only the beams of the rising sun force them to desist and conceal themselves. The circles which they have trodden in the dewy grass are also met

* I have land of my own more than three of you.

with out of Scotland, in Scandinavia, and the north of Germany; and every one who beholds them exclaims, "Here the fairies have been dancing!" In the Isle of Man traces of their tiny feet were even visible in the snow. It is so enchanting, that the youth who witnesses the dance of the female fairies by moonlight cannot avert his eyes. (Danske Viser, i. 235. 237, 238.) A German tradition (No. 31) describes the marriage-feast of the subterraneous beings; Count Eulenburg dances with them; but, like the Irish dancer, is obliged to turn round so swiftly in the giddy mazes of the spirits, as almost to lose his breath. Mountain mannikins issue from their pits, and the Nixen from the deep, to take part in the dances of men, and distinguish themselves by their peculiar gracefulness and skill. (No. 39. 51. 58.) The Nixen, too, are seen dancing on the surface of the water (No. 61), and the dwarfs before the giant. (Dieterich and Hildebr. Str. 159.) Thiele relates some Danish traditions on this subject; i. 48; and ii. 32. In an Austrian popular song (Schottky, p. 102) it is said: "*und duärt drobn afm beargl, da danzn zwoa zweargl, de danzn so rar* *."

* And there upon the mountain there dance two little dwarfs, and they dance so rarely.

The Servian Vilen, too (who, like the female Elves, are young and beautiful, with flowing hair, dwelling on mountains and in forests), celebrate the *kolo* (circular dance) on the meadows; a song in the Wukisch Sammlung, vol. i. No. 75, begins with,

*O Kirschbaum, Kirschbaum,
heb die Aeste oben,
unter dir die Vilen
führen Zaubertänze;
Radischa vor ihnen
schwingt Thau mit der Geißel,
führt zwei Vilen,
redet zu der dritten*.*

3. To their passion for dancing they add a love of music. Wherever the fairies hold a feast they are accompanied by music; nor is it wanting in their large festive processions: in this the traditions of all nations are unanimous. The water nymphs sing unknown songs (Deut. Sag. 306); and it is impossible to describe the magic effects

* O cherry tree, cherry tree,
Lift up thy boughs,
Beneath thee the Vilen
Lead on their magic dance;
Radischa at their head
Sprinkles dew with her wand,
Leads on two Vilen,
And talks to a third.



O Cherry tree, Cherry tree.

(Danske Viser, i. 234) which the song of the female fairies produces on the whole creation ; all seem to hearken, and with motionless attention.

The testimony of a German poem of the fourteenth century (Cod. Pal. No. 341, fol. 357^a) is remarkable, where, speaking of the musicians who played a peculiarly sweet music : “ *sie videlten alle den albleich*” (they all played the *albleich*).

A Scotch fairy comes to a farmer and requests him to sing an old Gaelic song, and rewards him handsomely for it. Elberich, also, has not forgotten music, as the Swedish Nix, or the *Ström-karl*, who, sitting beneath the water, plays to the dancing Elves ; or the bridegroom who, by his music, compels the Nix to restore to him his bride. (Danske Viser, i. 328. Svenska Visor, iii. 140.) He has a harp ; Otnit (Str. 522) :

*Er ruorte also geswinde die seiten allesamt
in einem suezen döne, daz der sal erdöz *.*

Of the domestic spirit Goldemar (Meibom. Script. i. 286) it is said : “ *Lusit dulcissime in instrumento musicali chordis aptato.*” Another sings (Deutsche Sagen, i. p. 113), and the Irish Cluricaune whistles at his work. In Norway the music of the sub-

* He struck all the strings in so sweet a tone that the hall resounded.

terraneous beings is called *Huldre slaat*, and has a hollow and monotonous sound. The mountaineers sometimes play this, and pretend that they have learned it by listening to the subterraneous spirits of the rocks, which dwell in caves. In Scotland and Ireland it is heard to issue every night from the tumuli and the shians of the fairies. A Shetlander, who had a good ear for music, learned the melody of a train which passed during the night. The people in Zealand and in the south of Sweden know an elfin king's air, which compels all who hear it, both old and young, and even inanimate objects, to begin to dance like the Irish melody of the young bagpiper; and the musician himself cannot leave off unless he knows how to play the air backwards quite correctly, or somebody behind him cuts the strings of his violin.

Like mankind, the Elves have two great festivals when the sun is at the highest and at the lowest, which they celebrate with solemn processions. On the first of May, in the morning, when the sun is approaching the summer solstice, the Irish hero O'Donoghue, under whose dominion the golden age formerly reigned upon earth, ascends with his shining Elves from the depths of the lake of Killarney; and, with the utmost gaiety and magnificence, seated on a milk-white horse,

leads the festive train along the water. His appearance announces a blessing to the land, and happy is that man who beholds him.

At Christmas, when the sun is at the lowest, the subterraneous beings celebrate their nocturnal procession with the wildest and most awe-inspiring mirth. It is the fairies in green garments who rush over forests and secluded haunts; the trampling of the horses, the loud shoutings, and the noise of the bugles, may be distinctly heard. (Waldron, p. 132.) Hence they are called "*das wüthende heer*" (the furious host), "*die wüthenden jäger*" (the furious huntsmen), and in the isle of Möen, the leader, "*Grön Jette*." (Thiele, i. 196.) The expression itself is an ancient one, for the poet Reinfried of Brunswick (f. 4^b) says, "he rushes on like the furious host;" and in the before-mentioned poem of Ruodiger's (fol. 17^d) a person swears "by the furious host." In the priest Konrad's poem of Roland, of the twelfth century, it is said (ver. 5736) "*der tiuvel hât üzgesant sîn geswarne unde sîn her*," (the devil has sent out his swarms and his host); and in the Saint Martina of Hugo of Langenstein (fol. 174^d), "*der hellejeger mit sînen banden*" (the huntsman of hell with his band). It is as dangerous to follow, nay even to witness, this furious train, as it is considered

fortunate to behold that of O'Donoghue. Here, too, a leader goes on before, for which German traditions (No. 4. 5) place Dame Holle in her evil quality, and the Tutosel (No. 311), or else they put at the head Hackelberg (No. 248), Rodenstein (No. 169), the knight of Davensberg (Münster Sagen, 1825, p. 168, 169), and in Denmark, Waldemar, Palnatoke and Abel (Thiele, i. 52. 90. 100; ii. 63). They ride on black and hideous horses with dishevelled manes.

10. SECRET POWERS AND INGENUITY.

1. The possession of the mist cap already acquaints us that the Elves can vanish and make themselves invisible at pleasure. This belief prevails every where; we will therefore merely quote some ancient testimonies. Elberich makes himself invisible to Otnit, though there is no mention of a *tarn-kappe* in this poem, perhaps because he wears a crown, and Otnit himself saw him merely by virtue of a ring. Nobody can take hold of him:

Str. 298, "*wie sol man gevâhen daz nieman ensihet* *?"

And yet he is not present as a shadow, but cor-

* How can we perceive what no one can see?

poreally. This fairy presence is very beautifully described :

No. 404, *sie sluoc unde roufte sich diu maget minneclich,
dô huop ir die hende der kleine Elberich ;
ir minnecliche hende er in die sînen gevie,
diu tohter sprach zuo der muoter ; “ wir sîn niht
eines hie
mich hat einez bevangen *.”*

Elberich speaks unseen, like the domestic spirit. The latter shows himself very unwillingly, and at length, after much entreaty, will not show any part of his body except his tiny hand (Deutsche Sagen, i. p. 125. 129) ; and in perfect agreement with this it is related of Goldemar : “ manus sibi duntaxat palpandus præbuit, sed videri negavit et erant manus graciles et molles, ut si quis tangeret murem et ranam ;” or else he disappears for ever, if he has been watched and seen (Thiele, ii. 5). Orthon, too (in Froissart), will not show himself.

2. From the rapidity of the Elves, space almost seems to vanish. The Irish fairy queen in one bound jumped from one mountain to another three leagues distant. (See legend of Klocksheagowna.) Kobold passes one night in Scotland and the next in France, or even in another quarter of the world.

* The winsome maiden struck herself, and bewailed herself. Then the little Elberich took her pretty hands in his. The daughter then said to the mother, “ We are not alone here, somebody has taken hold of me.”

The Cluricaune goes without any difficulty through keyholes, and rides through the air on a rush. An Elf, according to the Nornagest Saga (p. 2), penetrates through bolted doors. Alvis the dwarf, in the Edda, has wandered through all the nine worlds (Alvismâl ix).

3. The Elves know the future, and also what is taking place at a distance (Deutsche Sag. No. 175). They prophesy (Thiele, iii. 63), and announce impending misfortunes: the little men of the mountains foretel death to the mountaineers by knocking three times at their door (Deut. Sag. No. 37). See the Klopfer of Hohenrechberg in Gustavus Schwabs Beschreibung der Alp, p. 227. The Water Elves, too, in the Nibelungen predict to the Burgundians their future destiny. The Servian Vile likewise informs the hero Marco of his death. The dwarf Alvis (the Allwise) in the Edda, whose very name indicates his powers, does not leave a single question of the god Thor unanswered; he has been every where, and knows every thing.

4. They can assume any form. They frequently appear of the size of men. The Nixen, which come on shore and mingle among men, resemble the most beautiful young women, and adopt their dress; only as an indication of their origin a lappet of their garments is invariably wet (Deut. Sag. No.

60). The domestic spirit, on his master's removing, flies along by the side of the carriage, in the form of a white feather (Deut. S. i. p. 105. 116); he makes his escape under the figure of a marten (p. 111), or appears as a serpent (see No. 305). The fairy queen in Tipperary scared the poor herdsman with the most terrific images.

5. They communicate supernatural knowledge and powers. Elberich presents Otnit with a stone, saying, Str. 256: "*der léret dich alle spráchen*," (this will teach you all languages). This coincides with the promise made to the youth by the female fairies (Danske V. i. 235): "*wir wol'en dich lehren Runen schneiden, schreiben und lesen*" (we will teach thee to cut, to read and to write the Runic hand): Runcapituli, too, assigns to the dwarfs the power of carving and explaining the Runic character. A ring presented by Hütchen (Deut. S. p. 74), and which communicates the greatest learning, has the same meaning. In the poem of Dieterich and Hildebrand, Str. 54, the dwarf gives a ring, the owner of which experiences neither hunger nor thirst. The Scherfenberger in Ottokar of Horneck (chap. 573) receives another which secures to him riches.

6. The skill of the Elves is infinitely superior to any thing in the power of man. According to the Edda they even excel the gods in this respect.

They made the spear Gungner for Odin, the golden hair for Sif, and the chain of gold for Freja. The very ingenious ship Skidbladner, which may be folded up like a handkerchief, is of their workmanship; and when the gods wished to bind the wolf Fenrir, they sent a message to the black Elf, who upon this made the band Gleipner of miraculous materials. Old German and northern poems contain numerous accounts of the skill of the dwarfs in curious smith's-work; most of the celebrated arms, suits of armour, and swords, were manufactured in subterraneous forges. Wieland serves an apprenticeship with dwarfs (Wilkina Sage, chap. 20), and Elberich, though he is a king, has himself made a sword in Mount Caucasus (Otnit, Str. 122), and greaves (Str. 124); and when he is going to fetch the promised armour for the emperor, it is said:

Str. 188. *dô huop sich der kleine wider in den berc,
dô nam er ûz der essen daz herliche werc*.*

The Wilkina Sage attributes to him the manufacture of the swords for Nagelring and Eckesar, and of the latter expressly says, that it had been made under ground (Chap. 40). The Irish Cluricaune is heard hammering; he is particularly fond

* He went again into the mountain, and took from the forge the beautiful work.

of making shoes, but these were in ancient times made of metal (in the old northern language a shoemaker is called a *shoe-smith*); and, singularly enough, the wights in a German tradition (No. 39) manifest the same propensity; for whatever work the shoemaker has been able to cut out in the day, they finish with incredible quickness during the night. The Scotch legends contain striking instances of the dexterity of the fairies in many other things.

The female fairies are fond of sewing and spinning (Samson Fagr. Sag. p. 31; Thiele, iii. 25); and in the Danish song they offer the youth a garment bleached in the moonlight. The popular superstition in Germany considers the threads which are seen flying about in autumn to be a web made by Dwarfs and Elves (F. H. Voss, Note to Luise, iii. 17). But what the older traditions relate of Elves and Dwarfs, is ascribed, in modern nursery tales, to industrious animals, such as ants and others, in the same manner as the throng of the dwarfs has been compared to that of the ants and other insects.

11. CHARACTER.

The temper and disposition of the Elves display a strange combination of good and evil, duplicity and sincerity, which naturally proceeds from the

mixture of two originally opposite qualities. However decidedly they are frequently impelled in one or the other direction, showing themselves either generous and obliging, or in the highest degree malicious; they, on the whole, so strictly observe a dubious mean, that this must be stated as their natural characteristic.

1. They are fond of teasing, vexing, and mocking mankind, without intending them any real harm; and a certain good nature manifests itself with this disposition. The domestic spirit in the German tradition (No. 75) took the greatest delight in setting people quarelling, but first removed all deadly weapons, that they might not be able to injure one another. He plagues and makes game of people wherever he can, amuses himself with a fool, and makes songs in ridicule of those who had fallen into his trap. Elberich shows the same inclination (Otnit, Str. 451):

*er wolde die heiden irren, Elberich was kluoc,
der heiden abgöte er in die burc truoc
dâ mite wolt' er sie effen unde triben sinen spot *.*

He then calls to them invisibly, that he is God, and that they should worship him. Laurin, by a

* He wished to deceive the heathens; Elberich was cunning; he carried their idols into the mountain, intending to mock and make game of them.

sudden darkness, teases those who had accompanied him into the mountain. Elberich entices the wonderful ring from Otnit, then makes himself invisible, laughs at him, and ridicules his threats, but good naturedly restores it.

The wights in the mines (Deut. Sag. No. 37) call out, and when the workmen come running up they find no one there. In Norway they carry off people's tools, and then bring them back, laughing the owners to scorn. "To laugh like a Kobold," is a proverb in Germany. In a book published in the seventeenth century (Reimedich Nordh. 1673, p. 149) we find the expression, "You laugh as if you would split your sides like a Kobold."

The fairies, however, will not suffer themselves to be joked; and fond as they are of laughing at people, they do not permit them to retaliate. The domestic spirit will not allow himself to be teased. The Elves once invited a servant girl, of whom they were very fond, to be present at a wedding: as the bridal pair came tripping along, a blade of grass lay unfortunately in their path; the bridegroom got safely over, but not so the bride; she stumbled: the girl could not suppress her laughter, and the whole scene instantly vanished (Swenska Visor, iii. 159). A servant once laughed at one of these little spirits because a single grain of wheat

was more than he could carry ; quite enraged, he threw it on the ground—it was of the purest gold—but from that time he and his fellows disappeared, and the house fell into decay (Struck, *Beschr. v. Eilsen*, p. 124). The old proverb of the straw in the path (*Berthold's Sermons*, p. 194^s) is illustrated by such traditions.

The fairies like above all things to tease people by pelting them invisibly with small stones. A Scotch Brownie derived its nickname from this circumstance. The mountain dwarfs in German traditions (No. 37) are fond of this jest ; Elberich, too, pelts Otnit, but so that he cannot see him (Str. 162). According to the *Legenda Aurea*, cap. 177, there was a spectre in Mayence, in the year 856, who threw stones at the priests while singing mass. The *ignis fatuus* is called in Hanover the Tückebold, and is regarded as a malicious spirit, which, by its elfish light, entices the wanderers into bogs. (J. H. Voss, *Lyr. Ged.* ii. Anm. p. 315. See Hebel *Aleman. Ged.* 31—35).

2. But the Elves are likewise faithful, and only seem to require confidence from men. “ No one shall break a solemn vow,” says the dwarf, in the *Edda*. (*Álvismál*, iii.) Elberich, who, in the song of the *Nibelungen*, is entirely and sincerely devoted to Siegfried from the moment that he has vowed fidelity to him, keeps his word also to

Otnit, and acquits himself as he has promised.
He says,

Str. 136. *nú lâ mich úf die triuwe mîn,*
and Str. 137. *ez sprechent mîn genózen, daz ich getriuwe si **.

On the other hand, they threaten those who do not fulfil their promise to them (Thiele, iii. 48), or even punish such (Deut. Sag. No. 29). In Iceland, it is supposed that they exercise justice and equity in all things. A person who secretly took from them a golden slipper had his whole house burnt down (Thiele, iii. 64). The fidelity of the domestic spirit, which tolerates no dishonesty, and for this reason even punishes the servants, is never impeached. The greatest attachment is evinced by the Irish Banshee, which always announces the death of a member of the family with the utmost grief; and its lament is a counterpart to the deriding laugh of other Elves.

In the Tyrol, too, they believe in a spirit which looks in at the window of the house in which a person is to die (Deutsche Sagen, No. 266); the white woman with a veil over her head (267) answers to the Banshee; but the tradition of the Klage-weib (mourning woman), in the Lüneburger Heath (Spiels Archiv. ii. 297), resembles

* Now depend on my fidelity,
My fellows; say that I am faithful.

it, still more closely. On stormy nights, when the moon shines faintly through the fleeting clouds, she stalks, of gigantic stature, with death-like aspect, and black hollow eyes, wrapt in grave-clothes, which float in the wind, and stretches her immense arm over the solitary hut, uttering lamentable cries in the tempestuous darkness. Beneath the roof over which the Klage-weib has leaned, one of the inmates must die in the course of the month.

3. The dwarfs are every where represented as subtle and cunning ; and it is unnecessary to cite instances. Elberich, also, is cunning (*ist kluoc*, Str. 451), and knows how to make himself master of every thing by ingenious stratagems ; the ring, as well as the ships which he steals from the heathen ; and we must view it in this light, when the Elves are praised as thieves. They exert all their dexterity, like the Scotch Elves, in causing whirlwinds, or even conflagrations, to have an opportunity to steal. It is remarkable that in the Wilkina Sage (chap. xvi.) Elberich is styled the great thief (*hinn mikli stelari*). Respecting the thefts of the dwarfs we may refer to other German traditions (No. 152, 153. 155). For the most part they take provisions. A Danish Trolld stole some beer, and on being surprised, escaped, but left his copper kettle behind (Thiele, i. 35).

The Shetland fairy, who had invisibly milked the cow, forgot a curious and beautiful vessel in her flight.

The Tom Thumb of the German and English tales, who is nothing more than an active little Elf, has not forgotten his propensity for thieving; while playing with his companions, he steals their things out of the bag, and throws the money out of the king's treasury (Hausm. No. 37 and 45. See iii. p. 401). A thief celebrated by the high German poets of the thirteenth century, who was skilled in removing the eggs from under the bird (a tradition which still survives in the nursery tales, No. 129), was so different from a common robber, that he assisted Charlemagne in a theft commanded by an angel; and may, we think, without being too far-fetched, be referred to this class, as originally an Elf; partly on account of his character, which is that of a faithful domestic spirit attending his master, and partly on account of his name, *Elbegast* (Vide *Museum für Alt Deutsche Litteratur*, ii. 234, 235).

12. CONNEXION WITH MANKIND.

1. The subterraneous spirits love a retired and solitary life; they cannot endure noise and bustle; and in reference to this circumstance, are called the still (good) people. "At home tranquillity is

not to be disturbed," says a dwarf, in the Edda. (*Alvismâl*, i.) In the daytime they keep themselves quiet: it is not till the night, when men are asleep, that they become lively and active. They do not like that any human eye should see them: if they celebrate a feast, or solemnize a marriage, they, perhaps, permit the master of the house to look on (*Deut. Sag. No. 31*); but if any other eye inquisitively peeps, even through the smallest hole, they instantly vanish, and their pleasure is interrupted. In Tipperary they retire if men approach their old dancing grounds; and the lowing of the cattle is to them quite insupportable. If a priest comes towards them (see tale of the Priest's Supper) they quickly hide themselves. The dwarfs in the Erzgebirge were driven away by the erection of the forges and stamping mills (*Deut. S. No. 36*), and others by the ringing of the bells of churches built in the neighbourhood. A farmer felling trees and squaring timber in the forest vexed the mountain spirit, which asked, in a lamentable tone, "Who is making so much noise here?" "A Christian," replied his fellow, "has come here, and hews down the wood of our favourite haunts, and does us much injury." (*Danske Viser*, i. 175, 176. 178.) Thiele (*Danske Følkesagn*, i. 42, 43. 122. 174, 175) has collected similar traditions, according to which the Trolde

leave the country on the ringing of bells, and in some places remain away. A passage in the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf shows the high antiquity of this tradition: the king had built a castle near the dwelling of the spirit Grendel; the heroes were rejoicing in it, but (p. 9),

*se ellengäst earfodlice
 thrage getholode, se the in thystrum bād,
 thāt he dōgora gehwam dreām gehyrde
 hlūdne in healle; thār wæs hearpan svég
 swutel sang scōpes.*

(The mighty spirit, which dwelt in darkness, was much grieved to hear every day the loud tumult in the hall—the minstrel's harp, and the poet's song.) Grendel tried every thing in his power to affright the people: at midnight, he and his mother slipt into the castle, where they murdered and plundered the sleeping inmates; so that every thing soon became desolate. Chaucer immediately, in his introduction to the wife of Bath's tale, 6446, describes the expulsion of the Elves in the following manner:

but now can no man see non Elves mo;
 for now the grete charitee and prayeres
 of limitoures and other holy fretes,
 that serchen every land and every streme,
 as thicke as motes in the sonne beme,
 blissing halles, chambres, kichenes and boures,
 citis and burghes, castles highe and toures,

thorpes and bernes, shepenes and dairies ;
this maketh that ther ben no fairies.

For ther as wont to walken was an Elf
ther walketh now the limitour himself
in undermeles and in morweninges,
and sayth his matines and his holy thinges
as he goth in his limitatioun.

Women may now go safely up and down
in every bush, and under every tree ;
ther is non other incubus but he,
and he ne will don hem no dishonour.

2. They are also called, as in Scotland, the *good people, good neighbours, men of peace* ; in Wales (Fairy Tales, p. 134) *the family, the blessing of their mothers, the dear wives* ; in the old Norse, and, to this day, in the Faroe islands, *huldufolk* ; in Norway, *huldre* ; and, in conformity with these denominations, manifest a disposition quite the reverse of the preceding, to be near mankind, and to be on good terms with them. They take up their abodes near those of men, even, as in Scotland, beneath the threshold, and a mutual intercourse takes place. The dwarfs in the city of Aix-la-Chapelle have borrowed pots and kettles, and various kitchen utensils, from the inhabitants, and faithfully restored them (Deut. Sag. No. 33. See Thiele, i. 121) ; while, at Quedlinburg, they have even lent their own tin goods to people at their marriage feasts (No. 36. Vide Thiele, ii. 15). The most intimate con-

nexion is expressed in a legend, according to which, the family of the Elves conformed in every respect to the manners of the family to which it belonged, and of which it was a copy. The domestic Elves celebrated their marriages on the same day as the people ; their children were born on the same day ; and they mourned their dead on the same day (See No. 42). These *good people* are ready to assist in sorrow and trouble, and show themselves grateful for any favours they have received (Deut. Sag. No. 30. 32. 45. Thiele, i. 72). The Elves sometimes make presents of singular and magic things, which ensure good fortune as long as they are preserved (Deut. Sag. No. 35. 41. 70). In Wales, if no obstacle is opposed to their leaving the houses, and a dish of milk is set for them, they leave a small present behind. The Scotch Elf who, in the sequel, saved his master's life, testified his gratitude to him for having made the desired improvement in his subterraneous abode. In Switzerland the dwarfs have often left their mountains in the night, and have done all the hard work, cut the corn, &c. ; so that when the country people came in the morning with their waggons they found every thing quite ready for them. Or they have plucked the cherries, and carried them directly to the place where they were generally preserved (Deut. Sag. No. 149). A

good-natured dwarf laid bundles of healing herbs for wounded workmen, which he had prepared in the night (Krieger, *der Bodenthäler*. Halberst. 1819. p. 41). Napfhans led the cows to pasture in the most dangerous situations, without a single one having ever received any injury.

People, however, must preserve silence respecting their favours, and not communicate the secret. In consequence of its having gone abroad, the Scotch peasant lost the wonderful grain to which there was no end; and the pitcher which continually filled itself, and was given by the Elves to a boy, became empty (Deut. Sag. No. 7). Ashes having been strewn to discover the traces of the Swiss dwarfs, they vanished, and from thenceforth withheld their assistance.

3. The Elves also lay claim to the good offices of men. Two musicians were obliged to play in a Scotch shian for a hundred years. But the most frequent instances are of their fetching midwives into their mountains, or under the water, and demanding their assistance (Deut. Sag. No. 41. 49. 304. Thiele, i. 36). A fairy enticed Rolf into her cave that he might lay hands on her daughter who was ill, and could not recover except by the human touch. Rolf performed this service, and was presented with a ring (*Gänge Rolfs Saga*, p. 63, 64).

4. Not only the Scotch traditions, but also Danish songs, speak, at times, of more intimate connexions between mankind and the fairies. Rosmer the waterman stole a wife from the earth ; Agnes lived eight years in the deep with a water spirit, and had eight children (See Thiele, i. 114. Schwedische Volkslieder, i. 1. ii. 22) ; and also another one, who danced into the waves with the daughter of Marstig (Danske Viser, i. 311. See Schwed. Volksl. iii. 129), a tradition which is related pretty much in the same manner in Germany (No. 51). In Iceland it is believed that these connexions always have a melancholy end, even if they should seem to be happy at first. The connexion of Staufenberger with the water Nixe brings, at last, destruction. Elberich himself gained Otnit's mother invisibly on May-day (Str. 181) ; and Signild shares the throne with the dwarf Laurin in the subterranean kingdom.

5. If an Elf attaches himself to an individual, or a family, and devotes himself to their service, he is called *Kobold* (goblin), *Brownie* (in Scotland), *Cluricaune* (in Ireland), the old man in the house *Tomte gubbe* (in Sweden), *Nisse-god-dreng* (in Denmark and Norway), *Duende*, *Trasgo* (in Spain), *Latin*, *Goblin* (in France), *Hobgoblin* (in England) ; perhaps, too, he receives a nickname, as a *Napfhans* (*Jean de la Bolièta*) in French Switzer-

land (Alpenrosen for 1824, p. 74. 75); and, in German traditions, we meet with a Hodecken, Hinzelmann, Ekerken (squirrel), Kurd Chimgen (i. e. little Joachim; see the tradition relating to him in Kantzow's Pomerania, i. 333. See Brem. Dictionar. v. 379), Irreganc, Girregar (Königsberg MS. f. 18¹, 19¹), Knocker, Boot (No. 71—78), Puck (northern Pûki), Man Ruprecht, King Goldemar*. Henceforth he does not forsake his master; evinces the greatest attachment towards him; and promotes his interest as much as he can: it is only under certain circumstances that he leaves him; otherwise he continues as long as his master, or a member of the family, is alive. But, on the other hand, his master cannot get rid of him: if he removes to another place his spirit follows him. Hinzelmann flew along by the side of his master in the form of a feather; others creep into a cask, and, on departing, look out of the bung-hole; others sit up behind on the waggon (Deut. Sag.

* *Goblinus Persona*, who flourished towards the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century, relates of King Goldemar, a domestic spirit, who lived for three years with a Neveling of Hardenberg, that he showed all the character of such, and is probably the same Goldemar who is mentioned by Reinfried of Brunswick, f. 194^e, where he is called "*daz riche keiserliche getwerc*" (the rich, imperial dwarf); and also in the Appendix to the *Heldenbuch*. (See *Alt-Deutsche Wälder*, i. 297, 298.)

No. 72. 44. See note to the Irish legend of the Haunted Cellar). They usually live below, in the cellar, and near the kitchen. The Irish Clu-ricaune searches all the wine cellars.

The domestic spirit retains the character of the Elves: he is active, roguish, good-natured, and only when irritated very revengeful (See No. 74. 273, Thiele, iii. 8. 61); admirably skilful and unwearied in all labours, inexhaustible in secret and supernatural powers; "*er dienete im sò sìn kneht, allerhande dinge was er im gereht,*" (he served him like a servant in all kind of things whatever he told him), is conformably with this, said of Elberich in the Nibelungen Lied (v. 405); and though a king, he rendered every service to Otnit. Only the domestic spirit seems to have fallen some steps lower, and to experience more human wants. He every where manifests an evident desire for food and clothing. The food must always be placed in the same spot, otherwise he is exceedingly angry. (Deut. Sag. No. 73, and note to the Irish legend of the Haunted Cellar; Dänische Sage Thiele, i. 135): he seems to serve for clothing. He sometimes vanishes on receiving it, which is related both in a Scotch and Dutch tradition (Ol Wormii, epist. ii. 669), and a German tradition (No. 39. i.), but most distinctly in the Mecklenburg legend (Hederich's Schwerin. Chronik.) of Puck,

who bargains for a variegated coat with bells, before he enters into service, and which he receives on his departure. When he leaves the house, he generally makes some presents of things endowed with miraculous powers, which must be preserved in the family, otherwise it will fall into decay.

Prosperity reigns in the house which possesses an Elf; the cattle thrive better than in other places, and are not seized with diseases, and every undertaking succeeds. In the night, when the spirit is the most active, he, as we have already said, does not like to be overlooked and watched; if he chances to be on good terms with the servants, he performs the most laborious part of their work for them; fetches water, hews wood, curries and takes care of the horses, of which he sometimes appears to be particularly fond. (Thiele, ii. 4). The whole house is every morning found perfectly clean and in order, every thing in its place. At the same time he is strict, abhors idleness and dishonesty, reports offences, and punishes the careless domestics, as Hinzelmänn makes use of his stick, and the Brownie punishes the lazy groom with his whip. In Denmark it is even supposed (Thiele, i. 135) that a spirit dwells in the church, where he maintains order, and punishes in case of notorious occurrences.

There is an ancient testimony of the domestic

spirit in Gervase of Tilbury, which is the more remarkable as it describes him as accurately as he is represented in the traditions current at this day. (*Otia Imperialia*, p. 180).

“ Ecce enim in Anglia dæmones quosdam habent, dæmones, inquam, nescio dixerim, an secretæ et ignotæ generationis effigies, quos Galli Neptunos, Angli Portunos nominant. Istis insitum est quod simplicitatem fortunatorum colonorum amplectuntur, et cum nocturnas propter domesticas operas agunt vigilias, subito clausis januis ad ignem calefiunt et ranunculas ex sinu projectas prunis impositas comedunt, senili vultu, facie corrugata, statura pusilli, dimidium pollicis non habentes. Panniculis consertis induuntur et si quid gestandum in domo fuerit aut onerosi operis agendum, ad operandum se jungunt, citius humana facilitate expediunt. Id illis insitum est, ut obsequi possint et obesse non possint. Verum unicum quasi modulum nocendi habent. Cum enim inter ambiguas noctis tenebras Angli solitarii quandoque equitant, Portunus nonnunquam invisus, equitanti se copulat et cum diutius comitatur euntem, tandem loris acceptis equum in lutum ad manum ducit, in quo dum infixus volutatur, Portunus exiens cachinnum facit, et sic hujusmodi ludibrio humanam simplicitatem deridet.”

13. HOSTILE DISPOSITION.

The Elves, with all their fondness for teasing, show themselves to be well-disposed beings, and friendly towards men; and though sometimes retiring into seclusion, yet upon the whole inclined to maintain an intercourse with them. Perfectly opposed to this is another trait, with which the traditions of all nations likewise abound, and which manifests the most hostile disposition in the fairies towards men.

1. It is believed in Wales that their very look is deadly, or at least exceedingly dangerous. According to Thomas Bourke's confession in the Irish Legends, sickness, violent fever, and loss of reason, is the consequence. A youth once saw a brown dwarf; he was seized with a tedious illness, and died in the course of the year (*Lady of the Lake*, p. 386). Every where it is recommended to withdraw, and not look up, when the nocturnal procession of the fairies is passing by. Whoever looks at the Elves through a knot-hole loses the use of that eye. A woman, on relating what she had seen in the mountain among the subterraneous spirits, became blind (*Thiele*, i. 36).

2. They have a weapon, an arrow, which infallibly kills both man and beast—even the bare touch suffices. (See the Scotch traditions). The

Elfin nymphs threaten Olof with illness, and give him a blow between his shoulders, and the next morning he is lying dead on his bier (Danske Viser, i. 238. Schwed. Lieder, iii. 163). The Ser-
vian *Vile* shoots deadly arrows at men. A youth in the Isle of Man withdrew from the caresses of a Nixe, who, quite enraged, threw something after him; though he felt himself but slightly touched by a pebble, he experienced from that moment a fearful dread, and died in seven days after. Elberich still exercises the accustomed vengeance: when Otnit touches him, and intends carrying him off, it is said (Str. 108), “*im wart zuo dem herzen ein grôzer slac getân*” (a violent blow was aimed at his heart), and the heathen king becomes raving mad in consequence of the severe blow which he receives from the invisible spirit (Str. 299). We may be allowed to conjecture, that in the Nibelungen Lied, Elberich carries the unusual sevenfold scourge with the heavy knots (buttons) (v. 1991), to give the elfin blow.

The very breath of the Elves bears contagion with it. In Ireland and Scotland, boils and sickness are caused by it. In Norway the disease is called *alv-gust*, or *alvild* (elfin fire); in Old Norse, *âlfabruni*; and only attacks men if they come to the place where an Elf has been spitting. The Scotch fairy spits into the eye which had re-

cognised him ; the Prussian Elf breathes on it, and it becomes blind ; the Danish plucks it out (*vide Nyerups Abhandlung*) in the same manner the one mentioned by Gervase, in the passage quoted hereafter, presses it out with his finger.

3. Whoever partakes in the slightest degree of food presented by the Elves, is then, according to Scotch legends, entirely in their power, and cannot return to the society of men. For this reason they carry golden goblets in their hand, out of which they offer drink (*Thiele*, i. 23. 55 ; ii. 67 ; iii. 44. *Schwedische Volkslieder*, i. 111) ; what was spilt on the horse out of the Oldenburg horn singed its hair. (See *Thiele*, i. 4. 49.) According to the German tradition (No. 68) the woman of *Alvensleben*, among the dwarfs in the mountain, does not partake of the meat and drink presented to her, and therefore returns home ; others forfeit their freedom at the first draught (No. 305 ; *vide Thiele*, i. 119). The elfin nymphs try all their arts to induce the beautiful youth to speak (*Danske Viser*, i. 234 ; *vide Deutsche Sagen*, No. 7), or to join in their dance ; then he is theirs. Whoever has performed any service for them, and takes a little more of the proffered gold than he has a right to, puts his life in danger, or must remain with them (*Deut. Sag.* 41. 65). It is rarely that any one returns from them ; and if he does, he is

for ever (according to the Norwegian belief) either insane or idiotic (*elbisch*). Sometimes, after a long death-like sleep, he recovers his senses (Thiele, Dän. Sag. i. 119). Hence it is supposed of a simple person, that he is connected with subterraneous beings; and when they appear in the night he jumps up and accompanies them; and, according to a Shetland legend, shows himself familiar with the movements of their dance.

4. The Elves are fond of healthy infants, beautiful youths, and lovely women, whom they take either by force or stratagem. Invisible hands rob the mother of her child (Waldron, p. 128); Nixen draw it under the water (Deut. Sag. No. 4. 61); or they endeavour to entice men by music and dancing, by promises of miraculous presents, or a blissful life; of this the Scotch and Danish traditions (Thiele, i. 58) contain numerous examples. The Servian Vile, too, seize upon children. Almost in the same manner as Homer relates of the spirits, that they eagerly sucked blood to imbibe a sensation of life; these beings seem to renovate or replace their circle by their youthful prey, which is in fact a popular superstition in Wales.

Their most frequent depredations are effected by changing. It is several times related in German traditions (No. 11. 135), that they have substituted for a beautiful woman, during childbed,

the ugly daughter of a witch (v. Thiele, i. 89). The Scotch legend says expressly, that they are taken to nurse the children of the fairies. Generally, however, a rosy new-born infant is taken from its cradle and replaced by a changeling. The Scotch and Irish superstition has been so fully detailed, that we need only notice the great coincidence of the German (No. 81, 82. 87—90) and northern traditions (Thiele, i. 47; ii. 1). The antiquity of it is shown by a passage in Gervase of Tilbury, which is important both on account of its contents and its similarity, which we have already noticed, to a still current Scotch tale. *Otia Imper.* 987.

“ Sed et dracos vulgo asserunt formam hominis assumere primosque in forum publicum adventare sine cujusvis agitatione. Hos perhibent in cavernis fluviorum mansionem habere et nunc in specie annulorum aureorum supernatantium aut scyphorum mulieres allicere ac pueros in ripis fluminum balneantes. Nam dum visa cupiunt consequi, subito raptu coguntur ad intima delabi, nec plus hoc contingere dicunt quam fœminis lactantibus, quas draci rapiunt, ut prolem suam infelicem nutriant et nonnunquam post exactum septennium remuneratæ ad hoc nostrum redeunt hemispherium; quæ etiam narrant, se in amplis palatiis cum dracis et eorum uxoribus in cavernis et ripis fluminum ha-

bitasse. Vidimus equidem hujuscemodi fœminam raptam, dum in ripa fluminis Rhodani panniculos ablueret, scypho ligneo superenatante, quem dum ad comprehendendum sequeretur, ad altiora prægressa a draco introfertur, nutrixque facta filii sui sub aqua, illæsa rediit, a viro et amicis vix agnita post septennium. Narrabat æque miranda, quod hominibus raptis draci vescebantur, et se in humanas species transformabant, cumque uno aliquo die pastillum anguillarem pro parte dracus nutrici dedisset, ipsa digitos pastilli adipe linitos ad oculum unum et unam faciem casu ducens, meruit limpidissimum sub aqua ac subtilissimum habere intuitum. Completo ergo suæ vicis anno tertio cum ad propria rediisset in foro Pellicadii (al Belliquadri h. e. Beaucaire) summo mane dracum obvium habuit, quem agnitum salutavit, de statu dominæ ac alumni sui quæstionem faciens. Ad hæc dracus, heus, inquit, quonam oculo mei cepisti agnitionem? at illa oculum visionis indicat, quem adipe pastilli pridem perunxerat, quo comperto dracus digitum oculo infixit sicque de cætero non visus aut cognoscibilis divertit."

As the presence of the domestic spirit causes happiness and prosperity, so that of the changeling brings with it destruction to man and beast, and every enterprise proves abortive.

5. The dead belong to the fairies, and they

therefore celebrate the death of a person like a festival, with music and dancing. This Irish superstition agrees with the German tradition (No. 61), according to which the Nixen are seen dancing on the waters before a child is drowned. Persons long since dead are observed in the procession of the furious host (Eyring Sprichwörter, i. 781—786). In an old German poem, *Liedersal*, ii. 284: “*Der tót hæť uns daz leben in diser wilde überrant und hæť uns den trutten gesant.*” (Death has overtaken our lives in this world, and has sent us to the intervening state.)

6. Already in the poets of the middle ages the *Alp* is a malignant spirit, an evil spectre (*getwås*), oppressing men during sleep, and haunting them in their dreams. The passages are before quoted in the first division. Hence the common expression *triegen* (to deceive); as for the spirit itself, *getruc*, (phantasma), already in O. iii. 8. 48. we find *gidrog*; the adj. *elbisch*, indicates not only the nature of the *Alp*, but also that of the person possessed of the *Alp*; hence, still in the Vocabul. 1482, *elbischer*, phantastical. In a fable of the fifteenth century, *der elbische mülesel* (the elvish mule). (Büschings wöchentl. Nachr. i, 59.) In Switzerland, *älbsch*, *älb*, signifies stupid (Stalder, i. 94). In Swabia, *elpendrötsch* is a nickname for a stupified person (Nicolais Reisen, ix. 160); and

in Mecklenburg, *alklas*. In Hamburg, an invalid who looks like a ghost or spectre, is called *elvenribbe* (Richey Hamb. Idiot). In the Dutch, *aelwittig* signifies foolish, silly (*albern*). Older Dutch poets express the same notion. See Maerlant Spec. Hist. i. 5, *elfs ghedroch* (elvish illusion). An ancient testimony for this superstition is found in Snorres Heimskringla (i. p. 20): the Swedish king, Vanland, complains that the *Mara* has oppressed him in his sleep (*at mara trad hann*); and the Skalde Thiodolf repeats it in a poem (*mara qualdi*). Another is found in Gervase of Tilbury (Otia Imper. c. 86): ut autem moribus et auribus hominum satisfaciamus, constituamus, hoc esse foeminarum ac virorum quorundam infortunia, quod de nocte celerrimo volatu regiones transcurrunt domos intrant, dormientes opprimunt, ingerunt somnia gravia, quibus planctus excitant.

That they are not Elves, but the spirits of real men, which press others during their sleep, is agreeable to the superstition still prevailing in Sweden (Westerdahl Beskrifning am svenska Seder, p. 40) and Denmark (Thiele, ii. 18); and, according to which, young women are unawares seized with it in their sleep, and torment other persons during the night. The name is *Mare*; in the Faroe islands *Marra*; in England *Nightmare*; and in Holland *Nachtmaer*. In Germany,

and as it seems alone, *der Alp* (mas.) is, indeed, used ; but the synonymous terms, *Mahr* and *Drud*, are employed both as masculine and feminine ; and so far it agrees with Gervase, who speaks both of men and women. The belief and legends (every thing now current in Germany is collected in No. 80) seem to be every where nearly the same. It is singular that people, by a simple act of volition, can, out of anger or hatred, send the Alp to others ; then it creeps in the form of a little white butterfly from between the eyebrows, flies away, and settles on the breast of the sleeping person. In perfect conformity with this belief, *Toggeli* (i. e. Töcklin, or Schretlin) signifies in Switzerland, according to Stalder, both Alp and butterfly ; and in the trials of witches, the evil spirit (the Elbe) is mentioned under the name of Molkendieb (stealer of milk) and butterfly. In France they have the *Cauchemar*. The Irish Phooka, in its nature, perfectly resembles the *Mahr* ; and we have only to observe, that there is a particular German tradition (No. 79. vide 272) of a spirit, which sits among reeds and alder-bushes ; and which, like the Phooka, leaps upon the back of those who pass by in the night, and does not leave them till they faint and fall to the earth.

14. ANCIENT TESTIMONIES.

The high antiquity of the belief in the existence of fairies appears from the earlier use of various denominations to which we have referred in their proper places. But there is no want of hitherto unexplored testimonies, which relate to the contents of the traditions themselves, and are of greater importance, inasmuch as their evidence is more striking. They might, indeed, have been also introduced; but partly it appeared more advantageous to review them in succession, and partly it was hardly possible fully to explain them, except in this place, particularly after we had considered the nature of the domestic spirit.

1. Cassianus (a clergyman of Marseilles in the fifth century) *collationes patrum*, vii. c. 32.

“Nonnullos (immundos spiritus), quos faunos vulgus appellat, ita seductores et joculatores esse manifestum est, ut certa quæque loca seu vias jugiter obsidentes nequaquam tormentis eorum, quos prætereuntes potuerint decipere, delectentur, sed derisu tantummodo et illusionem contenti fatigare eos potius studeant, quam nocere; quosdam solummodo innocuis incubationibus hominum pernoctare.”

He describes those little beings which the people call forest spirits, which delight in gambols, and

entice men. They have their favourite haunts; do not wish to hurt passengers, but merely to teaze and laugh at them, as the Elves are accustomed to do. Lastly, he mentions the Alp, which presses and weighs upon men in the night.

2. Isidorus hispal. (beginning of the seventh century.) Etym. lib. viii. c. ult.

“Pilosī, qui græce panitæ, latine incubi appellantur; hos dæmones Galli Dusios nuncupant. Quem autem vulgo Incubonem vocant hunc Romani Faunum dicunt.”

The Pilosi are the hairy, terrestrial Elves; the Scotch Brownie is still shaggy; and in Wolf-dieterich the *rauche Els* is expressly represented.

The Gallic name, Dusii, is met with two centuries before, in Saint Augustin de civ. Dei, c. 23, dæmones, quos Duscios Galli nuncupant; from whom Isidor, perhaps, copied this remark, as Hincmar, subsequently from one of them, in his de divortio Lotharii, p. 654, and Gervase, i. 989. They say that women had entered into a familiar intercourse with these spirits. The explanation of *Incubo* by *Faunus*, which is likewise taken from Augustine, shows how we must understand Faunus in the passage in Cassian: Vide incubo in preceding quotation from Petronius.

3. A passage in Diucange (v. aquaticus) from the Cod. Reg. 5600, written about the year 800:

“Sunt aliqui rustici homines, qui credunt aliquas mulieres, quod vulgum dicitur, strias esse debeant et ad infantes vel pecora nocere possint, vel dusiolus vel aquaticus vel geniscus esse debeat.”

The Dusii, therefore, are conceived to be little spirits; and it is proved by the contrast with the others mentioned, that they are wood or domestic spirits; for we are, no doubt, to understand by *aquaticus* a Nix, but by *geniscus* (from genius, Alp) a real Elf, or spirit of light: both words contain literal translations. (Hincmarus remensis, opp. Paris, 1645. T. i. p. 654, calls *lamiæ*, sive *geniciales feminæ*.) They injure children by substituting changelings in their room; and the Scotch tradition expressly says that they do the same with animals.

4. Monachus Sangallens (died 885) de Carolo. M. (Bouquet, v. p. 116):

“Dæmon, qui dicitur larva, cui curæ est ludicris hominum illusionibus vacare, fecit consuetudinem ad cujusdam fabri ferrarii domum (in Francia quæ dicitur antiqua) venire per noctes malleis et incudibus ludere. Cumque pater ille familias signo salutiferæ crucis se suaque munire conaretur, respondit pilosus: ‘mi compater, si non impedieris me in officina tua joculari, appone hic pontiunculam tuam et quotidie plenam invenies illam.’ Tum miser ille plus penuriam metuens corporalem,

quam æternam animæ perditionem, fecit juxta suasionem adversarii. Qui adsumpto prægrandi flascone cellarium bromii vel ditis illius, irrumpens, rapina perpetrata, reliqua in pavementum fluere permisit. Cumque jam tali modo plurimæ cubæ exinanitæ fuissent animadvertens episcopus quia dæmonum fraude periissent, benedicta aqua cellam adpersit et invecto crucis signaculo tutavit. Nocte autem facta furis antiqui callidus satelles cum vasculo suo venit et cum vinaria vasa propter impressionem sanctæ crucis non auderet attingere, nec tamen ei liceret exire, in humana specie repertus et a custode domus alligatus, pro fure ad supplicium productus et ad palum cæsus, inter cædendum hoc solum proclamavit: ‘væ mihi ! væ mihi ! quia potiunculam compatris mei perdidi !’”

The domestic spirit is evidently described here ; and the whole story, which may well be a thousand years old, is so exactly in the spirit of those now current, that we might believe it was taken from them. He is called *larva*, that is, *wicht*, *schrat*, as the above-quoted old glosses translate it ; as in Isidor : *Pilosus* ; like the wight, he appears in the human figure. He comes in the night, plays with the smith’s tools, in the same manner as the Cluricaune hammers, and like the subterraneous beings is heard at work. An attachment follows this ; and he makes a present of a

pitcher of wine which is never empty, in order to promote the interest of the house, in the same manner as the Kobold. He makes no conscience of stealing the wine elsewhere ; as the Irish Cluricaune goes by night into the well-stored cellar, and, in order to exercise justice according to his notions, lets the wine run out of the casks to punish the covetous.

5. Odericus Vidalis (born in England in 1075 ; lived in Normandy). Hist. Eccl. v. p. 556.

“ Deinde Taurinus fanum Dianæ intravit Zabulonque coram populo visibilem adstare coegit, quo viso ethnica plebs valde timuit. Nam manifeste apparuit eis Æthiops niger et fuligo, barbam habens prolixam, et scintillas igneas ex ore mittens. Deinde angelus Dei splendidus ut sol advenit cunctisque cernentibus ligatis a dorso manibus dæmonem adduxit. Dæmon adhuc in eadem urbe degit et in variis frequenter formis apparens, neminem lædit. Hunc vulgus Gobelinum appellat, et per merita S. Taurini ab humana læsione coercitum usque hoc affirmat.”

6. Pœnitentiale, in a Vienna MS. of the twelfth century (Cod. Univ. 633). The composition is probably older.

Fol. 12. “ Fecisti pueriles arcus parvulos et puerorum sutularia, et projecisti eos in cellarium, sive in horreum ut satyri vel pilosi cum eis ibi

jocarentur et tibi aliorum bona comportarent, et inde ditior fieres."

As the domestic wights are little; children's toys are placed for them in the cellar or barn, their usual haunts: a bow, in order that they may discharge little arrows at men, and tease them, as they otherwise do with small pebbles; for the dangerous Elf-bolt of the Scotch tradition hath doubtless its counterpart in one that is harmless. A pair of child's shoes, which are the *Sutularia*; (Notker, Capella, 16. 37. *sustelâre*, *petasus*, *subtalare*, what is tied under the foot. They were worn only in the night, and in summer. See Dü Cange); for the wights love articles of dress above all things. The master of the house does this, that the sly Kobold may secretly steal something (generally provisions) from others, and bring it to him, for wherever he takes up his abode there is abundance of every thing.

7. Radevicus (in the twelfth century) De Gestis Frid. i. l. ii. c. 13, mentions the omens which preceded the burning of the church at Freisingen, among others:

"Pilosus, quos Satyros vocant, in domibus plerumque auditi."

The Kobold is heard knocking in the houses as a warning, in the same manner as the wights announce a death to the mountaineer (Deut. Sag.

No. 47), and as the Domestic Spirits presage an impending evil.

8. Here we must place the passages quoted in the preceding sections, from Gervase of Tilbury, whose *Otia Imperialia* was written in the thirteenth century; in which the belief in the existence of the Brownie, Changeling, and Nightmare, is related in perfect conformity with existing traditions.

9. In conclusion, we quote a legend of the Domestic Spirit, which is in a Heidelberg Codex (No. 341. f. 371, 372), and the contents, perfectly agreeing with the still current traditions, are as remarkable as the manner in which it is told is agreeable. The MS. is of the fourteenth century, the poem in all probability still older, and composed in the thirteenth century. Respecting the source of this tale, it seems most natural to assume, that a German had heard the tale in the North, or that a travelling Norwegian related it in Germany.

The king of Norway wishes to make the king of Denmark a present of a tame white bear. The Norseman who conducts him thither stops in a village on the road, and begs a lodging for the night of a Dane. He does not refuse him, but complains to the stranger that he is not master of his house, because a spirit torments him in it;

mit niht' ich daz ervarn kan
 swaz creatiuren ez sl.
 sîn hant ist swâr' alsam ein blî :
 wen ez erreicht mit dem slage—
 ez slät in, daz er vellet nider.
 sîn gestalt unt sîniu gelider
 diu moht ich leider nie gesehen,
 wan daz ich des vürwâr muoz jehen
 unde sage ez in ze wunder,
 daz ich gevriesch nie kunder
 sò stark noch sò gelenke :
 tische, stuele unde benke
 die sint im ringe alsam ein bal ;
 ez wirfet ûf unde ze tal
 die schüzzeln unde die töpfe gar,
 ez rumpelt stäte vür sich dar,
 ovenbrete unt ovensteine,
 körbe, kisten algemeine,
 die wirfet ez hin unde her.
 ez gêt ot allez daz entwer
 waz ist in dem hove mîn *.

Upon this, he had quitted the house with all his servants, choosing rather to build a hut in the

* I cannot by any means discover what kind of creature it is. Its hand is as heavy as lead ; whoever it reaches with its blow, it strikes so hard that he falls to the ground. Its form and its limbs I have unfortunately never seen. I must tell you for truth that I never knew a spirit so strong or so nimble ; tables, chairs, and benches it tosses like a ball ; it throws about all the dishes and pots ; it rattles every thing before it, oven stones and boards, baskets and all the chests : in short, it breaks to pieces every thing that is in my house.

fields. The Norseman, who had only to stop in the house for that night, takes up his quarters in the kitchen, roasts his meat at the fire, and is quite merry ; at length he lays himself down to sleep. The bear, who has also finished his meal, and is tired with his journey, stretches himself by the fire-side.

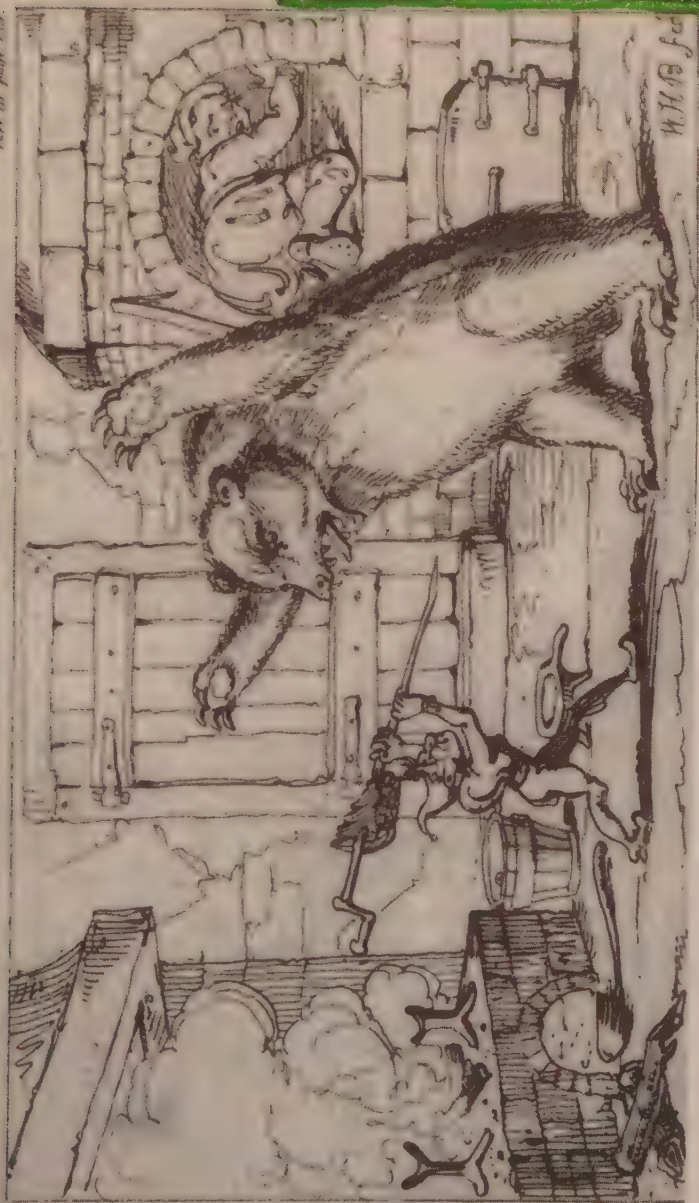
dô nû der guote man gelac
 unde slâfes nâch der muede pslac
 unt ouch der muede ber entslief,
 hoeret, wie ein schretel dort her lief,
 daz was kûme drier spannen lanc,
 gein dem viure ez vaste spranc.
 ez was gar eislich getân,
 unde hât ein rötêz keppel an.
 daz ir die wârheit wizzet,
 ez hât ein vleisch gespizzet
 an einen spiz îsenîn,
 den truoc ez in der hende sîn.
 daz schretel ungehiure
 sich sazte zuo dem viure
 unde briet sîn vleisch durch lîpñar,
 unz ez des bern wart gewar
 ez dâhte in sînem sinne :
 waz tuot diz kunder hinne ?
 ez ist sò griuliche getân !
 unde sol ez bî dir hie bestân,
 dû muost sîn lîhte schaden nemen ;
 nein, blîbens darf ez niht gezemen.
 ich hân die andern gar verjaget,
 unde bin ouch noch niht sò verzaget,
 ez muoz mir râmen diz gemacht.
 nîtlich' ez úf den bern sach,
 ez sach ot dar unt allex dar,
 zelest erwac ez sich sîn gar

*unde gap dem bern einen slac
 mit dem spizze uf den nac.
 er rampf sich unde grein ez an,
 daz Schretel spranc von im hindan
 unde briet sin vleischel vürbaz,
 unz daz ez wart von smalze maz,
 dem bern ez aber einex sluoc,
 der ber im aber daz vertruoc,
 ez briet sin vleisc vür sich dar
 unz daz ez rehte wart gewar,
 daz nû der brâte slûsete,
 unt in der hitze brûsete,
 den spiz ez mit dem brâten zôch
 vaste uf über daz houbet kôch,
 daz boese tuster (or custer ?) ungeslaht
 sluoc ûz aller sîner maht
 den mueden bern über dax mûl.
 nû was der ber doch niht sô vûl,
 er vuor uf unde lief ex an *.*

* Now when the good man laid down and enjoyed sleep after his fatigue, and the wearied bear was also sleeping, hark ! how a Schretel, scarce three spans high, comes running along, and goes up quickly towards the fire. It was dressed quite *eislich* (Elfish ?) and wore a red cap. That you may know the truth, he had put a piece of meat upon an iron spit, which he was carrying in his hand. The Schretel monster sat down near the fire, and roasted his meat ; and when he perceived the bear, he said within himself : “ What does this creature here ? It is so hideously dressed ! And if it should remain here with thee, thou mightest easily receive some hurt. No, troth ! it shall not abide here. The others I have scared away, and I am not so cowardly but it shall quit this room for me ! ” With anxious look he gazed upon the bear, he looked all round ; at length he roused himself, and gave the bear a blow upon the neck with the spit. The bear raised himself and grinned upon him ; the Schretel jumped from him,

gling and ...

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Now the bear was not lazy, he sprang up and ran at him.

made me have been since then

A scene of scuffling and scratching now commences between the bear and the Schretel; the bear growls so loud that his master awakes, and in his terror creeps into the oven:

*nû bîzâ bîz, nû limmâ lim !
nû kratzâ kratz, nû krimmâ krim !
sie bizzaen unde lummen
sie krazten unde krummen.*

The combat is for a long time uncertain; at length, however, the bear is victorious, and the Schretel suddenly disappears. The bear, quite fatigued and hurt, lies down on the ground and rests his wearied limbs. Early in the morning the Norseman creeps out of the oven, takes leave of the Dane, who is surprised to see him alive, and then continues his journey with his bear. Meantime the Dane is preparing his plough:

*ze acker er damite gienc,
er mente sîn ohsen, hin treip er,
nû lief daz Schretel dorthen
unde trat ob im ûf einen stein,
mit bluote wâren siniu bein*

and continued to roast his meat; and when it was well basted he gave the bear a blow; but Bruin bore it patiently: he continued roasting his meat; and when he saw that it began to hiss and froth, he lifted the meat on the spit over his head, and with all his might struck the bear across his snout. Now the bear was not so lazy; he sprang up and ran at him.

berunnen uf unt ze tal,
 sin libel daz was überal
 zekratzet unde zebizzen,
 zezerret unde zerrizzen
 was sin keppel daz ez truoc.
 ez rief eislich' unt lûte genuoc.
 unde sprach dem búmanne zuo,
 ez rief wol drîstunt; "hörest dûz dû?
 hörest dûz dû? hörest dûz jedoch?
 lebet din grôze katze noch?"
 er luoget uf unde sach ez an,
 sus antwurt' im der búman:
 "jâ, jâ, min grôze katze,
 dir ze trutze unt ze tratze
 lebet sie, dû bösez wihtel, noch:
 sam mir daz ôhsel unde daz joch!
 vûmf jungen sie mir hînt gewan,
 die sint schoene unde wolgetân
 laucsitic, wiz unde herlich,
 der alten katzen alle gelich."
 "vûmf jungen?" sprach daz Schretelîn.
 "ja, sprach er, uf die triuwe mân,
 louf hin unde schôuwe sie,
 dû ne gesaehe sò schöner katzen nie,
 besich doch, ob es wûr sì."
 "pfi dich! sprach daz Schretel, pfi!
 sol ich sie schouwen, wê mir wart,
 nein, nein, ich kom niht uf die vart,
 sint ir nú sehse worden,
 sie begunden mich ermorden.
 din eine tât mir è sò wê,
 in dinen hof ich niemer mê
 kom, die wîle ich hân mân leben."
 diu rede kam dem búman eben,
 daz Schretel sà vor im verswant,
 der búman kêrte heim zehant,

*in sînen hof zoch er sich wider
unde was dâ mit gemache sider,
er unde sîn wîp unt sîniu kint,
diu lebeten dâ mit vröuden sint*.*

It is remarkable that the Schrat comes in the night to the fire to roast meat, as this agrees with what Gervase of Tilbury says in the passage before quoted: The wights came in the night to the fire, where they roasted frogs, and then ate them. The Schretel has rendered his house in-

* He went with it to his field and drove his oxen before him. Now the Schretel ran that way, and stepped before him upon a stone; his legs were all besmeared with blood, his body was all over scratched and bitten, and the cap he wore was rumpled and torn. He called out like an Elf, and loudly enough, said to the farmer, "Dost thou hear? Dost thou hear? Dost thou hear, fellow? Is thy great cat still alive?" He turned and looked at it; and thus the farmer answered him; "Yes, yes, my great cat, to spite thee, is still alive, thou evil wight! To-day she has had five kittens, which are all fine and handsome, white and beautiful, all like the old cat."—"Five kittens!" says the Schretlin. "Yes! by my troth; run and look at them; you never saw finer kittens in all your life: go and see if it is true."—"No, indeed," says the Schretel, "no; if I were to look at them it would be the worse for me—no, no, I shall not go there. Now there are six of them—they might murder me: the one hurt me so much that I will never go into your house again so long as I live." This was just what the farmer wished to hear; the Schretel vanished, the farmer returned home immediately, took up his abode again in his house, where he dwelt in safety; he and his wife and children lived there happily.

tolerable to its owner, as the malignant spirit Grendel did the castle to the Danish king, who like him was delivered from his tormenter by a strange hero. Grendel, too, always carried on his tricks during the night. In this point of view it cannot be overlooked that many of our modern nursery tales, in which some brave traveller clears the place where he takes up his abode for the night, of ghosts and goblins, is founded on the same idea. In the morning the owner manifests the same surprise that his guest had escaped with his life; sometimes, also, the wanderer is attended by an animal which, as in this case the bear, decidedly terminates the affair against the spirits.

15. ELFIN ANIMALS.

It is believed in the Faroe islands, that large and fat sheep and cows, belonging to the fairies, feed invisibly among the other cattle, and that one of them, or one of their dogs, is sometimes seen. This superstition prevails in Iceland. Their herds are not supposed to be numerous, but very productive; they show themselves only when they please. In Norway, the Huldre drive cattle before them, which are as *blue* as they are themselves. In Germany, too, they relate stories of a blue Elfin Cow, who knew beforehand if an enemy was approaching, and pointed out to the people

secure places of retreat (Strack's *Beschreib. von Eilsen*, p. 7). In Sweden, the Sea-woman drives *snow-white* cattle to pasture in the islands and on the beach (*Schwed. Volksl.* iii. 148), and the Elfin nymphs, in a certain song (*Ibid.* iii. 171 and 173) promise twelve white oxen.

The Scotch legend respecting the Elfin bull is circumstantial, though certainly very ancient, as it must have been known in Iceland as early as the beginning of the thirteenth century, as appears from the *Eyrbyggja Saga* (chap. 63), which is of that date. A cow was missing, and people pretended that they had seen her in the pasture with an ox which had the colour of a gray horse (*apalgrár*), and which obviously answers to the mouse-coloured bull of the Scotch tradition. During the winter, she suddenly returns to the stable, and towards the summer she has a bull-calf, which is so exceedingly large, that she dies in calving. An old blind woman, who had when young the gift of "second sight," on hearing the calf bellow, cried out, "This is the bellowing of an Elf, and not of a living creature; you will do well to kill it instantly!" She again repeats her assertion, which, however, on account of the beauty of the animal, is not attended to. It grows very strong, and roars in a frightful manner, and when four years old, it kills with its horns the master of the house, and then jumps into a lake.

In Germany, too, the Elf-bull appears to have been known. It is related in *Simplicissimus* (book v. chap. 10), that as some herdsmen were tending their cattle near the Mummel See (that is, the Lake of the Waternixen, for they are called Muhmen, Mummeln, as the female land Elfs Roggenmuhmen, vide No. 89), a brown bull had issued from it, and joined the rest of the cattle; a Waternixe immediately followed to bring him back; to whom he paid no regard, till the latter wished he might have all the misfortunes of men if he refused, upon which both returned into the water. We must compare with this the Irish tradition of the cow with the seven heifers, and the Swiss legend of the spectre animal which ravaged the Alps, and could only be tamed by a bull trained for the purpose. (Deut. Sag. No. 142.)

16. WITCHES AND SORCERESSES.

We conclude these remarks with the following, which immediately result from them. The belief in fairies and spirits prevailed over all Europe long before the introduction of Christianity. The teachers of the new faith endeavoured to abolish the deeply-rooted heathenish ideas and customs of the people, by representing them as sinful and connected with the devil. Hence many originally pleasing fables and popular amusements gradually assumed a gloomy, mixed, and dubious character.

Not that the heathenish belief was without the contrast of evil: the northern mythology has beings which are not amiable, particularly females who ride out by night to do mischief, to excite storms and tempests: they were not unknown in Germany*.

The people too could never be fully weaned from the innocent notions of their ancient opinions;

* The following Glosses refer to this place: Gl. Vindob. *lamia*: *holzmuwa* and *holzmove*. Gl. Trev. 70^a *holzmvia*, *lamia*. Gl. Lindenbrog. 996^b *lamia*: *holzmuwo* Gl. Flor. 988^b *holzruna*, *lamia*.—Gl. Doc. 219^b *holzmuoja*, *wildaz wîp*, *lamia*. *Muoja* seems to signify the screaming, bellowing, lowing. Tradit. Fuldens. ii. 544, *domus*, *wildero wibo*, a place. The *rough Elf*, who endeavours to entice *Wolfdietrich*, and throws a charm over him, appears to be such a savage wood-nymph. In the *Kolotzer Codex*, we find the following passage, p. 261, 262.

Ô wê du unholde,
sitzeſt du hie mit golde
gezieret und behangen!
ez iſt dir wol ergangen
ich wil des weſen ſicher
du ſoldeſt billicher
dâ ze kolze varn.
(die beſcholtene antwortet:)
Ich bin kein unholde*.

- * O woe! thou sorceress,
Dost thou sit here adorned
And hung about with gold!
Thou hast been very prosperous!
(The accused replies:)
I am no sorceress.

and, as we have endeavoured to show, scattered features and images of heathenism were imperceptibly adopted in the legends, usages, and festivals of the Christian church. On the whole, however, a gloom has been cast in the minds of the people over their ideas and opinions of those ancient traditions. To a dread of incorporeal beings, that of the sinful and diabolical has been added. They avoid the good people as one would shun a heretic; and, perhaps, much of what distinguishes heretics has for that reason been ascribed to the fairies; for instance, abstaining from cursing and swearing. The dances on the Brocken, those around the fire on Midsummer Eve, were nothing more than festivals of the Elves of light: they have been transformed into hideous, devilish dances of witches; and the rings in the meadow-dew, formerly ascribed to the light footsteps of the fairies, are now attributed to this cause. The beings, too, which were formerly believed to be kind and gracious, are become odious and inimical, though the ancient name expressive of good qualities still subsists here and there (in Hesse and Thuringia, Dame Holle of whom they have made the more idol-like Dame Venus).* All stories of witches have something

* The oldest ordinances against witches are: *Lex Salica*, tit. 67. *Lex Langob.* l. i. tit. xi. cap. 9. *Caroli M. Capitul. de partibus Saxoniz*, cap. 5. Vide a particularly remarkable

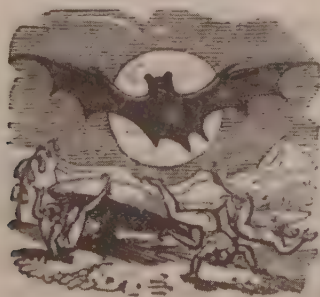
dry and monotonous ; only the lees of the old fancy remain. They are sterile and joyless, like witchcraft itself, which leaves those who practise it poor and indigent, without any worldly compensation for the loss of their souls. Cervantes says (*Persiles*, ii. 8), " The witches do nothing that leads to any object." Yet we see how accurately that which the tortured imagination of these unhappy persons can confess, leads through so troubled a stream to the fountain of the fairy legends *. The witches dance in the silence of night, in cross-roads, secluded mountains, and woodland pastures. If an uninitiated person approaches, if he utters a sacred name, every illusion vanishes. The cock crowing (the break of day) interrupts the assembly (*Remigius Dæmonolatria*, German trans. Frankfurt, 1598. viii. p. 121). Like the Elves they have no salt or bread at their meals (*Idem*, p. 126). (*Actenmäßige Hexen Prozesse* (Trials of Witches), Eichstädt, 1811. p. 32). The Druden Shot is the Elf-bolt ; on Fridays the Drud hears the most acutely. In the night the witches ride with great velocity through the air on animals, or inanimate passage in Regino, *Eccl. Discipl.* lib. 2. § 364. See Mone on Heathenism, 2, 128, who views the thing in the proper light.

* The ancient appellation still occurs here and there. In the Low German Romance of Malagis (Heidelberg MS. f. 118^b) the sorceress is expressly called the *Elfin*.

sticks and forks, invigorated with magic ointment, in the same manner as the Irish Cluricaune rides on a reed ; whoever has accompanied them, unperceived by them, requires days and weeks to return home. They brew tempests in pots, till a hailstorm arrives and beats down the corn, as the French popular story relates of Oberon, that he made storms, rain, and hail ; or the Servian Vile gathers clouds (Wuk. i. No. 323). Their look, the squeeze of their hand, affects cattle, less frequently men, but oftenest little children. Almost every confession of such actions must be founded on a real event, the thousand-fold natural causes or motives of which were overlooked. But it was not the people so much as the judges who were exasperated against the witches. One trial led to another ; and why should the frightful number of witches have lived in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and first half of the 18th century in a little tract of country, in a small town where sorcerers were before as little heard of as in our days ? The intercourse with the evil spirit*

* He is called Meister Hemmerlein (Remigius, loc. cit. p. 181. 240. 280. 298. 359. 387. 408. 448) exactly as the mountain spirit (Deut. Sag. i. 3). Has this any connexion with the Hämmerlein of Zurich (born 1389) ? See John Müller, 3. 164. 4. 290, and Kirchhofer's Proverbs, p. 79. Or is Hammer a much older name for Devil and Enchanter ? See Frisch under Hämmerlein : Poltergeist, Erdschmidlein, Klopfer.

of which they were accused, is no more than what the earlier traditions relate of the connexions of the fairies of both species with mankind. The penal laws of those times (revived and confirmed by the bull of Innocent VIII. in 1484), according to Charles V. Criminal Code (ccc. 109) enacted cruel water ordeals, the torture, and burning alive ; and many thousands suffered death, all innocent of the imputed impossible crimes. The merciless error may be excused, if it can, by the circumstance that most of the condemnations appear to have fallen upon women of bad character, and otherwise deserving of punishment. It is not in all countries that an insignificant superstition of the people has exercised such a dreadful influence ; it was a fearful parody of real life on the system of the invisible world founded on ancient poetry.



ADDITIONS TO THE AUTHORITIES.

From the Manuscript Communication of Dr. Wilhelm Grimm.

HOLLAND.

IN those districts where the dwellings of the *white women* are found, the inhabitants are unanimously heard to declare, that frightful apparitions had appeared in the neighbourhood; that there had been frequently heard within woeful cries, groans, and lamentations of men, women, and children; that by day and night people had been fetched to women in labour; that these spirits foretold to superstitious men their good or bad fortune; that they were able to give information respecting stolen, lost, or mislaid effects, who the guilty were, &c.; and the inhabitants behaved to them with great respect, as recognising something divine in them; that some of the people who had, on certain occasions, been into their dwellings, had seen and heard incredible things, but did not dare to tell of them at the peril of their life; that they were more active than any creatures, that they

were always dressed in white, and were therefore not called the *white women*, but merely the *whites*. Picard's *Antiquities of Drenthe*, p. 46.

FINNLAND.

Para, a kind of goblin among the Finns, is borrowed from the Swedes, who call him Bjära ; he steals the milk from strange cows, drinks it, or carries it into the churn. If a certain fungus (*Mucor unctuosus flavus*, Lin.) is boiled in tar, salt, and sulphur, and beaten up with a whip, the owner of the Goblin appears, and intercedes for him.

The Alp is known under the name of *Painajainen* (the presser). It resembles a white nymph, illumines the whole chamber with its brightness, and presses upon the breast of the sleeping person, who screams out and laments ; it likewise hurts children, and causes them to squint, and may be expelled by a steel or a broom placed under the pillow.

The house goblin Tonttu, from the Swedish Tomtgubbe, is also common in Finnland. Rüh's *Finnland*, p. 304, 305.

LIVONIA.

Swehtas jumprawas (literally, holy virgins), according to the Livonian superstition, are certain

invisible spirits and goblins, which, during the night, do all the spinning, sewing, grinding, and threshing. Stender Livonian Grammar, p. 146.

ARMENIA.

Niebuhr (Travels, ii. 399) on his journey to Diarbeck, heard of a *sweeping spirit* in the Armenian convent of Kara Klise. The bishop had cast him out of a person possessed, and condemned him to sweep every night the church, the cells of the priests, the kitchen, and the hearth, and to remove the rubbish.

AFRICA.

Mumbo Jumo is the *Man Rupert*, among the Mandingos; he has a magic wand. See Mungo Park.

The Cadi of Sennaar asked me with an air of great importance, “if I knew when *Hagiuge Magiuge* would come? What my books said on the subject, and whether they agreed with theirs?” I answered, “that I could not say any thing, as I did not know what was contained in their books.” Upon this he said, “*Hagiuge Magiuge* are little people of the size of bees or flies of Sennaar. They issue from the earth in countless numbers, have two chiefs, who ride on an ass, the hairs of which are all pipes, each of which plays a par-

ticular air. Those persons, however, who hear and follow them, they carry with them into hell. James Bruce, v. ii.

LOWER BRETAGNE.

In the neighbourhood of Morlaix, the people are afraid of evil spirits and genii, whom they call *Teurst*; they believe that one of them, *Teursapouliet*, goes about, and appears to them under the form of a domestic animal.

They say, that previous to a death, a hearse (which they call *carriquet an nankon*) covered with a white cloth, and drawn by skeletons, is seen, and the creaking of the wheels is heard before the house in which a sick person is to die.

They are convinced that below the castle of Morlaix there are a great number of little men, a foot high, who live in subterraneous holes, where they may be heard walking about and playing with cymbals. The mountain dwarfs are the guardians of secret treasures, which they sometimes bring up, and allow every one who finds them to take a handful, but on no account any more; for if any one attempted to fill his pockets, he would not only see the gold instantly vanish, but also be punished, by having his ears boxed by innumerable invisible hands.

The people of Lower Bretagne still entertain

great dread of other spirits and dæmons, which are said to interfere in many human affairs. There are, for instance, *Sand Yan y tad* (Saint John and his father), who carry by night five lights at their fingers' ends, and make them go round with the rapidity of a wheel; it is a kind of *ignis fatuus*.

Other spirits skim the milk. A malignant wind, *aëel fal*, ravages the country.

Among the ruins of Trespalaouen dwell the *Courils*, dwarfs of a malevolent disposition, and in some measure magicians, who are very fond of dancing. They have their nocturnal meetings amidst the Druids' stones, and dance, leap, and caper in regular time. Woe to the shepherd who has the temerity to approach them! he is obliged to join in their dance, and hold out till the cock-crowing. Many have been found dead on the following morning through giddiness and exhaustion. Woe to the damsels who come near the *Courils*! Nine months afterwards something new takes place in the house; the birth of a young sorcerer, who is not indeed a dwarf, but to whom the malicious spirits give the features of a young villager; so great is their power and subtilty.

Wicked fairies, known by the name of the nocturnal washer-women (*eur cunnerez noz*), appear on the shore and invite passengers to assist them

in rinsing the linen of the dead. If a person refuses, or does it against his inclination, they draw him into the water and break his arms.

In many houses they never sweep the rooms after sunset, that they may not, with their broom, injure the dead, who walk about at that time ; a single blow would irritate them, and be attended with serious consequences. On All Saints' Day in particular, the house is supposed to swarm with them ; their number is like the sand on the sea-shore.

In order to find the corpse of a drowned person they fasten a burning light to a boat, and let it swim on the water ; where it stops, the dead person lies.

The sea-nymphs, too, have been seen by many thousand fishermen. They excite the most violent tempests, and from them there is no deliverance except by prayer and invocation of the Patron Saint.

They consult the birds whether they shall marry, and how old they are to be. They count how often the cock crows before midnight : if it is an even number of times, the wife dies ; if an odd number, the husband.

They believe that, on Christmas Eve, no ruminating domestic animal goes to sleep ; that they

consult on the life and death of the inmates of the house, and for this reason they give them a double share of food.

If the dogs bark in the night, it is a presage of death.

They observe hereditary customs in cases of sickness and pregnancy, steep the body-linen in consecrated water, watch by the dead to keep off the evil spirits, make pilgrimages to our Lady *des Portes*, and pass the hand over her garments; the rustling and shining of which is an indication of serene days and a plentiful harvest.

In the neighbourhood of Vannes, there is a very popular belief in a spirit of colossal stature. He is called *Teus* or *Bugelnoz*, and never shows himself but between midnight and two o'clock. His garments are white, and his office is to disappoint Satan of his prey. He then spreads his mantle over the victim which the evil one is about to fetch. The latter, who has to come across the sea, cannot long bear the presence of the good spirit; he sinks again, and the spirit vanishes.

From the *Journal Der Gesellschafter*, 1826. No. 36, where the authority is not mentioned. See also Legonider Dictionn. Celtobreton. vocibus: *arc-houere, ankelcher, bugelnoz, boudik, gobilin, korr, korrik*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On the goblins of the Romans, V. Plautus *Aulularia*. Prolog.

Nequis miretur, qui sim, paucis eloquar
Ego *lar* sum *familiaris*; ex hac familia
Unde me exeuntem me aspexistis.

I have communicated a Norwegian fairy tale from the verbal narrative of a friend, to the *Märchen Almanach* of Wilhelm Hauff for 1827. Stuttgart.

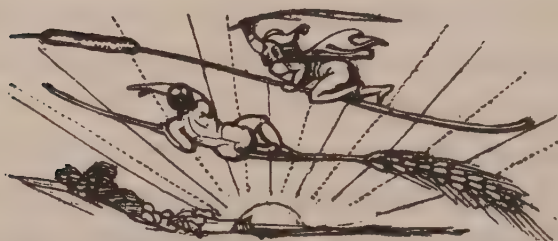
Some particulars relative to the Servian Vile may be found in *Wesely Serbische Hochzeit lieder* Pest. p. 17. 1286.

From the Faroe songs of Lyngbye, Randers, 1822, we may learn something from the *Liede von Quörfin* respecting the nocturnal orgies and occupations of the dwarfs. I have reviewed this book in the *Götting. gelehr. Anzeigen*, 1824. No. 143. p. 14—17.

In the ancient Noricum (the modern Tyrol, Salzburg, Stiria, and Carinthia) there is a very popular belief in a *Schranel*, the peevish mountain spirit; in an Alp spirit *Donanadel*; in the terrific *Perchte*, which announces a death; in the spirit *Butz*, which causes people to go astray; in the *Dusel*, *Klaubauf*, *Lotter*, *Bartel*, which creep into lonely houses and steal children; in the *Klage*, the

most dreadful and terrific image of inexorable destiny, the *playing wood-women*, and other spirits of meadows, springs, and fountains. These beings are generally invisible, but oftentimes appear to men. Muchar Röm. Norikum. Grätz, 1826, ii. 37.

Respecting the Wendischen dwarfs (they are called *Berstuc*, *Markropet*, and *Koltk*) see Masch Obotritische Alterthümer, iii. 39. Wiener Jahrbücher der Litteratur.



THE MABINOGION, AND FAIRY LEGENDS OF WALES.



“ This was set downe, for causes more than one,
The world beleeves, no more than it hath seene :
When things lye dead, and tyme is past and gone,
Blynd people say, it is not so we weene.
It is a tale devisde to please the eare
More for delight of toyes, then troth to beare :
But those that think, this may a fable be
To author’s good, I send them here from me.”

CHURCHYARD’S WORTHINES OF WALES.

THE compiler of this work having been favoured with several original communications respecting the Legends of Wales, which he found it impossible to interweave with the notes of the former volumes, has arranged them in the following pages ; as in many cases they afford striking illustrations of the legends current in Ireland.

The notice of the Mabinogion is chiefly derived from the kind assistance of Dr. Owen Pughe, who, besides the information conveyed in the introductory letter, placed in the hands of the compiler his manuscript translation of these romances, and with permission to make extracts. In availing himself of such flattering liberality, the compiler sincerely hopes that by more fully explaining to the public the nature of the Mabinogion than could be done within the limits of a prospectus, he may assist rather than injure the learned doctor's

subscription list *. And as expressing his own sentiments, he will repeat the words of the Editor of the *Cambro Britain*, in his prefatory address to Dr. Pughe on the appearance of the second volume of that work :

“ By a translation of the *Mabinogion*,

* In 1825, Dr. Owen Pughe issued the following prospectus for the publication of the *Mabinogion*, so soon as subscribers should be obtained sufficient to defray the expense of printing :

“ In three volumes, demy octavo, price 2*l.* in boards ; fifty copies will be on large superfine paper, price 4*l.*, The *Mabinogion* ; or, the Ancient Romances of Wales, in the original language, and a literal translation into English. By W. Owen Pughe, LL.D. F.A.S.

“ A general introduction, containing a review of the literature of Wales, in the early ages, will be prefixed ; and each of the tales will be illustrated by such allusions as occur in the works of the bards, and other memorials.

“ It is presumed, by the editor, that these interesting remains of British lore will be considered a valuable acquisition by the literary world, exhibiting a faithful and unique portraiture of the ancient manners and customs that prevailed among the *Cymmry*, through the middle ages. They may also assist in deciding a long-disputed question respecting the origin of all tales of a similar character diffused over Europe, and form an important accession to the curious and valuable illustrations of the subject, elicited by the learned researches of Ellis, in ‘ *The early English Romances.*’

“ Names of subscribers received by Messrs. Lewis and Alston, 30, Bishopsgate-Street ; Mr. Jones, 90, Long Acre ; Mr. Ellis, 2, John-Street, Oxford-Street ; Mr. H. Hughes, 15, St. Martin’s-le-Grand ; and by the Editor, Denbigh.”

avowedly among the most curious of our ancient remains, you will not only impose on your country a lasting obligation, but you will enrich in an essential degree the literary treasures of Europe. There may be other departments of learning more useful, but there is none more generally attractive than that in which the genius of romance has painted the fantastic splendours of her visionary reign. And among the numerous ancient productions of this nature, there are few, if any, that excel in interest the juvenile romances of Wales."

A gentleman, who is unknown even by name to the compiler, has furnished him with some of the subsequent remarks on the romantic and chivalrous tales of the Welsh. And to a lady (whose name he would feel proud in being allowed to mention) he is indebted for the extensive oral collection of tales. That lady thus prefaced her communications :

"The subject of Welsh fairies is one which interests me much; but the opportunities of conversing with story-tellers are few, the race being now almost extinct in Wales. The increase of wealth, the intercourse with enlightened Saxons, the improvement of roads, and the

progress of education, have nearly banished ‘the fair family.’ However, I have the good fortune to inhabit a romantic valley in Glamorganshire, and am acquainted with some old secluded mountaineers who speak no language but their own, and who inherit the superstition of their ancestors. They see the fairies—they hear their enchanting music, and sometimes join in their merry dances. They are also familiar with ghosts and strange noises, behold supernatural lights, and always foretel death by certain signs. I am sorry to add, too, that my country folk have frequent communications with ‘the old gentleman,’ who visits them in all possible shapes and places. A favourite spot is near a Roman road on one of the hills behind this house, where it is supposed treasure is hidden*.

“The stories which I send are deficient in the charm of national idiom, as they are trans-

* In a subsequent letter the fair writer says:—“Mama remembers a meeting of twenty preachers assembled on a hill not far from this, to combat the wicked spirit who had enticed so many to sinful practices, by tempting them with bars of gold, which were dug up near a Roman causeway called Sarn Helen. A farmer, a tenant of ours, who became suddenly rich, was commonly supposed to have sold himself to the evil one.”

lations from the Welsh; but I have endeavoured to imitate as closely as possible any peculiarities of phraseology, and in some instances have preserved the expressions in the original."

To the materials thus derived the compiler has added several fairy tales from printed sources, which are acknowledged; and on the entire he has appended notes, gleaned from various authorities. Even on this limited collection, like more extensive commentators, he has found these notes to exceed considerably his original intention; but he trusts that circumstance will not render them less acceptable. Although imperfectly qualified for the task, his aim has been to excite a general interest towards the more abstruse Legends of Wales. And in this endeavour he has been obliged in many instances to repeat particulars with which several readers must be familiar. He, however, preferred this fault to that of leaving any point, however trivial, unexplained.

The Ancient Bardic Poems and other remains, which are so frequently referred to, and quoted from, were collected and published by the Welsh Mecænas, Mr. Owen Jones,

better known as “Honest Owen Jones, the Thames Street Furrier.” This patriot printed at his own expense, in 3 vols. large 8vo., the *Archaiology of Wales*. 1st and 2d vols. in 1801; 3d vol. in 1807. A work which probably has preserved these curious remains from destruction, and certainly from oblivion*.

* The three volumes are spoken of by booksellers as “rare,” and at present sell in boards from ten to twelve guineas.



THE MABINOZION.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE IRISH FAIRY LEGENDS.

DEAR SIR,

I BEG leave to express to you, that I was greatly interested, by the perusal of the Irish Legends, at finding the fairy tales so generally and uniformly diffused over Britain and Ireland ; for there appears a great similarity between those popular traditions, as preserved in the Emerald Isle (*Iwerdkon*) and in Wales, though in the latter country a great many have sunk into oblivion, which I used to listen to when young.

Among those in Wales, *ar lavar gwlad*, or, on the voice of the country, according to our common saying, the most deeply rooted in the public memory and most general are, " The Man who killed his Greyhound," and the " Two prominent Oxen."

The first has found its way into the books of tours in Wales, and been applied to Llywelyn, our last prince ; but this is not warranted by the tradition, and a strong proof of its high antiquity is,

that Sir William Jones, in his “Institutes of Menu *,” gives the tale literally the same, from Persian tradition. The tale is thus related: A family went out to work at the harvest, leaving an infant sleeping in a cradle, and a favourite greyhound in the house as a safeguard. The head of the family had occasion to return home, and on entering the house, he was alarmed at finding the cradle overturned, and the dog lying in a corner covered with blood, and also blood about the floor. The man immediately killed his dog, supposing that the animal had destroyed the child; but upon turning up the cradle, he discovered the child asleep, with the clothes about him, and a large serpent dead by his side. The man, when it was too late, found how inconsiderately he had destroyed the faithful guardian of his child, and hence comes the old proverb, “*Edivared ag y gwr à ladhes ei vilgi* :” that is, as repentant as the man who killed his greyhound †.

* *Menw*, in Welsh, is intellect, mind. *Menw mab Teirgwaedh*, the Son of the three Cries, agrees in attributes with the Indian Menu. The latter gave the three Vedas, or the three revelations, and *gwaedh* in Welsh becomes *waedh* under many forms of construction, and is thus identified with the Sanscrit *ved*.

† The romantic village of Beddgelart (the grave of the Gilbertines), in North Wales, is popularly said to be the scene of this legend, in which a wolf is substituted for the

The adventure of the two oxen, Ninio and Peibio, as drawing the crocodile out of the lake, is localised to several pools in Wales *. There is

serpent. According to the modern tradition, the name of the dog was *Gelart* or *Ciliart*, oddly enough anglicised into *Kill hart*.

“ And till great Snowdon’s rocks grow old
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of ‘ *Gelart’s Grave*.’ ”

The names of many places in Wales appear to be more obviously connected with the story. Thus *Bwrdd Arthur* (Arthur’s table) in Carmarthenshire, a druidical remain (see Gibson’s *Camden*, col. 752), is likewise called *Gwal y Vîlast*, the couch or Πασος of the greyhound. There is a monument of the same kind, called also *Gwal y Vîlast*, in Glamorganshire; another called *Llech y Ast*, the flat stone of the Dog in Cardiganshire. And in Merionethshire, we find *Ffynaron Maen Milgi*, the spring of the greyhound’s stone, a stream issuing out of the side of Berwyn mountain.

This legend, although more romantic, bears some resemblance to that related in Ireland of Partholan, who, in a fit of jealousy, killed his wife’s greyhound, which was called Samer, and hence *Inis Samer*, or the Dog’s Isle, in Lough Erne. Not far from Bruree, in the county of Limerick, the figure of a greyhound, rudely sculptured on a rock, is pointed out by the peasantry with the tale, that the figure is in memory of a faithful dog, whom his master had killed in a burst of passion.

* The story of the prominent Oxen (*Y çain bânawg*) or the oxen having a prominence, probably buffaloes, drawing the *Avanc* (Crocodile) out of the lake of floods, is said to be a memorial of the Deluge. See the original Triads in

one in Carnavonshire, and another in Denbighshire, and both are called *Llyn dau ychain*, or the Pool of the two Oxen. I have formerly heard an old man (and probably the very last performer), playing upon the *Crwth* *, a singular piece of music, which imitated the lowing of the oxen, the clanking of their chains, &c. in drawing the animal out of the lake.

Besides those legends, which were popularly recited, there is another remarkable class of tales

Arch. of Wales, and translation, with interesting remarks, in the *Cambro Briton*, 1820, vol. i. p. 127. Some curious particulars relating to this inquiry will also be found in the second volume of Bryant's "*Analysis of Ancient Mythology*," and Mr. Davies's Works.

These oxen belonged to Hu Gadarn, or Hu the Mighty, respecting whom see the Notices collected by Dr. Owen Pughe, from the Triads, and published in the *Cambro Register*, 1818, vol. iii. p. 162, and an extremely ingenious and learned paper in the *Cambro Briton*, vol. ii. p. 59.

* The *Crwth*, pronounced Crooth, was an instrument held by the Welsh next in estimation to the harp. It was on the principle of the violin, and had six strings; four of these were played with a bow, and the fifth and sixth, which served as a base, were struck with the thumb.

Crowder is still used in some districts of England for fiddler. The adventures of Crowdero in Hudibras are well known. Venantius Fortunatus (l. vii. p. 169, ed. Mogunt 1617) in panegyrising the Dux Lupus, tells him that the British Chrotta sings him.

"Romanus que lyra plaudat tibi, barbarus harpa
Græcus anhillata, *chrotta* Britanna canat."

or romances, which are preserved in ancient manuscripts *, but which in latter times have entirely passed away from public memory.

Their existence, however, has been made slightly known to the literary world within the last thirty years, by an announcement of their intended publication, but this has not hitherto been accomplished. I have lately renewed my intention of printing the originals, with a translation, in three volumes, by subscription, and as soon as a prospect of indemnity for the expense appears likely, the work will go to press.

The tales thus announced are known under the title of *Mabinogion* †, which implies matters interesting to youth.

* An Account of the principal Collections of Welsh Manuscripts was communicated by Dr. Owen Pughe to the Antiquarian Society, and is published in the *Archaeologia*, vol. xiv. p. 211—220. In this very valuable paper, the Doctor states, that having made a calculation, he is enabled to infer, that he has perused upwards of thirteen thousand poetical pieces in Welsh of various denominations (for the purpose of collecting words) in the course of about eighteen years, whilst engaged in compiling his Welsh dictionary.

† The Welsh word *Mabinogion* (in the singular *Mabinogi*) may be rendered by *juvenilia*, and signifies any thing that appertains to youth. It is, however, commonly used in a limited acceptation, and understood to mean certain romantic fictions, or stories for children, which were in former ages the popular legends of the country. These legends are sometimes

These are some of the most curious remains of the literature of Wales, composed and popularly recited at a period when that country enjoyed its own independent government. From the consideration of various circumstances recorded in our ancient manuscripts, it would appear that a recital of heroic achievements must have been conducted on a regular system, and that there was a class of persons under the appellation of *Datgeiniaid*, or reciters, who peculiarly cultivated it as a means of support, under the sanction of the laws. At what time such a system originated, it would be difficult to determine, but that it had its source in the bardic institution, there can be little room to doubt.

Judging from all the evidence that can be adduced, it may be concluded that all the tales of the Mabinogion must have been put into the form in which they are still preserved, at different periods anterior to the union of Wales with England under Edward I. in the year 1283 *.

alluded to under the name *Ystoriau*, or Tales, and *Hen Ystoreuon*, or old stories.

* To persons conversant with Welsh antiquities some instances of anachronism are evident in the Mabinogion; with respect to Pwyll himself, the hero of the first tale, in particular; and, therefore, no pretensions to exactness of date can be made. Taliesin, who flourished in the sixth century,

The traditions forming the basis of the Mabinogion are so intimately blended with our early poetry, and are so completely its machinery, that the high antiquity of these tales admits of no question *. Most of the real characters introduced in them are recorded in our historical memorials, and many of the places mentioned are still known, and bear the same names.

mentions several incidents in these tales ; so also do the Welsh poets, who flourished in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Many of the personages and events in the Mabinogion are likewise mentioned in the Triads.

* In the tale of Pwyll, the real personages are Pwyll, Pryderi, Teyrnnon, Twrv, Blivant, and Hybaid Hen. Rhianon, the Dynion Mwyn, or Fairy, is a mythological creature ; and Arawn, Havcan, and Gwawl mab Clud are imaginary beings.

Rhianon was a character in the bardic mythology, the song of whose birds so entranced any one who heard them, that they listened unconscious of years passing away. The name Rhianon implies the queen, or paragon of the fair sex ; and the Welsh poets complimented a lady for superior endowments by comparing her to Rhianon :

“ *Gwenhwyvar !
Ei pryd a cudiwyd â pryd :
Dygn covion Rhianon rod !*”

“ *Gwenhwyvar !* Her countenance has been covered with earth : severe the recollections of her having the gift of Rhianon.”—*Goronwy Cyriog*. 1300.

Arawn signifies eloquent one ; Havcan, the splendour of summer, or summershine ; and Gwawl mab Clud means, light son of transit.

The Mabinogion are divisible into three classes :

In the first class are to be included, Pwyll, Prince of Dimetia; Bran's Expedition to Ireland *; Manawydan's † Destruction of the Enchantment that was over Dimetia ‡; and The Magical Ad-

* See subsequent account of this Mabinogi; the events of which arise out of the tale of Pwyll.

† Manawydan is the brother of Bran, and one of the seven who carried his head to London. The events of this tale are a continuation of the former, and its conclusion is the doing away of some spells or enchantments laid upon Dimetia, arising out of the events of the tale of Pwyll.

‡ “ Neere Deneuoir, the seat of the Dimetian king,
Whilst Cambria was herself full, strong, and flourishing,” &c.

So sings old Drayton in his Poly-olbion.

The Dimetia of Roman writers is called in Welsh *Dyved*, and, strictly speaking, denotes the modern county of Pembroke; which last name of Pembroke is a corruption of the Welsh *Penbro*, or head land. *Penbro* and *Dyved* are epithets equally descriptive of the country; as the latter implies, the region of gliding waters, in allusion to the two channels of *Dau Cledau*, which glide nearly through its whole extent, and form the haven of Milford. But according to the ancient divisions of Wales, *Ceredigion*, or Cardiganshire, the Vale of *Tywi* and *Gwyr*, or Gower, were often comprehended under the name of *Dyved*, or *Scisylwg*. By the poets it was denominated *Bro Esylt*, *Tir Pryderi*, and *Gwlad yr Hud*, the country of illusion :

“ *Y mwyaecen awenawel—
Hed yn pres i gwlad Esylt.*”

ventures of Gwdion, under Math, the son of Mathonwy*. These four tales follow each other in

“Thou blackbird, abounding in melody—fly hastily to the country of *Esylt*.”—*Dav. ab Gwilym*. 1340.

“*Clyw mi hav—
Hed trosow i tir Esylt
O permed gwlad Gwyned gwylyt.*”

“Hear me, summer—fly for me to the land *Esylt*, from the middle of the wild country of *Gwyned*.”—*The same*.

“*Gwen Eleri
Gwlad Pryderi
Yw gwraid deri
Gwrd à tirir.*”

“Fair *Eleri*! the country of *Pryderi* is where the roots of mighty oaks will be grounded.”—*L. Glyn. Coti*. 1460.

“*Dyved a somed o symud ei mawred
Am eryr bro yr Hud.*”

“*Dyved* has been disappointed from the removal of its dignity; for the eagle of the land of illusion.”—*Dav. ab Gwilym*. 1350.

* This tale follows the preceding in connexion; but the incidents in it are distinct, so that it may be considered as a separate one. It opens with an embassy from Math, prince of *Gwynedd* (*Venedotia*) to *Pryderi*, the son of *Pwyll*, prince of *Dyved* (*Dimetia*). The ambassadors are twelve bards, with *Gwydion*, the son of *Don*, at their head, who had magic spells at command. The object was by means of rich presents to obtain a race of new animals, of which *Pryderi* had possession, and these were swine, being the first of the kind in the island. The request is refused; but *Gwydion*, by illusions, obtains

connexion, and abound with invisible agencies of various kinds, with many allusions to mythological persons and things of remote antiquity*.

The heroes of the next class are those who seek adventures to entitle them to the honour of being enrolled among the knights of Arthur. These are, Owen, the son of Urien; Peredur, the son of Evrog; and Geraint, the son of Erbin. Trystan was the hero of another tale, to which many allusions are made by the bards; but of which not a Welsh copy is now to be found. To make amends, however, a version of it by Thomas of Ercildoune has been given to the world by Sir Walter Scott. This class has an identity of character with the romances of the middle ages, which are familiar from the elegant synopsis given of them by Ellis.

There are four other miscellaneous tales, which do not fall within the foregoing classes: These are, The Contention of Lludh and Llevelys†; The

the swine. Pryderi, in revenge, invades Gywnedd: the consequence is the ruin of both counties; and the tale proceeds with a series of spells often very fanciful and striking.

* The originals of these four tales are preserved in the "*Llyfyr Coch o Hergest*," or Red Book of Hergest, in Jesus College, Oxford, pages 700. 726. 739. 751, and in the Hengwrt library other copies are to be found.

† Lludh, son of Beli, was the father of Caswallawn (Cassivellaunus); he and Llevelys, his brother, are described play-

Dream of Maximus *; The Dream of Rhonabwy †, and The History of Taliesin.

Some tales, to which frequent references are made by the Welsh bards, will not be inserted in the edition of the Mabinogion, which I intend printing, as they are already before the public; such as the San-Greal and Morte Arthur, which were originally in Welsh, as may be seen by a fine copy of them at Hengwrt, written in the thirteenth century. There are also Welsh copies of Sir Bevis of Hampton, and of Charlemagne. The latter tale may have been, as suggested by Leyden, originally composed in Brittany; and the author must have been well versed in British lore, as the tale contains much of the mythology of Hu Gadarn, or Hu the Mighty.

I shall conclude this notice with giving two instances of the correctness of tradition, as corresponding with things related in the Mabinogion.

ing at ball, which, with the events the game produced, and their reconciliation, form the subject of this tale.—The original in the Red Book of Hergest, p. 705.

* The Dream of Maximus is concerning his elevation to power, and in it are narrated the incidents leading to its accomplishment.—The original in the Red Book of Hergest, p. 697.

† The original will be found in the Red Book of Hergest, p. 555.

The first is concerning Bronwen, the Aunt of Caractacus, who is said, in the tale of Bran, to have been buried on the banks of the Alaw, in Anglesea *. There is an islet in that river still bearing the name of Ynys Bronwen, or the Isle of Bronwen ; and a friend of mine, with others, made a discovery there in the year 1813, which confirms in a very remarkable manner the historical truth whereon the tale of Bran is founded.

The particulars of the discovery were inserted by that indefatigable antiquary, Sir Richard C. Hoare, in the *Cambro Briton*, vol. ii. p. 71. The following is an extract from that account:—" A farmer living on the banks of the Alaw having occasion for stones to make some addition to his farm-buildings, and having observed a stone or two peeping through the turf of a circular elevation on a flat not far from the river, was induced to examine it, when, after paring off the turf, he came to a considerable heap of stones, or *carnedh*, covered with earth, which he removed with some degree of caution, and got to a cist formed of coarse flags, canted and covered over. On removing the lid he

* "*Bedd petrual a wnaed i Bronwen ferch Lyr ar lan Alaw ac yno y claddwyh hi.*"

" A square grave was made for Bronwen, the daughter of Lyr, on the banks of the Alaw, and there she was buried."

found it contained an urn *, placed with its mouth downwards, full of ashes and half calcined fragments of bone."

This urn, with its contents, are now in the possession of Mr. Richard Llwyd, the author of *Beaumaris Bay*, and other Poems, and now residing at Chester.

The other instance of the fidelity of tradition relates to the discovery of the fortress of Arianrod, mentioned in the tale of Math. Its situation was thus found.—Being in conversation respecting names of places in Anglesea with a late friend of mine from that country, he said that there was a remarkable ruin in the sea, nearly midway between Llandwyn Point and the church of Clynog, in Carnarvonshire, which sailors in passing over can see in the water, and which is dan-

* From a sketch of Bronwen's urn.



gerous to vessels, and called by them *Caer Arianrod*. Thus, by mere accident, I found what I had often vainly inquired for. I thought that it was to be found somewhere on the coast of *Arvon*, and not about two miles from it in the sea.

Excuse my sending you so hasty and unconnected an account of the *Mabinogion*, and believe me to remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM OWEN PUGHE.

London, 11th May, 1827.

The following may be considered as fair specimens of the *Mabinogion*. The first is intended to illustrate the style of narration. Of the other, as connected with Irish tradition, a partial synopsis is given, which, at the same time, conveys an idea of the rapid succession of wild and romantic adventure in these tales.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE TALE OF

PWYLL*, PRINCE OF DYVED †.

PWYLL, prince of Dyved, was lord of the seven provinces of Dyved. Once upon a time he was at Arberth ‡, a principal court belonging to him, and he formed the resolution to go out hunting, and the part of his territory where he intended to hunt was the glen of Cuch §.

* Pwyll, means impulse, and in a secondary sense, it is reason, intellect, or wit. The original, and a translation of this Mabinogi, is given in the Cambrian Register for 1795, vol. i. p. 177, continued in vol. ii. for the following year, p. 322, from the Red Book of Jesus College, Oxford, a MS. of the fourteenth century, and it is completed in vol. iii. for 1818, p. 230.

† Dyved—Dimetia, as before explained.

‡ Arberth is at present a hundred in the south-east of Pembrokeshire, where there is a small town near the ruins of an old castle bearing the same name, the meaning of which is, "above the thicket." The English call it Narberth, from blending a part of the preposition *yn* with the original name.

§ The small river Cuch, through most of its course, divides the counties of Pembroke and Caermarthen, and falls into the Teivi a little above Cardigan. The name is descriptive of its dark bed beneath frowning rocks.

So he set out the same evening from Arberth, and proceeded as far as the head of the grove of Dyarwya*, where he remained that night. The next morning, in the infancy of the day, he arose and went to the glen of Cuch, to turn out the dogs below the wood. He blew his horn, and entered fully upon the chase, following after the dogs, and separating himself from his companions.

As Pwyll listened to the cry of the hounds, he heard the note of another pack different from that of his own, and that note coming in an opposite direction. And he perceived a dusky glade in the wood, forming a level plain; and as his pack was entering the skirt of the glade, he saw a stag before the other pack; and towards the middle of the glade, beheld the hounds that were pursuing the stag overtake him, and throw him down; and then remarking the colour of the dogs, without thinking of noticing the stag, he deemed that of all the greyhounds he had seen in the world, he had not seen dogs of similar colour with them; for their colour was a clear shining white, and their ears were red, and as the dogs glittered with

* There is in the river Cuch a romantic waterfall, near which we must look for the grove of Dyarwya, or the roaring torrent.

such whiteness, so glittered the redness of their ears.

Thereupon Pwyll came to the spot, and driving the pack that had killed the stag away, he drew his own pack on the stag. And while he was thus engaged in drawing on his dogs, he saw a knight coming after the other pack, upon a large dapple gray horse, having a bugle horn hanging round his neck, and clad in a hunting dress of dark grayish cloth.

The knight then approached Pwyll, and said thus to him: "O chief! I know not who thou art, and will not therefore bid thee a welcome."

"What, then," said Pwyll, "thou art, perhaps, of too high a rank to entitle me to that honour?"

"Truly," answered the other, "it is not any worthiness of my honour that deters me from the civility."

"Then, chief," replied Pwyll, "what other cause?"

"Heaven bear me witness," quoth the knight, "thy own ignorance, and thy want of courtesy."

"What discourtesy, chief, hast thou perceived in me?"

"I have never experienced greater incivility from any man," said the knight, "than driving away my dogs that had killed the stag, and setting

thy own pack upon him. That," added he, " was an insult ; and though I may not avenge myself as to thee, I vow to heaven, I will cause thee disgrace, for which a hundred stags will not make amends."

" O chief!" said Pwyll, " if I have done thee an injury, I will purchase thy friendship."

" In what manner wilt thou purchase it?" inquired the other. " According as thy dignity," answered Pwyll ; " but I know not who thou art." " I am a king," rejoined the other, " wearing a crown in the country whence I come." " Sir," said Pwyll, " I greet thee with a good day : and what country then dost thou come from ?"

" From Annwn," answered the other ; " I am Arawn *, king of Annwn †."

* *Arawn* may signify eloquence : in the Cambrian Register it is translated " the silvered tongued."

† The mythological region of *Annwn* deserves particular explanation. This term, in its most strict application, relates to the bardic theology ; wherein it denotes, agreeably to its literal import, a privation of knowledge, being the contrast to Gwynvyd, or the intellectual world, by which the name happiness was defined. Annwn was the lowest point of animation, or the extreme of evil, in the circle of Abred, or metempsychosis, out of which the lapsed soul was imagined to re-ascend through all intermediate modes of existence, until it attained the human state, wherein ultimately it accumulated intel-

“Sir,” said Pwyll, “by what means may I obtain thy friendship?”

ligence for enabling it to choose, and so to attach itself to good or to evil, as a free agent*. If good preponderated in the choice, the soul escaped by death to a higher circle of being, wherein the memory was restored, so as to recognise the incidents and economy of every state of inferior life passed through; and though the soul progressively accumulated knowledge in the circle of felicity, and it merged into the intellectual circle of infinitude, to experience varied modes of existence eternally in approaching to the Deity; and as no finite being could, consistently with happiness, endure eternity without changing, this was a necessary condition. But if man was attached to evil, by death the soul again fell into a lower state of being, corresponding with its turpitude in the circle of necessity and evil; and again it transmigrated to the state of humanity. Thus the reprobate proceeded, so as ultimately to become attached to the good; and this state of good preponderating, it would consequently become universal among men, and then would this world end. So taught “the bards of the isle of Britain.”

Annwn, in its more lax acceptation, as in the *Mabinogion*, is the unknown world, the invisible state, and fairy land. There is another Welsh term, very similar in sound, but differing in strict literal sense, yet not greatly so, as sometimes

* The fall into the lowest point of existence was termed *cwyp i had*, which literally is a lapse into seed; that is, into the seed of life, whence it again increased. This lower state was the hell of the bardic doctrine. *Had* has the exact sound of the Greek Hades, divested of its termination; and the Welsh term *Hêl*, is increment or accumulation, and *Hela* is to accumulate, to gather, also to hunt. This term is descriptive of the progress from the *Had*, or seed, in the circle of evil, or the Bardic hell, and it has precisely the same sound as the English word Hell. These are curious coincidences.

“ This is the manner thou shalt obtain it,” was the answer: “ there is a person whose dominion borders upon mine, and who makes war upon me continually; he is called Havcan *, also a king of Annwn: by freeing me from his attacks, which thou canst easily do, thou shalt obtain my friendship,” &c.

used. This term is *Andwvn*, the abyss, or bottomless pit, Tartarus. Thus the sun, on approaching to the winter solstice, is made to say :

“ *I gocel awel gauav*
I gwlad andwvn dwvn yd av.”

“ To shun the winter gale, to the region of the abyss profound I go.”—*Dav. ab Gwilym*, 1350.

It should be remarked, that after his return from *Annwn*, the cognomen of *Pwyl Pentevig Dyved* is changed to *Pwyl pèn Annwn*, or Pwyll, the head of the world unknown.

Mr. Davies, in his “ Celtic Researches,” p. 175, considers Annwn to imply “ figuratively the condition of the dead, or the infernal regions, which comprehends the Elysium and the Tartarus of antiquity.” And in support of this opinion, he quotes the proverb, “ *Nid eir i annwn ond unwaith* :” there will be but one journey to hell; and likewise the common expressions, *Cwn Annwn*, hell-hounds; *Plant Annwn*, children of the deep, certain wandering spirits. The Irish are said to have anciently called their country by the name *Annun* or *Annan*.

* Literally, summershine.

SKETCH OF THE TALE OF BRAN.

BRAN, the son of Llyr, with his brothers, and the attendants of his court, are described as sitting on a large stone at Harlech*, when they perceive

* The vicinity of Harlech abounds in Druidical remains : At the ebb of the tide part of a great stone wall, four-and-twenty feet in thickness, may be seen, extending into the sea for about two-and-twenty miles in a serpentine manner, from the coast of Merionethshire, midway between Harlech and Barmouth. This extraordinary work is called Sarn Badrig, or St. Patrick's Causeway. Sarn Badrhwyg, or the Ship Breaking Causeway, remarks Pennant, it ought to be more properly called, from the numbers of ships lost on it. Its principal city is supposed to have been *Caer Wyddno*, or *Gwyddno's City*. *Gwyddno* flourished from about the year 460 to 520. He was surnamed *Garanhir*, and was father to *Elphin*, the patron of *Taliesin* the bard. At the end of Sarn Badrig are sixteen large stones, one of which is four yards in breadth. *Sarn y Bwlch* runs from a point N. W. of Harlech, and is supposed to meet the end of this. It appears at low water near the mouth of the *Dysynni*. The space between these formed, several centuries ago, a habitable hundred of Merionethshire, called *Cantref Gwaelod*, the lowland hundred. There appears little reason to doubt that these Sarns, or Causeways, were the work of art ; according to monkish legends, Sarn Badrig was miraculously formed by St. Patrick, to expedite his passage to Ireland. That this part of the sea was formerly dry land seems to be

thirteen ships steering towards them from the south of Ireland. They go down to the strand, and the ships offer tokens of peace. The Irish king, Maltholwç, is on board one of these ships; and he says, that he has made the voyage for the purpose of obtaining the hand of Bronwen*, Llyr's daughter, and so create a union between the two islands. Bran invites him on shore, and Maltholwç lands. The next morning a council is held, when the Irish king's request is complied with, and he is married to Bronwen.

Bran's half brother Evnisien (the man of strife) becomes angry at not being consulted respecting this marriage, and, as an insult to Maltholwç, mutilates his horses by cutting off their ears and their lips close to the teeth. Intelligence of the insult is conveyed to Maltholwç, who immediately orders his ships to prepare for departure. Bran

well attested both by written and oral tradition. The catastrophe of its being deluged is recorded in a very old MS., written between the ninth and twelfth centuries, called the Black Book of Caermarthen (preserved in the Hengwrt collection), page 53. The inundation is believed to have happened about the year 500, owing to the negligence of a drunkard named Seithennin, who left the sluices of the embankment open. Vide *Welsh Archæologia*, vol. ii. p. 64.

* Bronwen means white bosom. In Jones's *Relics of the Bards*, p. 124, it is stated that the highest turret of Harlech Castle is called Bronwen's Tower.

demands the reason of his so doing, and expresses his regret at the insult which has been offered to him by Evnisien: he at length proposes not only to replace the horses, but also to give Maltholwç a bar of silver equal in compass and height to himself, and a plate of gold as large as his face. On these terms the matter is made up, and a banquet of reconciliation takes place.

At this feast the appearance of Maltholwç is pensive, instead of his usual gay manner. Bran makes a farther apology, and offers him, as an additional remuneration, a magic cauldron, into which any man who may be slain to-day shall, if thrown, be on the morrow as well as ever; but he shall not have the use of speech*. The horses are given the next day, and in the evening there is another banquet, at which Maltholwç inquires of Bran where he had obtained this wonderful

* Taliesin more than once, in his mysterious verses, speaks of magic cauldrons. In his poem of *Preiddeu Annwn*, the spoils of Annwn (translated the deep?), Welsh Archaïol. p. 45, he styles it the cauldron of the ruler of the deep, which first began to be warmed by the breast of nine damsels (the Gwilion). He describes it as having a ridge of pearls round the border:

“*Neu pair pen Annwfn! Pwy y vynud?
Gwrym am ei oror a mererid.*”

“Is not this the cauldron of the ruler of the deep? What is its quality, with the ridge of pearls round its border?” &c.

cauldron. Bran replies, that he believes it came from Ireland, and expresses his wonder that Maltholwç should be ignorant of its history. Maltholwç, thus reminded, says, that he remembers something of it ; for that, as he was one day hunting on a mountain above a lake in Erin, called the Lake of the Cauldron, he saw a hideous, gigantic, tawny man come out of the lake with a cauldron on his back, followed by a woman who was twice his size, being large with child. That he took them home with him ; but they were of so mischievous a nature, and so riotous, that, to get rid of them, he had recourse to the plan of forming an iron house, in which he induced them to live ; and having made them drunk, he had caused coals to be piled about it and blown into an ardent glow. The heat becoming white, and inconvenient to the inmates, the gigantic man put his shoulder to the side of the iron house, and forced it out ; his wife followed him, and they escaped from Ireland over to Wales.

Bran then says, that he received them kindly ; in gratitude they gave him the cauldron, and afterwards became excellent warriors.

After this conversation, Maltholwç and his thirteen ships depart for Ireland, taking with him his wife Bronwen. They are received with great joy in Ireland ; and a son is born, who is named

Gwern ab Maltholwç, and who is put out upon fosterage. The Irish, however, on learning the insult which had been offered to their king in Wales, become indignant. To mark their anger, they cut off all communication with that country, and insist on Maltholwç's putting away his wife Bronwen, and making her perform all menial offices. Bronwen, thus disgraced, rears a starling, whom she teaches to speak; and having completed her tuition of the bird, ties a letter under its wings, with which it flies over to Wales. The bird at length contrives to discover Bran, "the blessed*," alights on his shoulder, ruffles its wings, and discovers the letter. Bran immediately assembles his forces; a temporary government is formed, and with his host he proceeds to invade Ireland; "where there were then only two rivers called Lli and Arçan †."

* Bran was the father of Caradawg (Caractacus), and according to the Triads, he with all his family were carried to Rome, and remained there seven years as hostages for the son. Bran having met there with some Christians, and being converted, he prevailed on two Christians to accompany him to Britain, by which means the faith was introduced. Hence was the epithet "blessed" given to him.

† O'Flaherty's Ogygia, as well as Keating's History of Ireland, (which profound works may be considered of about equal historical value with the Mabinogion), record that, on the landing of Partholan, the first inhabitant of Ireland after

Some swineherds, who were on the sea shore,
discover his approach, and go with all possible

the flood, there were three lakes, and ten rivers in that island;
which the old poem, beginning, “Ածամ ածամ բնութ ար
բլաւօ,” (Adam, the reverend sire of all our race), thus enu-
merates :

“ Կի սարսուծար Լոճ ոյ Լիոյ,
Այ Ելլոյ ար ա շշոյոյ,
Աժէ էրի Լոճա յոյրած ճաոյ;
Ար ծըժ Տրոժա Տեաղ-Ածաոյ.
Տոյոյրեածրա Յո բլոր յածրոյ,
Աոմաոյ ոյ էրի Տեաղ-Լոճրոյ;
Բլոյոյ-Լոճ Լրլրսր սժէ ճլաոյ,
Լոճ Լարճոյ, Լոճ Բորժեամաոյ.
Լաոյ, Բար, Բաոյա, Բարժա Բար,
Տաեր, Տլլճեւ, Մոծորոյ, Մաւծ,
Բլոյոյ, Երբ ա Բարճոյծ Յո ճլէ,
Լրլած բլոյ ոյ Տեաղալոյ.”

“ Nor lake expanded, nor a rapid stream
Found they in Ireland, on their first arrival,
Besides three lucid lakes of obscure fame,
And ten bright streams of ancient high renown.
In truth-declaring verse I'll now record
The names of these three ancient, smooth, wide lakes:
Irrus, fair lake of soft expanded bosom;
Loch-lurgan, and Fordreman's lake.
The Lee, the Bois, the Barrow bright, and Erne;
The Sligo fair, the Moarne, and the Moy;
The Finn, the Liffy, watering Leinster's plain,
Are the fair rivers of high ancient fame.”

Both Keating and O'Flaherty mention, in the course of
their history, the bursting out of various other lakes and
rivers in Ireland.

speed to Maltholwç, when the following dialogue takes place :

“ Sir,” they said, “ health to thee !”

“ Heaven grant you success !” was his reply ;
“ and have you any news ?”

“ Sir, we have most wonderful news,” they said in answer ; “ we have certainly seen a wood on the sea, where we never beheld a single tree before.”

“ Truly, that is a strange thing,” said the king ;
“ did you see any thing besides ?”

“ O yes ; we could perceive a great mountain by the side of the wood, sir,” they replied ; “ and that mountain was moving, and there was a very high ridge on the mountain, with a lake on each side of the ridge. The wood, the mountain, the whole seemed in motion.”

“ Well,” said the king, “ there is no body here who knows any thing of all this unless it be Bronwen ; inquire if she knows ?”

Thereupon messengers repaired to Bronwen.

“ Madam,” said they, “ what dost thou suppose those things can be ?”

“ The men of the Isle of the Mighty, who are coming over, from having heard of my affliction and disgrace.”

“ What can be the wood that was seen on the sea ?” said the messengers.

“ The masts of ships, and their sail-yards,” Bronwen replied.

“ Mercy on us !” they cried ; “ but what was the mountain that was seen on one side of the ships ?”

“ That was Bran, my brother, coming into shallow water,” she replied ; “ there was no ship that could contain him.”

“ But what could be that tremendous ridge, and the lake on each side of the ridge ?”

“ It is he surveying this island,” said Bronwen : “ he is full of wroth ; his two eyes on either side of his nose, are what seem the two lakes on either side of the ridge.”

The Irish warriors hold a council, and retreat over the river Llivon, breaking down all the bridges. Bran advances with his troops, but they find the river impassable.

“ There is only this to be done,” Bran replied, “ that whosoever would be the top, let him be the bottom ; I will be a bridge.” And then was that saying first made use of, and still is it proverbial from that event.

Bran laid himself across the river, and hurdles being placed upon him, his troops pass over. A negotiation ensues ; when Bronwen suggests, that a house should be built of sufficient size to contain Bran, who, as he never had one before large

enough for him, will feel the honour so great, that he will accede to a peace.

To proceed with a more rapid analysis of the tale. Only seven return from this expedition to Ireland, after having destroyed nearly all the people of the country. Bran is mortally wounded, and orders his companions who survive to carry his head to be interred in the White Hill in London, as a protection against all future invasions, so long as the head remained there. The sequel of the tale recites their progress to London to bury the head. At Harlech, in their way, they are kept seven years listening to the birds of Rhianon, singing in the air, and in Dyved (Dimetia) by attending to the last words of Bran, they stay in a grand hall for eighty years, enjoying every kind of pleasure; all their misfortunes, and the object of their further progress being kept out of their minds: but upon opening a door looking towards Cornwall, their real condition breaks in upon their memory, and they pursue their journey.

MYTHOLOGICAL PERSONS.

THE following slight notice of a few of the characters mentioned in the Legends of Wales, although the list could readily be extended to some hundred names, may not be unacceptable to the reader. Druidical superstitions, which obscure the verses of Taliesin and Myrddin, tinge the complexion of many Welsh traditions. In their compositions, as in those of other early bards, frequent allusions are made to disembodied spirits and supernatural beings; whence proceeding, or how existing, we are not informed. These mythological personages seem to be completely wrapped up in mystery, and are presented to us by such partial and indistinct glimpses, that we can usually only perceive their existence, and rarely define their forms and attributes. Among these are three spectre bulls (*tri tharw Ellyll*) which, in the early

ages, greatly disturbed the tranquillity of the country. There were also the *Gwythaint*, or Birds of Wrath, which Taliesin, who wrote in the sixth century, informs us he saw ; but he does not describe their appearance.

“ *Gwelais ymladd taer yn nant Francon **
Rhwng Wythaint a Gwydion,”

I saw a fierce conflict in Nant Francon
 Between the birds of Wrath and Gwydion, &c.

“ It would be almost an endless task,” writes a gentleman evidently well acquainted with the subject, “ to enumerate all the ancient superstitions with which the early bards abound. Several of these have been entirely forgotten ; obscure allusions to others exist in popular tales, and some have been handed down with very little change. Among the tales which have been preserved by tradition, those of the enchanter Merlin, the contemporary and friend of king Arthur, though certainly not of the age assigned to that chieftain, yet are of very considerable antiquity among the Welsh ; and when com-

* One of the valleys of Snowdon, between Capel Carrig and Bangor.

pared with the real history of that people, throw some light upon the origin of romantic fiction beyond what can be obtained from any other source. If in other countries we seek the earliest patterns of chivalry and romance, we can trace them from nation to nation, and from one age to another, until we arrive at Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, but beyond him we cannot proceed. It will be found, that every nation of Christendom acknowledges Arthur and his warriors as the first and most perfect models of knighthood; Merlin, as the greatest and most powerful of magicians, and Wales and the British islands as the place of their birth. However they may have been disguised in the extravagant legends of the middle ages, these warriors were real personages in early Welsh history, as the following list will testify; though it would not be easy to account for their universal adoption as the heroes of romance throughout the rest of the world."

Knights, &c. of Romance.

Merlin the Enchanter.

Uther Pendragon.

King Arthur.

Queen Guenever.

Warriors of the Bards.

Merddin.

Uthyr Pendragon.

Arthur.

Gwenhwyfar.

<i>Knights, &c. of Romance.</i>	<i>Warriors of the Bards.</i>
Medrod.	Medrawd.
King Urience.	Urien Rheged.
King Mark.	March ap Meirchion.
Sir Ewein son of king Urience.	Ewain ap Urien.
Sir Lamorac.	Llywarch Hên, Latinized into Lomachus, whose Welsh poems are still extant.
Sir Gawen.	Ywen ap Llywarch.
Sir Tristram.	Trystan ap Fallhwch.
Sir Carados Brisbras.	Caradawc fraich fras.
Sir Ilay.	Cai ap Cynir, &c.

ARIANROD is a female, whose name implies silver-wheel. She was the daughter of Don, and the sister of Gwydion. Arianrod is a term often used for the galaxy; and **Caer Arianrod** is the constellation of the Northern Crown.

CAWR, the hero, in its popular signification, is a giant.

DON, is a chief. **Llys Don**, the court of Don, is the name of the constellation Cassiopeia.

GWYDION. His attributes point him out as identified with the Saxon Woden. The latter is traced as coming from the banks of the Don, and the former is styled Gwydion ap Don, or Gwydion, the son of Don, which signifies Son of the Wave; and hence it has been conjectured, that he ap-

plied his skill in astronomy to the purposes of navigation. *Caer Gwydion*, or the rampart of *Gwydion*, is the common term in Wales for the galaxy.

GWENIDW is a female who presides over the sea. The white breakers out at sea are called *Devoid Gwenidw*, or the sheep of *Gwenidw*. So in Ireland the Killarney boatmen term the waves "O'Donoghue's white horses." See vol. i. p. 324, second edition of this work.

GWIDHAN and *GWIDHANES*, a hag, a witch, a sorceress, a giantess.

" *Y drwg*

Gwae dhynion vaint gwidhanes

Er diwynaw y cyvan !"

" Evil—Woe to men the magnitude of such a hag to pollute the whole !" *Elis Wyn*, 1700.

GWRACH is also a hag. See account of *Gwrach y Rhibyn*, or the hag of dribble ; which legend, it should be stated, is confined to *Dimetia*, pages 186 and 206 in the first volume, second edition, of this work. It may here be remarked, that *Bun si* in Welsh, which is not unlike the Irish Banshee, signifies " the shrill-voiced damsel." *Gwrach y Rhibyn* comes at dusk, and pokes her shrivelled face to the window, and in a small shrill tenor and lengthened voice calls the person by

name who is shortly to die ; as *Dei o baç !* Dear Dav-y!

GWYN AP NUDD, a mythological person, often mentioned by the ancient poets ; Davydd ab Gwilym, in a poem composed 1346, makes him to be the king of fairy-land.

“ Among the extensive mountains about the junction of the counties of Brecon, Monmouth, and Glamorgan,” writes an intelligent but unknown correspondent, “ there is a considerable eminence, known by the name of *Gwyn ap Nudd*, generally corrupted into *Gwyneb y Nyth*, which, though nearly alike in sound, yet, as applied to a mountain, is absolutely unintelligible. The real name of the mountain seems derived from *Gwyn ap Nudd* (pronounced *Gwyr ap Neeth*), a mythological personage, well known in old British legends, as the king of those aerial beings who frequent the tops of mountains. It is likewise stated in the *Triads*, that there was in former times a real chieftain of this name, who was also a great astronomer, and ranked with *Gwydion* and *Idris*, as excelling in that science. *Gwydion* is the same with the combator of ‘ the Birds of Wrath ’ in *Snowdon* ; and *Idris* gives his name to the mountain of *Cader Idris*, or the keep of *Idris*, in *Merionethshire*.

“ Concerning *Gwyn ap Nudd*, the following

ancient triplet is preserved among others of great age :

“ *Gwyn ap Nudd budd buddinawr*
Cynt i syrthiai cadoedd rhag Carneddawr
Dy fraich no brwyn briw i lawr.”

Gwyr ap Neeth ! victorious warrior !
 How fell the hosts before the dweller of the Cairn !
 Thy arm, like rushes hew'd them down.

“ The word *Carneddawr* might be translated mountaineer; but if the first translation be correct, it must refer to the warrior buried under the Cairn; and therefore implies, that Gwyn ap Nudd was once a real person, though by some means or other, he has for many centuries been classed with the imaginary inhabitants of the hills.”

IDRIS, or EDRIS, is before mentioned as an astronomer. “ ἰδρῖς , in Greek,” says Mr. Davies, in his Celtic Researches, “ implies an expert or skilful person, and ידרש (*Idresh*) in Hebrew, from דרש (*Dresh*), to seek, search, inquire diligently. *Hydres* has a similar meaning in Welsh.”

“ Not far from Dolgelleu, on the road to Machynlleth (pronounced Mahuntleth) are three large stones, in a pool of water or lake, *Lynn y tri Graiennyn* *, or the lake of the three grains or

* Mr. Davies, p. 174, Celtic Researches, expresses his opinion, that the word *Graiennyn* here comes from *Greian*, sun.

pebbles. The tradition concerning them is, that the giant Idris finding them rather troublesome in his shoe as he was walking, threw them down there." "Very troublesome," remarks the reasoning Mr. Roberts, in his *Cambrian Popular Antiquities*, "they are not to be supposed to have been to the giant, as they would only weigh a few tons! They are, however, large enough for a nursery computation of the giant's stature." p. 224.

M. de Gebelin, in his *Monde Primitif* (tom. iii. p. 392), observes, "that Enoch was known in the East under the name of Idris, or the Wise."

The Arabians say that he was a Sabeian, and the first who wrote with a pen after Enos the son of Seth. See *Orient. Coll.* vol. ii. p. 112.

MOLL WALBEE, supposed to have been Maud of St. Waverley, or Maud de Haia, who built Hay Castle, and who was popularly termed *Malaeny Walfa*, or the Fury of the Enclosure.

Mr. Theophilus Jones, in his history of Brecknockshire, states, that "under the corrupted name of Moll Walbee, we have her castles on every eminence, and her feats are traditionally narrated in every parish. She built (say the gossips) the castle of Hay in one night; the stones for which she carried in her apron. While she was thus employed, a small pebble, of about nine

feet long and one thick, dropped into her shoe. This she did not at first regard, but in a short time finding it troublesome, threw it over the Wye into Llowes churchyard, in Radnorshire (about three miles off), where it remains to this day, precisely in the position it fell, a stubborn memorial of the historical fact, to the utter confusion of all sceptics and unbelievers."



FAIRY LEGENDS OF WALES.

THE Fairies were the *Dynion Mwyn* *, or kind people of the Mabinogion. They were also called *Y tylwyt teg*, the fair family, and in some parts of Wales, *Y Teulu*, the family, also *Bendith eu Mamau*, the blessings of their mothers; and *Gwreigedh Anwyl*, or dear wives.

The idea of the Fairies being diminutive is only current in Pembrokeshire and the adjoining districts, where they are called *Y dynon bach teg*, the small fair people. In the poems of the bards, and in the traditionary tales of the country, they had other names, such as *Elod* †, intelligences; and *Ellyllon*,

* *Dina Mah* (correctly written in Irish *Daione Maith*) or good people, is in Welsh *Dynau mad*, and *Dynion mad* (*mwyn*).

† *El-Elod*, an intelligence, a spirit, an angel, a fairy. The queen of the fairies is called *Tywysoges yr Elod*.

goblins, or wandering spirits. The term *ellyll**, with its plural *ellyllon*, corresponds with the Hebrew *elil* and *elilim*. *Bwyd Ellyllon*, Elves' food, is the poisonous mushroom; *menyg ellyllon*, are the flowers of the foxglove. (*Llys Mawr*, great herb), and *Ceubren yr Ellyll*, the Elves' hollow tree †. The popular stories

* *Ellyll* is the singular of *Ellyllen*.

“*Tri tarw Ellyll ynys Prydain : Ellyll Gwydawl, Ellyll Llyr Merini ; ac Ellyll Gwrtmwl Gwledig.*” Triads.

The three bull Elves of the isle of Britain; the Elf *Gwydawl*; the Elf of *Lyr Merini*; and the Elf of *Gwrtmwl Gwledig*.

Bull Elves, in another Triad, has been rendered Stag Elves.

And again, in the Triads we find,

The three Sylvan Elves of the isle of Britain. The prominent Elf, the yellow Elf, and the Elf of *Ednyvedawg* the Amorous.

Another Triad for *Melen* and *Melan*, yellow, has *Melw* as a different reading; *Banawg*, prominent, is also changed into *Manawg*, spotted. The meaning of both these Triads appears to have baffled the skill of commentators, who pronounce one to be as-mysterious as the other.

† *Cruben yr Ellyll*, or the Elves hollow tree, so was popularly called a venerable oak which stood in the park of Sir Robert Vaughan at Nannau, not far from Dolgelleu. Its girth, according to Pennant, was 27 feet and a half. This tree is remarkable from the circumstance of the discovery of the bones of Howel Sele, the former proprietor of Nannau, who was supposed to have been murdered by the famous Owen Glyndwr, and concealed in it. The story of the murder is variously related; but many years after the mysterious disappearance of Howel Sele, the skeleton of a large man, such

of their friendly, and at the same time mischievous, intercourse with the inhabitants of Wales are endless. They are supposed to be the manes of the ancient Druids, suffered to remain in a middle state; not worthy of the felicity of heaven, but too good to associate with evil spirits, and therefore permitted to wander among men until the day of doom, when they are to be elevated to a higher state of being; hence the adage, "*Byw âr dir y tylwyth teg*," to live in the land of the fair family; that is, to subsist by unknown means. Though the fairies are generally represented as inoffensive, yet they sometimes discover a mischievous propensity in seizing an unwary traveller on the mountains, and giving him a trip through the region of air. See note on the story of Master and Man, in the first part of this work (p. 171, second edition), which is illustrated by a quotation from Dav ab Gwilym, a bard of the fourteenth century,

as Howel was known to have been, was found within the hollow trunk of Cruben yr Ellyll.

A sketch of this venerable tree was made by Sir Richard C. Hoare, the evening previous to its fall (13th July, 1813) from which the etching is taken.

who gives a very humorous account of his journey in a mist.

The fairies are believed to comb the beards of the goats on Friday night, which is said to be the reason for the shining and silky appearance of the beard on Saturday, "made decent for Sunday." When a person happens to find a piece of money, he will always find another in the same place so long as he keeps it a secret.

"In Wales, as in other pastoral districts," says a note on Mr. Llwyd's *Can y tylwyth teg**, "the Fairy Tales are not erased from the traditional tablet; and age seldom neglects to inform youth, that if, on retiring to rest, the hearth is made clean, the floor swept, and the pails left full of water, the fairies will come at midnight, continue their revels till day-break, sing the well-known strain of *Torriad y Dydd*, leave a piece of money upon the hob, and disappear.

"The suggestions of intellect and the precautions of prudence are easily discernible

* Or Fairy Song, published in Thomson's *British Melodies*.

under this fiction : a safety from fire in the neatness of the hearth ; a provision for its extinction in replenished pails, and a motive to perseverance in the promised boon."

The fairies have concerts of delicious music upon calm summer nights, which mortals are often permitted to hear. They are also extremely fond of dancing in circles by the light of the moon, and are much addicted to the stealing of children, sometimes even enticing grown-up people away.

"In submitting stories illustrative of Welsh superstition," writes the lady who has collected them, "I cannot help expressing my surprise at finding so many labouring under delusions which seem inexplicable. Many of my old friends are highly respectable in their line of life, farmers and farmers' wives, of strict veracity on all other topics save supernatural agencies ; and they relate these stories with an earnestness and an air of truth that is perfectly confounding. Some have actually seen the fairies, and among this number is old Shane of Blaenllanby, in the vale of Neath. She says, "that several years ago she saw the fairies to the amount of

several hundreds. It was almost dusk, and they were not a quarter of a mile from her. They were very diminutive persons, riding four a-breast, and mounted upon small white horses, not bigger than dogs. They formed a long cavalcade, and passing on towards the mountain, at a place called Clwydau'r Banwen, they disappeared behind the high ground, and seemed to be traversing the Sarn, or ancient Roman road, which crosses that mountain.

“Many old people have told me,” continues the fair writer, “that when they were young, and had occasion to go to the mountains to look after sheep, or to fetch the cows, their parents always cautioned them to avoid treading near the fairies’ ring, or they would be lost.”

THE STORY OF GITTO BACH,

AS RELATED BY SHONE TOMOS SHONE RHY-
THERCH *.

“DON'T talk to me, you silly young things—don't provoke an old man, now upwards of ninety years of age, by saying there were no fairies in Wales. If your great grandfather was alive, he

* The lady to whom the compiler is indebted for the following collection of oral tales, in a letter dated 1st March, 1827, writes thus :

“I have cut out from the Cambrian newspaper the death of Shone Tomos Shone Rhytherch, alias John Jones, alias ‘Cobbler Jig,’ as he was commonly called by the country-people here, which was a great affront to him. I never saw the poor old man after he related to me his stories : he was one of the most entertaining persons I ever met with, and to those who understood Welsh, he was certainly a great treat.

“On Wednesday, the 31st ult. at Ty-yn-y-Craig, near Aberpergwm, in the vale of Neath, John Jones, better known by the name of ‘Cobler Jig,’ at the advanced age of 91. He was a native of Llewel, in Breconshire, and when a young man lived as servant at Ynis-y-gerwn, and was distantly related to the late Mrs. Gwyn, of Pant-y-Corrid, in that county. For the last twenty years he has resided in the vale of Neath, and has chiefly supported himself by cobbling, and occasionally

would confirm every word of what I say. 'Tis of what I saw, I speak, and will speak, while I have breath. I tell you that fairies were to be seen in the days of my youth by the thousand, and I have seen them myself a hundred times. Indeed, when I was a boy, it was dangerous to leave children in their cradles, without some one to watch them ; so common was it for the fairies to steal them away.

“There was poor Howel, Merodydd Shone Morgan's family * ; what trouble they had when they

gardening. The eccentricity of his character, and his jocular disposition, together with his advanced age, had rendered him a great favourite among the respectable families in the neighbourhood ; and what is remarkable, although daily working at his trade of mending shoes, his eye-sight was so good that he never wore spectacles. At his request, his remains were taken to Croynant Chapel for interment, where his wife was buried about twenty years ago. Rees Williams, Esq. of Aberpergwm, very kindly sent a number of his workmen to assist in carrying his remains to their last home, a distance of seven miles.”

* The peasants in Wales generally add their father's Christian name to their own, and sometimes their grandfather's, and even their great grandfather's, and so on, until at last their names become almost interminable. Pennant relates, “ that Thomas ap Richard ap Howel ap Jevan Vychan, lord of Mostyn, and his brother Piers, founder of the family of Trelace, were the first who abridged their name in Wales ; and that on the following occasion : Rowland Lee, bishop of Lichfield, and president of the marches of Wales, in the reign

lived on the Rhos *, in the Creinant, when Gitto Bach † was stolen away. Gitto was a fine boy, and would often ramble alone to the top of the mountain to look at his father's sheep; and when he returned, he would show his brothers and sisters a number of pieces, the size of crowns, with letters stamped upon them, and resembling them exactly, only that they were made of a peculiarly white paper. When asked where he had found them, he would say, 'The little children with whom I play on the mountain give them me:' he always called them the little children.

"At length, one day, poor little Gitto was missing. The whole neighbourhood was in a commotion. Search was made; but no little Gitto was heard of: two years elapsed, and the still desponding mother received no other intelligence, than in fresh cause of alarm for the safety of her other children.

of Henry VIII., sat at one of the courts on a Welsh cause, and, wearied with the quantity of "aps" in the jury, directed that the pannel should assume their last name, or that of their residence; and that Thomas ap Richard ap Howel ap Jevan Vychan should for the future be reduced to the poor dissyllable Mostyn; no doubt to the great mortification of many an ancient line."—Vol. i. p. 18. 8vo ed. 1810.

* A plain. The Creinant is a small secluded village in the mountains, consisting of a few scattered houses.

† Gitto is an abbreviation of Griffith; *bach* signifies little, like the Irish *beg*.

nine grains of wheat, and put them on this leaf, in this book ;' handing me a book which she took out of her pocket.

"I did as the gipsy told me.—' Now,' said she, ' Shone, meet me by moonlight to-morrow night on the top of Craig y Dinas*.'—I did so. She took a phial, and washed my eyes with its contents ; and as soon as I opened my eyes, I saw at a short distance thousands of little people all in white, dancing in a circle to the sound of at least a score of harps. After dancing for some time, they left the circle, and formed a line on the brow of the hill ; the one next the precipice squatted down, clasped her hands under her knees, and tumbled, tumbled, tumbled, head-over-heels, head-over-heels, all the way down the hill ; the rest all following her example, until they were lost in the dark wood of the valley beneath.

"After this adventure, I was in the habit of seeing them continually. And you, Morgan Gwillim (Morgan was sitting in an arm-chair opposite the narrator), in your younger days, you saw the fairies as well as I.

"Oh, that I'll swear to, although I never took an oath in my life," replied Morgan. "I have seen

* An etching of Craig y Dinas, from an original sketch, is annexed.



From a sketch by E. O. Delamotte.

CRAIG Y DINAS.

them on the Varteg*, and by Cylepsta Waterfall †, and by Sewyd yr Rhyd, in Cwm Pergwm ‡; and I once saw them, and I never saw them to such perfection, as when I stood between the cascade and the rock §, over which it fell; I could at that moment see them distinctly glittering in all the colours of the rainbow, and hear their music softly blending with the murmur of the waterfall. After enjoying themselves here for some time, they all proceeded into a small cave ||, which they had made in the rock, where they seemed to be exceedingly amused, laughing, and having a great deal of merriment: then they ascended the rock, and frisked away; the sound of their melodious harps dying away among the mountains, whither they

* Properly called Kil Hepsta.

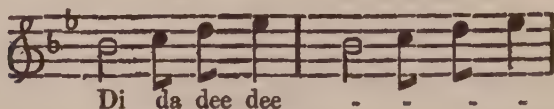
† A beautiful waterfall.

‡ Sewyd yr Rhyd is a waterfall in the grounds of W. Williams, Esq. Aberpergwn, Vale of Neath, where the fairies are said to bathe.

§ The valleys in the neighbourhood of Pontneathvaughan abound with waterfalls, several of which are of considerable height, and surrounded by the most romantic scenery. In some instances the rock, over which the water is projected, so overhangs its base as to admit of a road being made between it and the waterfall.

|| The cave, thus attributed to the industry of the fairies, is still to be seen in Cwm Pergwm.

had fled ; and the last strain I heard sounded something like this :



but the falling cadence I could not catch for the life of me, it was so faint."

Morgan added, that his wife, Shone, had often seen them with their white mantles*, and sometimes they were to be seen bearing each other's trains. Indeed she saw them so often, that she at last took no notice of them.

* "*Cyvlir eiry gorwyn gorwydd hynt.*"

"Of the same hue as the extremely white snow of the front of the declivity."

LLEWELLYN'S DANCE,

AS TOLD BY DAVIDD SHONE*.

“ ABOUT seventy years ago, there were two farmer's servants living at Llwyn y Ffynon: I knew them both well. They were returning from their work one fine evening at twilight, and driving their little mountain ponies before them, weary with having toiled all day, carrying lime for their master's use. When they came down into a smooth plain, one of the men, named Rhys ap Morgan, suddenly halted.

“ ‘ Stop,’ said he to his companion, Llewellyn, ‘ do stop, and listen to that enchanting music; that's a tune I've danced to a hundred times. I cannot resist it now. Go, follow the horses; I must find out the musicians, and have my dance;

* It is almost needless to point out the similarity between this and the Scotch tradition, related from Stewart, in the Brother Grimm's Essay, at p. 16 of this volume. There is an ancient Welsh ballad called “ The Old Man of the Wood,” in which like The Adventures of Porsenna, alluded to in the first volume of this work, at p. 303, second edition, years roll away as moments.

and if I don't overtake you before you reach home, take the panniers off the horses. I'll be with you presently.

" 'Music in such a spot !' replied Llewellyn, ' in such a lonely place ! what can you be dreaming of ? I hear no music ; and how should you ? Come, come, no nonsense ; come home with me. '

" He might have spared himself the trouble of this remonstrance, for away went Rhys ap Morgan, leaving Llewellyn to pursue his homeward journey alone. He arrived safely, untacked the little horses, completed his day's work by despatching an ample supper, and was retiring to rest without any anxiety about his companion, Rhys, who, he supposed in his own mind, had made this music a pretence to go to the alehouse, which was five miles off. For, reasoned Llewellyn to himself, how could there be the sound of music in that lonely spot, remote from any dwelling ?

" The next morning, when he found that Rhys was still missing, he reluctantly told their master that he must have assistance to attend the horses, for that Rhys was not yet returned. This alarmed the farmer and his family, for Rhys was a very steady fellow, and had never before played the truant, although he was notoriously fond of dancing. Llewellyn was questioned and cross-examined as to where he had parted from him,

and how, and why, and all about it ; but to no one could he give what was considered to be a satisfactory answer. He said that music had allured him, and that he had left him to join the dancers.

“ ‘ Did you hear the music ? ’ inquired his master.

“ Llewellyn replied that he had not ; whereupon it was resolved that the alehouse should be searched, and that he should be sought for everywhere. But it was all to no purpose ; no information was received of him ; there had been no dance in the whole country round ; not a sound of music had met the ear of any one ; and, in fine, not the slightest trace of the lost servant could be made out.

“ At length, after a strict but fruitless inquiry, suspicion fell on Llewellyn. It was supposed by some that he must have quarrelled with Rhys on their way home, and perhaps had murdered him. Llewellyn thus accused, was taken up and confined on suspicion. He vehemently protested his innocence, although he could give no clear account of the affair ; and things remained thus for a year, when a farmer in the neighbourhood, who had some experience in fairy customs, shrewdly suspected how the matter stood, and suggested, that he and several others should accompany Llewellyn Walter to the very spot, and

at the very same time where he said that he had parted from Rhys ap Morgan. This proposition was agreed to, and when they arrived at the spot, which was green as the mountain-ash (*Cerdin*), Llewellyn stopped.

“ ‘This is the very spot,’ said he, ‘and, hush ! I hear music ; melodious harps I hear.’ ”

“ We all listened, for I was one of them ; but we heard nothing. ‘ Put your foot on mine, Davidd,’ said Llewellyn, whose foot was at that moment upon the outward edge of the fairy circle. I did so, and all the party did the same in succession, and we all instantly heard the sound of many harps in full concert, and saw, within a circle of twenty feet in diameter, countless numbers of little figures, the size of children of three or four years old, enjoying themselves vastly. They were going round and round the ring with hands joined. I did not perceive any varied figures in their dance ; but as they were going round, we saw Rhys ap Morgan among them. ”

“ Llewellyn at once seized hold of his smock frock, and twitched him out of the circle, taking great care himself not to overstep the edge of their ring ; for once you are inside it, you lose all power over yourself, and become their property. ”

“ ‘Where are the horses? where are the horses?’ said Rhys impatiently. ‘ Where are the horses,

indeed !' said Llewellyn, ' where have you been ? Come, answer for yourself, and account for your conduct. Clear my character, which your absence has cast the reproach of murder upon.'

" ' What stuff you talk, Llewellyn ! go, follow the horses, my good fellow, while I finish my dance ; for I have not yet been above five minutes dancing. I never enjoyed a dance like this ; oh let me return to the dance,' said Rhys.

" ' Five minutes,' repeated the enraged Llewellyn. ' You must explain the cause of your absence for this whole year. This foolish talk of yours about five minutes won't answer for me ; so, come you must.'

" He took him by main force. To all our questions he could say nothing, but that he had only been absent from the horses five minutes, and that he was dancing very pleasantly ; but of the people with whom he was he could give no account whatever ; they were strangers to him, he said. He could answer no questions as to what he had eaten, or where he had slept, or who had clothed him ; for he was in the same dress as when he disappeared, and he seemed in a very desponding way ; he became, ' sad, sullen, and silent,' and soon took to his bed, when he died.

" And," continued the narrator of the tale, " the morning after we had found Rhys, we went

to examine the scene of this extraordinary adventure, and we found the edge of the ring quite red, as if trodden down, and I could see the marks of little heels, the size of my thumb-nails." He repeatedly compared the size of the heels to his thumb nail.

THE EGG-SHELL DINNER,

AS RELATED BY DAVIDD TOMOS BOWEN.

“MY mother lived in the immediate neighbourhood of a farm-house that was positively infested with fairies. It was one of those old-fashioned houses among the hills, constructed after the manner of ancient days, when farmers considered the safety and comfort of their cattle as much as that of their children and domestics; and the kitchen and cow-house were on the same floor, adjoining each other, with a half door, over which the good man could see the animals from his own chimney-corner without moving.

“My mother and the farmer’s wifewere intimate friends, and she used often to complain to her, that the fairies annoyed her and her family to that degree that they had no peace; that whenever the family dined, or supped, or ate any meal, or were sitting quietly together, these mischievous little beings would assemble in the next apartment. For instance, when they were sitting in the kitchen, they were at high gambols in the dairy; or when they were yoking the cows, they would see the

fairies in the kitchen, dancing, and laughing, and provokingly merry.

“ One day as there were a great number of reapers partaking of a harvest-dinner, which was prepared with great care and nicety by the housewife, when they were all seated round the table, they heard music, and dancing, and laughing above ; and a shower of dust fell down, and covered all the victuals which were upon the table. The pudding, in particular, was completely spoiled, and the keen appetites of the party were most provokingly disappointed. Just at this moment of trouble and despair, an old woman entered, who saw the confusion, and heard the whole affair explained. ‘ Well,’ said she, in a whisper to the farmer’s wife, ‘ I’ll tell you how to get rid of the fairies ; to-morrow morning ask six of the reapers to dinner, and be sure that you let the fairies hear you ask them. Then make no more pudding than will go into an egg-shell, and put it down to boil. It may be a scanty meal for six hungry reapers, but it will be quite sufficient to banish the fairies ; and if you follow the directions you will not be troubled with them any more.’

“ She did accordingly, and when the fairies heard that a pudding for six reapers was boiling in an egg-shell, there was a great noise in the next apartment, and an angry voice called out :

“ ‘ We have lived long in this world ; we were born just after the earth was made, but before the acorn was planted, and yet we never saw a harvest-dinner prepared in an egg-shell. Something must be wrong in this house, and we will no longer stop under its roof.’

“ From that time the rioting, and music, and dancing ceased ; and the fairies never were seen or heard there any more *.”

* The absurd circumstance of boiling a supper for six hungry men in an egg-shell will doubtless recall to the reader’s memory the tale of the Brewery of Egg-shells, in the first volume of this work ; where a changeling is betrayed into a similar exclamation of astonishment, and instantly disappears.

STORIES OF MORGAN RHYS HARRIS.

THE last time the fairies were seen among the hills in the vicinity of Neath was about ten years since, by Morgan Rhys Harris, an old man, who related the following account of it to his landlord, a very respectable farmer, who lives about seven miles from Aberpergwm, and who has now repeated it exactly as it was told to him. He says, the old man told it with such an appearance of truth, and that he was always so correct in every thing he said, that for his part he does not doubt the truth of his narration :

“ Morgan Rhys Harris rented two farms ; the one he lived at, and the other he held in hand, and farmed himself. In old times the farmers had kilns close by their houses, to bake their oats and their barley ; and the house I am speaking of had this appendage. Morgan Rhys Harris was going down a hill, which led to the farm, when he heard the most delightful music. He stopped, and still he heard this music ; he advanced, and he heard it plainer still *.

* The compiler preserves this sentence as he received it, although its punning construction renders the precise meaning questionable.

“ At a little distance before him, in the direct path which he had to cross, and near the kiln, he saw numberless little beings all dancing. Various were the figures and changes of the dance ; some advancing, others retreating, and others as if they were dancing reels. The old man paused, and hesitated whether he should return, or what course he should pursue ; he feared to pass them, lest he should put his foot on fairy ground, and lose possession of himself ; so he made a circuit, and reached the barn near the kiln. There he sheltered himself inside the door, and from this place he watched their movements for an hour. He distinctly saw them ; and he learned the tune which they played, and would have taught it to me, if I had had an ear for music. This old man only died two years ago. I wish you had seen him, for he really was one who spoke the truth, and you might have relied on every word he said.”

AN old woman in the neighbourhood of Aberpergwn states, that her father often saw the fairies on horseback in the air, on little white horses ; but that he never saw them descend ; that he heard their music in the air ; and that she heard of a

man who had been twenty-five years with the fairies, and who, when he returned, thought he had only been five minutes away. She added, that those who have once been with the fairies never looked afterwards like other people; and that her own son, when a baby, looked so sadly, that her neighbours all thought, and used to tell her, that he was exchanged by the fairies.

FAIRY MONEY,

GIVEN TO DAVIDD SHONE'S MOTHER.

“ My mother, once upon a time, was in the habit of receiving money from the fairies ; and near our house there was a well, and near it a green spot, celebrated for being the scene of many fairy exploits. Whenever my mother went to the well, she would find upon the stone, above the water-spout, a new half guinea. Once I was bargaining about a pig, and my mother, to prevent farther contention, brought her little bag of gold forward, and gave me a new half guinea. I was frightened when I saw a poor woman like my mother possessed of so much money, and I entreated she would tell me how she came by it. ‘ Honestly,’ said she ; I remember the very word.

“ ‘ Oh, mother !’ said I, ‘ tell me where you got it ; to whom would you trust your secret, if you do not confide in your only son ?’

“ ‘ Well, if I must, I must,’ said my mother. She then told me, and most unfortune, poor woman, for her was the disclosure ; for from that

moment the donation ceased. Often did she attend the well ; but, alas ! in vain. Not a farthing did she find from that time."

DAVIDD TOMOS BOWEN knew a farmer who was much annoyed by the fairies ; they frequented the brook that ran by his house, and so mischievous were they, that their greatest amusement was to take the clay from the bottom of the brook, and make little round balls, the size of marbles, with which they played ; but that he never could discover what game it was. The water used to be so muddy in consequence of this, that the cattle could not drink of the stream ; and when he would mutter a complaint against them for such conduct, they would always repeat his expressions with derision, and laugh, and frisk away. A girl in the neighbourhood used to assist them in making these clay-balls, for which, in return, she received quantities of money, and became a very rich woman, and went away to London, where she married a grand gentleman.

THE KNOCKERS.

“ A VERY good-natured, fortunate sort of beings, whose business it is to point out, by a peculiar kind of bumping, a rich vein of metal ore, or any other subterraneous treasure. They are highly respected, and are deemed nearly allied to the fairies.”—*Roberts's Cambrian Popular Antiquities.*

THE PWCCA.

THE Welsh Pwcca is evidently the same as the English Puck, and is known in some parts of the principality by the name of Bwcci. In Breconshire a whole glen bears his name, Cwm Pwcca; and it is traditionally said, that from this spot Shakspeare drew some of his materials for the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, through the medium of his friend Richard, the son of Sir John Price of the priory of Brecon.

CWM PWCCA.

CWM PWCCA, or the Pwcca's Valley, forms part of the deep and romantic glen of the Clydach, which, before the establishment of the iron-works of Messrs. Frere and Powell, was one of the most secluded spots in Wales, and therefore well calculated for the haunt of goblins and fairies. But the bustle of a manufactory has now in a great measure scared these beings away; and of late it

is very rarely that any of its former inhabitants, the Pwccas, are seen. Such, however, is the attachment to their ancient haunt, that they have not entirely deserted it ; as there was lately living near this valley a man who used to assert that he had seen one, and had a narrow escape of losing his life, through the maliciousness of the goblin. As he was one night returning home over the mountain from his work, he perceived at some distance before him a light, which seemed to proceed from a candle in a lantern, and upon looking more attentively, he saw what he took to be a human figure carrying it, which he concluded to be one of his neighbours likewise returning from his work. As he perceived that the figure was going the same way with himself, he quickened his pace in order that he might overtake him, and have the benefit of his light to descend the steep and rocky path which led into the valley ; but he rather wondered that such a short person as appeared to carry the lantern should be able to walk so fast. However, he redoubled his exertions, determined to come up with him ; and although he had some misgivings that he was not going along the usual track, yet he thought that the man with the lantern must know better than himself, and he followed the direction taken by him without farther hesitation. Having, by dint of hard walking,

overtaken him, he suddenly found himself on the brink of one of the tremendous precipices of Cwm Pwcca, down which another step would have carried him headlong into the roaring torrent beneath. And, to complete his consternation, at the very instant he stopped, the little fellow with the lantern made a spring right across the glen to the opposite side, and there, holding up the light above his head, turned round and uttered with all his might a loud and most malicious laugh ; upon which he blew out his candle, and disappeared up the opposite hill *.

* A Welsh peasant, well acquainted with Cwm Pwcca and its supernatural inhabitants, was requested to describe their form ; he accordingly made a sketch, of which this wood-cut is a reduced fac-simile.



YANTO'S CHASE.

SOME years ago, there lived among the hills a man named Evan Shone Watkin, commonly known as *Yanto 'r Coetcae* (*Yanto* or *Ianto* being the familiar term for Evan). It happened that this Evan was once invited to the house of a friend, on the borders of Glamorganshire, with several other relatives and neighbours, to celebrate a christening; and, as is usual on such occasions, the evening was passed with much conviviality. They drank the strongest ale—they quaffed the best old mead *—they sang *Pennilion* † to the harp; and it

* Mead, called also *Metheglin*, is a liquor manufactured from honey. Queen Elizabeth is said to have been particularly fond of it, and to have annually imported a large quantity for her private drinking from Wales. A receipt for the manufacture, from an ancient Welsh manuscript, may be found in that useful and clever compilation, *Nicholson's Cambrian Traveller's Guide*, second edition, 1813, p. 63.

† *Pennili* is explained by Dr. Owen Pughe, in his *Welsh Dictionary*, to mean, generally, “a prime division or part,” and, applied to poetry, “a stanza, strophe, or epigram.” Hence *pennilion* are properly epigrammatic stanzas, probably of bardic invention, when writing was little practised, with a view to preserving the wit and wisdom of their age; and intended as an agreeable exercise for the memory. The custom

was near midnight before Evan Shone recollected that he had a great way to return home. As he had urgent business to require his attendance at his own house early the next morning, he determined upon departing; and the better to qualify him for his journey, he plied the ale-cup with double diligence. Remembering the old adage, that a spur in the head is worth two on the heel, he took a parting draught of mead, and then set off for his home over the mountains of Carno*.

of pennilion singing has been the means of handing down verses of remote antiquity. Pennant appears, generally speaking, to be in error when he compares the Welsh pennilion-singer to the improvisatori of Italy; as extemporaneous composition, although sometimes used, is far from being considered as constituting excellence, and has been objected to. When two singers strive in rivalry, the art consists in producing pennili apposite to the last sung, without repeating the same stanza twice; for this is regarded as a defeat. The subjects of the verses are humorous, satirical, or monitory, at the will of the singer; and parishes have been known to contend against parishes in this amusement. Although the custom is on the decline, persons may still be found who can recite from memory some hundred of these stanzas, and with them accompany the harp through various tunes and transitions with wonderful tact. Of late an attempt has been made by the Cymrodorion Society to revive and patronize pennilion singing. For some curious particulars on this subject see Mr. E. Jones's "Relics of the Bards," p. 60. et seq.

* On these mountains, in the year 728, a battle was fought between Ethelbald, king of Mercia, and Rodrick Moelwynoc, the Welsh prince.

He had travelled some time, and proceeded a considerable way along the hills, when he thought he could hear at a great distance some sounds resembling music, nearly in the direction he was going. And as he advanced, Evan Shone found himself approaching these sounds so near, that he could plainly distinguish them to proceed from a harp, and some voices singing to it. He could even make out the tune, which was that of *Ar hŷd y nŏs**; but the night being dark, and the mist lying thick around him, he could not discover the persons who were thus amusing themselves. As he knew there was no house within a great di-

* "Of all the Welsh airs," says Mr. John Parry, in a communication on Welsh music, to the *Cambro-Briton*, vol. i. (1820) p. 95, "that of *Ar hŷd y nŏs*, or The Live-long Night, is the most popular in England, partly owing to its own beauty, and partly to the pathetic words, which were written to it (by Mrs. Opie, I believe), commencing

‘ Here, beneath a willow, sleepeth
Poor Mary Anne.’ ”

There is scarcely a composer who has not written variations on this melody, particularly for the harp. And lately Liston, the actor, has introduced a comic parody on it, which he sings, riding on an ass; and wherein the simple burthen of the original is burlesqued into, "Ah! hide your nose." In Wales it is considered by the prize-singers as a mere bagatelle, and generally introduced as the last strain at convivial meetings, when extempore stanzas are sung to it alternately by the company.

stance of that spot, his curiosity was greatly excited by what he heard ; and the music still continuing, and seemingly but a short distance from the path, he thought there could be no harm in deviating a little out of his way, in order to see what was going forward. He, moreover, thought it would be a pity to pass so near such a merry party without stopping for a few minutes with them to partake their mirth. Accordingly he made an oblique cut in the direction of the music, and having gone full as far as the place from which he at first imagined the sounds proceeded, he was a little surprised to find that they were still at some distance from him. However, he very philosophically explained this to himself, by recollecting that sounds are heard at a much greater distance by night than by day, and as he had gone so far from his road, he was determined to discover the cause ; but, somehow or other, the more he walked the less the probability seemed of his arriving at his object. Sometimes the sounds would recede from him, and then he would quicken his pace lest he should lose them entirely ; and through the darkness of the night, he more than once tumbled up to his neck in a turf bog. When he had struggled out, and got upon his legs again, he would form a resolution to give up the chase ; but just at that moment he would hear the sounds more lively and encouraging than ever, and not

unfrequently his exertions would be stimulated by hearing his own name called—"Evan ! Evan !"

This being the most respectful mode of addressing him, he concluded, that whoever they were he was in pursuit of, they must be well-bred people, and on that account he was the more desirous of joining them. At other times, as he followed, he would hear himself called by his less dignified appellation of "Yanto ! Yanto !" which, though not so flattering to him as the other, he concluded must come from some intimate friend, and therefore the familiarity was excusable. Like the music, these salutations were sometimes so indistinct, that he could not always exactly distinguish whether or not they proceeded from the grouse or the lap-wings, which he was continually disturbing among the heather.

At length, chagrined and mortified at his repeated disappointments, and excessively fatigued, he was determined to lie down on the ground till morning ; but he had scarcely laid himself down, when the harp struck up again more brilliantly than ever, and seemed so near, that he could even distinguish the words of the song. Upon this he started up, and commenced another chase, and again went through the same routine of tumbling into bogs, wading knee-deep through swamps, and scratching his legs in labouring through the

heather, till both his patience and his strength had almost deserted him. But before he was quite exhausted, what was his joy when he perceived, at a small distance before him, a number of lights, which, on a nearer approach, he found to proceed from a house, in which there appeared to be a large company assembled, enjoying a similar merry-making to the one he had left, with music and with drink, and other good cheer? At such a sight, he mustered up all his energies, walked in, sat himself down by the fire, and called for a cup of ale. But before the ale arrived, or he had time to make many observations on the persons about him, excepting that the people of the house were in a great bustle with attending on their guests, and every thing bore the marks of high conviviality, such was the effect of the fatigue he had undergone, and of the ale and mead he had before drank, that he fell fast asleep.

No doubt he slept long and soundly, for he was awoke the next morning by the sun-beams playing on his face. On opening his eyes, and looking around him, judge his astonishment at finding himself quite alone, and not a vestige remaining of what he had positively seen when he was going to sleep. Both the house and the company had completely vanished; and instead of being comfortably seated by a good fire, he found

himself almost frozen with cold, and lying on a bare rock, on the point of one of the loftiest crags of Darren y Killai, a thousand feet in height, down a good part of which poor Yanto would have tumbled perpendicularly, had he moved but a foot or two more in that direction.

THE ADVENTURE OF ELIDURUS.

(From Geraldus Cambrensis.)

“ A SHORT time before our days, a circumstance worthy of note occurred in those parts (near Neath) which Elidurus, a priest, most strenuously affirmed had befallen himself. When a youth of twelve years, in order to avoid the society of his preceptor, he ran away, and concealed himself under the hollow bank of a river; and after fasting in that situation for two days, two little men of pigmy stature appeared to him, and said, ‘ If you will go with us, we will lead you to a country full of delights and sports.’ Assenting, and rising up, he followed his guides, through a path at first subterraneous and dark, into a most beautiful country, but obscure, and not illuminated with the full light of the sun. All the days were cloudy, and the nights extremely dark. The boy was brought before the king, and introduced to him in the presence of his court, when, having examined him for

a long time, he delivered him to his son, who was then a boy. These men were of the smallest stature, but very well proportioned, fair complexioned, and wore long hair. They had horses and greyhounds adapted to their size. They neither ate flesh nor fish, but lived on milk diet, made up into messes with saffron.

“As often as they returned from our hemisphere they reprobated our ambitious infidelities and inconstancies; and though they had no form of public worship, were, it seems, strict lovers and reverers of truth.

“The boy frequently returned to our hemisphere by the way he had gone, sometimes by others, at first in company, and afterwards alone, and made himself known only to his mother, to whom he described what he had seen. Being desired by her to bring her a present of gold, with which that country abounded, he stole, whilst at play with the king’s son, a golden ball, with which he used to divert himself, and brought it in haste to his mother; but not unpursued, for as he entered the house of his father, he stumbled at the threshold; he let the ball fall; and two pigmies seizing it, departed, showing the boy every mark of contempt and derision. Notwithstanding every attempt for the space of a year, he never could find again the track to the subterraneous passage.

He had made himself acquainted with their language, which was very conformable to the Greek idiom. When they asked for 'water, they said, *Udor udorem*. When they want salt, they say, *Halgein udorem* *."

* On this specimen of Fairy language, Mr. Roberts, in his *Cambrian Popular Antiquities*, p.195, builds an ingenious theory respecting the fairies ; at least so far as accounting for their appearance and habits.

STORIES OF FAIRIES,

*From “ A Relation of Apparitions of Spirits in the
County of Monmouth, and the Principality of
Wales.”*

This little book was written by the late Reverend Edmund
Jones of the Tranch.

“ W. E. of Hafodafel, going a journey upon the Brecon mountain, very early in the morning passed by the perfect likeness of a coal-race, where really there was none : there he saw many people very busy, some cutting the coal, some carrying it to fill the sacks, some raising the loads upon the horses' backs, &c. This was the agency of the fairies upon his visive faculty ; and it was a wonderful extra-natural thing, and made a considerable impression upon his mind. He was of undoubted veracity, a great man in the world, and above telling an untruth. The power of spirits, both good and bad, is very great, not having the

weight of bodies to encumber and hinder their agility.

“ W. L. M. told me, that, going upon an errand by night from the house of Jane Edmund of *Abertillery*, he heard like the voice of many persons speaking one to the other at some distance from him. He again listened attentively; then he heard like the falling of a tree, which seemed to break other trees as it fell: he then heard a weak voice, like the voice of a person in pain and misery, which frightened him much, and prevented him from proceeding on his journey. Those were fairies which spoke in his hearing, and they doubtless spoke about his death, and imitated the moan which he made when some time after he fell from off a tree, which proved his death. This account, previous to his death, he gave me himself. He was a man much alienated from the life of God, though surrounded with the means of knowledge and grace; but there was no cause to question the veracity of his relation.

“ *The Parish of Bedwellty.*—From under the hand of the Rev. Mr. Roger Rogers, born and bred in this parish, I have the following remarkable relation: A very remarkable and odd sight was seen in July 1760, acknowledged and confessed by

several credible eye-witnesses of the same, i. e. by Lewis Thomas Jenkin's two daughters, virtuous and good young women (their father a good man, and substantial freeholder), his man-servant, his maid-servant, Elizabeth David, a neighbour and tenant of the said Lewis Thomas, and Edmund Roger, a neighbour, who were all making hay in a field called *Y Weirglod Fawr Dafalog*. The first sight they saw was the resemblance of an innumerable flock of sheep over a hill called *Cefen Rhychdir*, opposite the place where the spectators stood, about a quarter of a mile distant from them. Soon after they saw them go up to a place called *Cefen Rhychdir ucha*, about half a mile distant from them; and then they went out of their sight, as if they vanished in the air. About half an hour before sunset they saw them all again; but all did not see them in the same manner; they saw them in different forms. Two of these persons saw them like sheep; some saw them like greyhounds; some like swine, and some like naked infants: they appeared in the shade of the mountain between them and the sun. The first sight was as if they rose up out of the earth. This was a notable appearance of the fairies, seen by credible witnesses. The sons of infidelity are very unreasonable not to believe the testimonies of so many witnesses of the being of spirits.

“E. T. travelling by night over *Bedwellty* mountain, towards the valley of *Ebwy Fawr*, where his house and estate were, within the parish of *Aberystroth*, saw the fairies on each side of him, some dancing. He also heard the sound of a bugle horn, like persons hunting. He then began to be afraid; but recollecting his having heard,—that if any person should happen to see any fairies, if they draw out their knife, they will vanish directly; he did so, and he saw them no more. This the old gentleman seriously related to me. He was a sober man, and of such strict veracity, that I heard him confess a truth against himself, when he was like to suffer loss for an imprudent step; and though he was persuaded by some not to do it, yet he would persist in telling the truth, though it was to his own hurt.

“*The Parish of Llanhyddel*.—Rees John Rosser, born at *Hen-dy*, in this parish, a very religious young man, on going very early in the morning to feed the oxen at a barn called *Ysgybor y lann*, and having fed the oxen, he lay himself upon the hay to rest. While he lay there, he heard like the sound of music coming near the barn: presently a large company came in the barn, with striped clothes, some appearing more gay than others, and there danced at their music. He lay

there as quiet as he could, thinking they would not see him, but in vain ; for one of them, a woman, appearing better than the rest, brought him a striped cushion, with four tassels, one at each corner of it, to put under his head. After some time, the cock crew at the house of *Blaen y coome* hard by ; upon which they appeared as if they were either surprised or displeased ; the cushion was then hastily taken from under his head, and they went away.

“ This young woman’s grandfather, William Jenkins, for some time kept a school at *Trefethin* church, and coming home late in the evening used to see the fairies under an oak, within two or three fields from the church, between that and *Newynidd* bridge. And one time he went to see the ground about the oak, and there was a reddish circle upon the grass, such as have been often seen under the female oak, called *Brenhin-bren* (King-tree), wherein they danced. He was more apt to see them on Friday evenings than any other day of the week. Some say, in this country, that Friday is apt to differ often from the rest of the week with respect to the weather. That, when the rest of the days of the week are fair, Friday is apt to be rainy or cloudy, and when the weather is foul Friday is apt to be more fair. If there is any thing

in it, I believe it must be with large and frequent exceptions, which yet may possibly consist with some measure of reality in the matter ; but of this I am no judge, having neglected to make observations of the matter.

“ I am now going to relate one of the most extraordinary apparitions that ever was communicated to me, either by word of mouth, or by letter, which I received from the hand of a pious young gentleman of Denbighshire, then at school, who was an eye-witness of it :

“ ‘ REV. SIR,

March 24th, 1772.

“ ‘ Concerning the apparition I saw, I shall relate it as well as I can in all its particulars. As far as I can remember, it was in the year 1757, in a summer’s day about noon, I, with three others, one of which was a sister of mine, and the other two were sisters ; we were playing in a field called *Kae-kaled*, in the parish of *Bodvary*, in the county of *Denbigh*, near the stile which is next *Lanehwyd* house, where we perceived a company of dancers in the middle of the field, about seventy yards from us. We could not tell their numbers, because of the swiftness of their motions, which seemed to be after the manner of morris-dancers (something uncommonly wild in their motions) ; but after

looking some time, we came to guess that their number might be about fifteen or sixteen. They were clothed in red, like soldiers, with red handkerchiefs, spotted with yellow, about their heads. They seemed to be a little bigger than we, but of a dwarfish appearance. Upon this we reasoned together what they might be, whence they came, and what they were about. Presently we saw one of them coming away from the company in a running pace. Upon this, we began to be afraid, and ran to the stile. Barbara Jones went over the stile first, next her sister, next to that my sister, and last of all myself. While I was creeping up the stile, my sister staying to help me, I looked back and saw him just by me; upon which I cried out; my sister also cried out, and took hold of me under her arm to draw me over; and when my feet were just come over, I still crying and looking back, we saw him reaching after me, leaning on the stile, but did not come over. Away we ran towards the house, called the people out, and went trembling towards the place, which might be about one hundred and fifty yards off the house; but though we came so soon to see, yet we could see nothing of them. He who came near us had a grim countenance, a wild and somewhat fierce look. He came towards us in a slow running pace,

but with long steps for a little one. His complexion was copper-coloured, which might be significative of his disposition and condition ; for they were not good, but therefore bad spirits. The red, of their cruelty—the black, of their sin and misery ; and he looked rather old than young.

‘ The dress, the form, the colour, and the size
Of these, dear sir, did me surprise.
The open view of them we had all four.
Their sudden flight, and seeing them no more,
Do still confirm the wonder more and more.’

“ Thus far Mr. E. W.—’s letter.

“ P. W. who lived at the Ship, in *Pont y Pool*, and born also in *Trefethin* parish, an honest, virtuous woman, when a young girl going to school, one time seeing the fairies dancing in a pleasant dry place under a crab-tree, and seeing them like children much of her own size, and hearing a small pleasant music among them, went to them, and was induced to dance with them ; and she brought them unto an empty barn to dance. This she did, at times, both going and coming from school, for three or four years. Though she danced so often with them, yet she could never hear the sound of their feet ; therefore she took off her

shoes, that she might not make a noise with her feet, which she thought was displeasing unto them. Some in the house observing her without shoes, said, this girl walks without shoes to school; but she did not tell them of her adventure with the fairies. They all had blue and green aprons on. They were of a small stature, and appeared rather old."

THE LEGEND OF MEDDYGON MYDDVAI.

From the Cambro-Briton, vol. ii. p. 313.

A MAN, who lived in the farm-house called Esgairllaethdy, in the parish of Myddavi, in Caermarthenshire, having bought some lambs in a neighbouring fair, led them to graze near *Llyn y van Vach* in the Black Mountains. Whenever he visited the lambs, three most beautiful female figures presented themselves to him from the lake, and often made excursions on the boundaries of it. For some time he pursued and endeavoured to catch them, but always failed ; for the enchanting nymphs ran before him, and, when they had reached the lake, they tauntingly exclaimed,

“ *Cras dy fara*
Anhawdd ein dala,”

which, with a little circumlocution, means, “ For thee, who eatest baked bread, it is difficult to catch us.”

One day some moist bread from the lake came to shore. The farmer devoured it with great avidity, and on the following day he was successful in his pursuit, and caught the fair damsels.

After a little conversation with them, he commanded courage sufficient to make proposals of marriage to one of them. She consented to accept him on the condition that he would distinguish her from her two sisters on the following day. This was a new and a very great difficulty to the young farmer ; for the fair nymphs were so similar in form and features, that he could scarcely perceive any difference between them. He observed, however, a trifling singularity in the strapping of her sandal, by which he recognised her the following day. Some, indeed, who relate this legend, say, that this lady of the lake hinted in a private conversation with her swain, that upon the day of trial she would place herself between her two sisters, and that she would turn her right foot a little to the right, and that by this means he might distinguish her from her sisters. Whatever were the means, the end was secured ; he selected her, and she immediately left the lake, and accompanied him to the farm. Before she quitted, she summoned to attend her from the lake seven cows, two oxen, and one bull.

This lady engaged to live with him until such time as he would strike her three times without cause. For some years they lived together in comfort, and she bore him three sons, who were the celebrated Meddygon Myddvai.

One day, when preparing for a fair in the neighbourhood, he desired her to go to the field for his horse: she said she would; but being rather dilatory, he said to her humorously, "Dos, dos, dos," i. e. "go, go, go," and he slightly touched her arm *three times* with his glove.

As she now deemed the terms of her marriage broken, she immediately departed, and summoned with her her seven cows, her two oxen, and the bull. The oxen were at that very time ploughing in the field, but they immediately obeyed her call, and took the plough with them. The furrow from the field in which they were ploughing to the margin of the lake is to be seen in several parts of that country to the present day.

After her departure, she once met her two sons in a *cwm* *, now called *Cwm Meddygon*, and delivered to each of them a bag containing some articles which are unknown, but which are supposed to have been some discoveries in medicine.

The Meddygon Myddvai were Rhiwallow, and his sons, Cadwgan, Gruffydd, and Einiow. They were the chief physicians of their age, and they wrote about A. D. 1230. A copy of their works is in the Welsh school library in Gray's-Inn-lane.

* A dale or valley; hence the English word combe, as in Wycombe, Ilfracombe, &c.

THE ISLAND OF THE FAIR FAMILY.

(From "*The Mythology and Rites of the British Druids. By Edward Davies, Author of Celtic Researches. London, 8vo. Booth.—1809*)."

In the mountains near Brecknock there is a small lake, to which tradition assigns some of the properties of the fabulous Avernus. I recollect a mabinogi, or mythological tale, respecting this piece of water, which seems to imply that it had once a floating raft; for here is no island.

In ancient times, it is said, a door in a rock near this lake was found open upon a certain day every year: I think it was May-day. Those who had the curiosity and resolution to enter were conducted by a secret passage, which terminated in a small island in the centre of the lake. Here the visitors were surprised with the prospect of a most enchanting garden, stored with the choicest fruits and flowers, and inhabited by the *Tylwyth Teg*, or fair family, a kind of fairies, whose beauty could be equalled only by the courtesy and affability which they exhibited to those who pleased them. They gathered fruit and flowers for each

of their guests, entertained them with the most exquisite music, disclosed to them many events of futurity, and invited them to stay as long as they should find their situation agreeable. But the island was sacred, and nothing of its produce must be carried away.

The whole of this scene was invisible to those who stood without the margin of the lake. Only an indistinct mass was seen in the middle: and it was observed that no bird would fly over the water, and that a soft strain of music at times breathed with rapturous sweetness in the breeze of the mountain.

It happened, upon one of these annual visits, that a sacrilegious wretch, when he was about to leave the garden, put a flower with which he had been presented into his pocket; but the theft boded him no good. As soon as he had touched unhallowed ground, the flower vanished, and he lost his senses.

“Of this injury the fair family took no notice at the time. They dismissed their guests with their accustomed courtesy, and the door was closed as usual: but their resentment ran high. For though, as the tale goes, the *Tylwyth Teg* and their garden undoubtedly occupy the spot to this day, though the birds still keep at a respectful distance from the lake, and some broken strains of music

are still heard at times, yet the door which led to the island has never re-appeared; and from the date of this sacrilegious act the Cymry have been unfortunate."

It is added, that "sometime after this, an adventurous person attempted to draw off the water in order to discover its contents, when a terrific form arose from the midst of the lake, commanding him to desist, or otherwise he would drown the country.

"I have endeavoured," says Mr. Davies, "to render this tale tolerable, by compressing its language, without altering or adding to its circumstances. Its connexion with British mythology may be inferred from a passage of Taliesin, where he says that the deluge was presaged by the Druid, who earnestly attended in the ethereal temple of Geirionydd to the songs that were chanted by the *Gwyllion* *, children of the evening, in the bosoms of lakes."

* Frequent allusions are made in early Welsh poems to the *Gwyllion*, which term has been generally understood to mean shades or ghosts of departed men, who were allowed to inhabit this world, and sometimes appeared in a visible state.

" *Seith gwaw gowanon*
Seith loneid afon
O gwaed Cinreinion
Y dylanwon.

*Seith ugain haelion
A aethant yn Gwyllion
Yn hoed Celiddon
Y darfuant."*

Merddin, 580.

"Seven battles of the spear
Seven rivers full of blood of leading warriors
Shall fill up.
Seven score heroes have become
Wandering phantoms: in the woods of Caledonia
They came to their end."

Again :—

"Cad Gwyllion Davydd da gyrchiad."
Ll. P. Moch, 1240.

"The battle shades of David of good onset."

Gwendyd thus addresses her brother Merddin in his fit of frenzy :—

*"Cân ethyw dy Pwyll cân Gwyllion mynyd
A thy Run yn agro
Pwy gwledych gwedi Iago?"*

"Since thy reason is gone with the gloomy shades of the mountain, and thou thyself despairing, who sways the realm after Iago?"

The compiler avails himself of this opportunity to correct what he has said respecting the word *Gwyll* in the 1st part of this work (2d Ed. p. 247, and quoted at page 11 of this volume); although the explanations he has given of the word are correct, he was wrong in comparing it with the Irish *Phooka*. The Welsh name for this spirit is *Mwca* or *Pwcca*, which means, formed of smoke, from *Mwg*—smoke.

THE HEADLESS LADY.

Cwm Rhyd y Rhesg is a dark and gloomy dingle in Glamorganshire. A bridge crosses a wild ravine, which is overhung with trees; and the murmuring of the streamlet among rocks, or the rustling of the breeze among leaves, are the only sounds which disturb the solitude of this romantic dell. Here it is that the Headless Lady is said to wander every alternate sixty years; being absent for sixty years, and then returning, to the great terror of the neighbouring district. She is seen in the dusk of the evening; and the present year (1827) is part of her term of appearance.

Many stories of this appalling spectre are related by the peasantry. Some say the most death-like chill freezes their blood at beholding her, although she has never been known to molest any one, but tranquilly wanders along. Others, that their very clothes seem to freeze around them and become stiff; and that they are deprived of utterance or motion. The following tale is given as related by the parties concerned; and so far as relates to the alarm of the girl, and her account of the matter, is certainly no fiction. Ever since the occurrence she has been called *Mary'r Elor* *.

* Elor is the Welsh for bier.

About ten years ago, as Mary Lewis was going through Cwm Pergwm, on her way to Blaenpergwm farm, near the bridge called Pont Rhyd y Rhesg, there appeared before her a female figure, dressed in white, and without a head, which, although it seemed to approach her, never came nearer. Retreat was useless, for every retrograde step she took, the headless figure kept pace with her: she therefore determined on going forward; but the lady preceded her, and always kept in full view about two yards in advance of poor Mary. She describes this frightful object as about five feet in height, and having in every respect, with the exception of the head, a complete and beautiful female form. Her dress was snow white, and a mantle of dazzling purity fell over her shoulders in Vandyke points*. The figure made no sign or motion whatever to Mary; but accompanied her to within six paces of the farmhouse, and then vanished.

As soon as the poor girl gained the threshold she fainted away; and every time she revived, and endeavoured to explain the cause of her alarm, and describe the spectre, the very recollection terrified

* In the neighbourhood of Pont neath vaughan, there is also seen an apparition resembling a woman without a head; and having the part of her dress which comes round the throat cut into Vandykes, called in Welsh *Cam rhedynen*, or the Crook of the fern.

her into hysteric fits. She remained in this state for two days, at the end of which time she appeared lifeless from exhaustion. The good woman of the house thought she was actually dead, and sent for her relatives, who brought a bier to take her home. A procession followed the bier to Mary's house ; and when they were going to lay her out, she showed symptoms of returning animation, and by slow degrees recovered, when she related the above account of the appearance of the Headless Lady.

OWEN LAWGOCH'S CASTLE.

IN one of the most secluded parts of the principality may be seen the ruins of an ancient fortress, called "Castell Owen Lawgoch," from the name of the chieftain, Owen Lawgoch, or Owen of the Bloody Hand, by whom it was once occupied, and who is believed to be at this moment, together with all his warriors, in a state of enchanted sleep in the vaults under the castle*; and in confirmation of this belief, the following story

* A peasant, according to Waldron, ventured to explore the vaults and passages under Castle Rushin, in the Isle of Man. After wandering from one apartment to another, he arrived at a hall, into which he looked before he ventured to enter. He there beheld "a vast table in the middle of the room, of black marble, and on it extended at full length, a man, or rather monster; for by his account he could not be less than fourteen feet long, and ten round the body. This prodigious fabric lay as if sleeping on a book, with a sword by him, of a size answerable to the hand supposed to make use of it."

He is terrified at the sight, and returns without disturbing the giant.

was related by Thomas ap Rhys as having occurred not many years ago :

“ It happened that as a Welshman was one day sauntering among the ruins of Castle Owen Lawgoch, he discovered an opening which seemed to lead to some subterraneous passage. Having removed the obstructions caused by the ivy and the rubbish about the entrance, he managed to creep in. To his surprise he found that this passage led to others of considerable length, and curiosity induced him to explore further, until he suddenly came into a vaulted hall of vast extent, in which he beheld an immense multitude of warriors clad in armour, lying upon their arms fast asleep. This unexpected sight completely checked his curiosity ; and, quite satisfied that he had proceeded far enough, he hastened to return before his intrusion should be discovered : but as he turned himself round to depart rather incautiously, he unfortunately struck his foot against something which he did not perceive in the dim light, but which seemed to consist of arms piled up together, and they fell with a tremendous clang ; whereupon all the warriors started up from their sleep, and grasping their arms, exclaimed ‘ *A ydyw hi ’n ddydd ? a ydyw hi ’n ddydd ?* ’ (Is it day ? Is it day ?) ; but the intruder, with the most admirable

presence of mind, answered ‘*Nagyw, nagyw, cysgwch etto,*’ (‘No, no, sleep again;’) when they all immediately laid themselves down, and fell fast asleep as before, where they still are, waiting the signal which is to awaken them *.”

Another legend says, that it is in a cavern under a hill that the chieftain, Owen Lawgoch, with his thousand warriors, lie in a state of enchanted sleep, waiting for the time to arrive when they are to be awakened in order to oppose a hostile army which they shall meet at the ford of *Rhyd goch arddy faych*, and at *Llyn pent y Weryd*; and that the destinies of Britain depend on the valour and success of the awakened warriors †.

* Frederick Barbarossa, according to German tradition, as has been mentioned in a note on the Giant’s Stairs, in the 2d part of this work, sits within the Kyffhäusern, leaning on a stone table, into which his long beard has grown, waiting until the day arrives when he is to hang up his shield upon a withered tree, which will immediately put forth leaves, and happier days will then begin their course.—See also note on Barry of Cairn Thierna, in the same volume.

† “In ages of romance, a romantic immortality has been bestowed by popular loyalty on those heroes who commanded the admiration as well as the fondness of their countrymen. Those who had seen their king flushed with victory and leading on his warriors, or enthroned in majesty and wisdom, were almost reluctant to admit that he too could die.”

“Greece revered her yet living Achilles in the White Island; the Britons expected the awakening of Arthur, entranced in Avelon; and almost in our days it was thought

This hill is said to be the scene of a very extraordinary appearance, concerning which, an old man of the neighbourhood related the following story :

“ Whoever stands at the distance of a mile or two from the hill may perceive upon its summit a fine large yew tree ; but should you attempt to approach the spot, you will find that the yew tree has vanished. If you retreat again to a short distance, you will plainly see the tree as before. .

“ It happened that a shepherd lad being one day upon this hill, wanted a walking-stick, and perceiving a hazle tree near him, he cut it for that purpose. In a short time afterwards he became tired of his pastoral occupation, and he resolved upon leaving home, and seeking his fortune in some other line of life. He set out accordingly, and as he was journeying on he met a stranger of noble appearance, who looked very earnestly at him, and at the hazle stick which he had in his

that Sebastian of Portugal would one day return and claim his usurped realms. Thus also the three founders of the Helvetic confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the three Tells, and say that they lie there in their antique garb in quiet slumber ; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need they will awaken and regain the liberties of the land.”

Quarterly Review, No. xlv. for March, 1820, p. 371.

hand. At length he spoke to him and said, 'Young man, where did you get that stick? Can you show me the very spot?'

" 'I can, sir,' replied the poor Welsh boy.

" 'And will you?' inquired the stranger in an earnest manner.

" 'Most readily would I,' said the boy, 'if I was near it.'

" The stranger then offered to pay all the expenses of the journey, and to reward him for his trouble. The boy agreed to the proposal, and they accordingly set off together and arrived at the very root of the tree. The boy then stopped and said, 'This, sir, is the root of the hazle stick which I held in my hand.' The stranger then desired him to look under it, and that he would find a trap-door which would admit him into a vaulted passage; that this passage would lead him into an apartment in which numbers of armed warriors lay asleep, and that at its entrance he would find a rope conducting him to it: 'but,' said he, 'press gently on this rope, for it is attached to a bell, which, if rung, will arouse the warriors and their chieftain; who, if he be wakened, will ask, Is it day?' Should this be the case, mind and answer quickly 'No!' 'In this apartment,' he continued, 'there is a vast



"No, No, sleep again."

quantity of gold, concealed under a pile of arms ; and this gold I want you to bring away. Be cautious, and remember what I have told you.'

"The lad, after some little hesitation, obeyed : he found the trap-door, descended, and arrived at the apartment described by his companion. There he beheld the warriors lying on their arms asleep ; and near the chieftain was the pile of arms which concealed the heap of gold. The intrepid lad approached to seize it, and was in the very act, when down fell the arms with a fearful clang, and up started Owen Lawgoch, who stretched out his hand, which was as large as a shield, and cried out with a voice that pealed like thunder, '*A ydyw hi 'n ddydd? a ydyw hi 'n ddydd?*' (Is it day? is it day?) ; whereupon all the armed men were aroused, and reiterated the same question. The young Welshman with great coolness replied, '*Nagyw, nagyw, cysgwch etto;*' (No, no, sleep again) ; when they all composed themselves to sleep again.

"The lad then secured as much gold as he could carry, and returned with it to the entrance of the cavern, where he delivered it to the stranger, who desired him to descend again and bring up the remainder, promising him a handsome share of it. Upon this second attempt, he found neither rope nor hall, nor warriors nor treasure ; and after much

toil and fear, he found his way back to the trap-door ; but his companion had fled for ever, and he never even heard of him afterwards."

The cavern, like the yew tree on the mountain, has ever since been in a state of *Dygel* (invisibility), and no one from that time has disturbed the enchanted sleep of Owen Lawgoch and his steel-clad warriors.

CWN ANNWN;

OR, THE DOGS OF HELL*.

(From “ *A Relation of Apparitions*,” &c. by the
Rev. Edmund Jones.)

BEFORE the light of the gospel prevailed, there were, in *Caermarthenshire* and elsewhere, often heard before burials, what by some were called

* “ I interrogated Davidd Shone,” says the lady from whose inquiries the compiler has derived so much assistance, “ respecting the various signs he had witnessed preceding death. He seems to be quite experienced in them, and well acquainted with every description; he has himself heard and seen more than most people. He has heard the *Kyhirraeth* (groans) and the *Cŵn Annwn*† (little dogs that howl in the air with a wild sort of lamentation): one of them, he says, fell on a tombstone once, but no one ever found him. He has also heard a little bird called *Aderin y Corff*, which chirps at the door of the person who is to die, and makes a noise that resembles in Welsh the word ‘ come, come.’ Who ever is thus called must attend the summons.”

† The word *Annwn* has been before explained; see page 180.

Cwn Annwn (Dogs of Hell), by others *Cwn bendith eu Mammau* (Dogs of the Fairies), and by some *Cwn-wybir* (Sky-dogs). The nearer they were to man, the less their voice was, like that of small beetles; and the farther, the louder, and sometimes like the voice of a great hound sounding among them, like that of a bloodhound, "a deep, hollow voice."

As Thomas Andrews was coming towards home one night with some persons with him, he heard as he thought the sound of hunting. He was afraid it was some person hunting the sheep, so he hastened on to meet, and hinder them: he heard them coming towards him, though he saw them not. When they came near him, their voices were but small, but increasing as they went from him; they went down the steep towards the river *Ebury*, dividing between this parish and *Mynyddaslwyn*; whereby he knew they were what are called *Cwn-wybir* (Sky-dogs), but in the inward part of Wales *Cwn Annwn* (Dogs of Hell). I have heard say that these spiritual hunting-dogs have been heard to pass by the eves of several houses before the death of some one in the family. Thomas Andrews was an honest, religious man, who would not have told an untruth either for fear or for favour.

One Thomas Phillips, of *Trelech* parish, heard those spiritual dogs, and the great dog sounding among them; and they went in a way which no corpse used to go; at which he wondered, as he knew they used to go only in the way in which the corpse was to go. Not long after, a woman, who came from another parish, that died at *Trelech*, was carried that way to her own parish-church to be buried, in the way in which those spiritual dogs seemed to hunt.

An acquaintance of mine, a man perfectly firm to tell the truth, being out at night, heard a hunting in the air, and as if they overtook something which they hunted after; and being overtaken made a miserable cry among them, and seemed to escape; but overtaken again, made the same dismal cry, and again escaped, and followed after till out of hearing.

Mr. D. W. of *Pembrokeshire*, a religious man, and far from fear or superstition, gave me the following account: That as he was travelling by himself through a field called the *Cot Moor*, where two stones are set up, called the *Devil's Nags*, at some distance from each other, where evil spirits are said to haunt, and trouble passengers; he was thrown over the hedge, and was never well after-

wards. Mr. W. went with a strong, fighting, mastiff dog with him ; but suddenly he saw another mastiff dog coming towards him. He thought to set his own dog at it, but his dog seemed to be much frightened, and would not go near it. Mr. W. then stooped down to take up a stone, thinking to throw at it ; but suddenly there came a fire round it, so that he could perceive it had a white tail, and a white snip down his nose, and saw his teeth grinning at him ; he then knew it was one of the infernal Dogs of Hell ; one of those kind of dogs against which David prayeth in *Psalms* xxii. v, 20. " Deliver my soul from the power of the dog."

As R. A. was going to *Langharn* town one evening on some business, it being late, her mother dissuaded her from going, telling her it was late, and that she would be benighted ; likely she might be terrified by an apparition, which was both seen and heard by many, and by her father among others, at a place called *Pont y Madog*, which was a pit by the side of the lane leading to *Langharn* filled with water, and not quite dry in the summer. However she seemed not to be afraid ; therefore went to *Langharn*. On coming back before night (though it was rather dark) she passed by the place, but not without thinking of the ap-

parition. But being a little beyond this pit, in a field where there was a little rill of water, and just going to pass it, having one foot stretched over it, and looking before her, she saw something like a great dog (one of the Dogs of Hell) coming towards her. Being within four or five yards of her, it stopped, sat down, and set up such a scream, so horrible, so loud, and so strong, that she thought the earth moved under her; with which she fainted and fell down. She did not awake and go to the next house, which was but the length of one field from the place, until about midnight, having one foot wet in the rill of water which she was going to pass when she saw the apparition.

One time, as Thomas Miles Harry was coming home by night from a journey, when near *Tyn y Llwyn*, he saw the resemblance of fire, the west side of the river, on his left hand; and looking towards the mountain near the rock *Tarren y Trwyn* on his left hand, all on a sudden, saw the fire near him on one side, and the appearance of a mastiff dog on the other side, at which he was exceedingly terrified. The appearance of a mastiff dog was a most dreadful sight. He called at *Tyn y Llwyn*, requesting the favour of a person to accompany him home. The man of the house being acquainted with him sent two of his servants with him home.

W. J. was once a Sabbath-breaker at *Risca* village, where he frequently used to play, and visit the ale-houses on the Sabbath day, and there stay till late at night. On returning homeward he heard something walking behind him, and turning to see what it was, he could see the likeness of a man walking by his side; he could not see his face, and was afraid to look much at it, fearing it was an evil spirit, as it really was: therefore he did not wish it good night. This dreadful, dangerous apparition generally walked by the left side of him. It afterwards appeared like a great mastiff dog, which terrified him so much that he knew not where he was. After it had gone about half a mile, it transformed itself into a great fire, as large as a small field, and resembled the noise which a fire makes in burning gorse.

THE CORPSE-CANDLE *.

(From “ *A Relation of Apparitions,*” &c. by the
Rev. Edmund Jones.)

ABOUT the latter end of the sixteenth century, and the beginning of the seventeenth, there lived in the valley of *Ebwy Fawr*, one Walter John

* Called in Welsh *Canwyll gorf*, or *Canwyllau Cyrph*. The corpse-candle denotes the death of the person who is seen carrying it, and varies in the strength of the light according to the sex of the victim; the female *Canwyll gorf* being a pale and delicate blue light. It is seen all over Wales. Mr. Roberts however says, in his *Cambrian Popular Antiquities*, that “ the superstitious notion concerning the corpse-candle is at present almost confined to the diocese of St. David’s, where it is the popular belief, that a short time before the death of a person, a light is seen issuing from the sick-bed, and taking its course to the church-yard along the very track which the funeral is afterwards to pursue.” Both the corpse-candle, and *Aderin y corff*, the corpse-bird (screech owl), may be naturally accounted for; but it is only the business of the compiler to record and illustrate the superstitious belief in them. There is an appearance in Wales called a *Llatrith*, which is similar to the Scotch *Wraith*, and the Irish *Fetch*; that is, a resemblance of any particular person. But in Wales, this does not always denote the death

Harry, belonging to the people called Quakers, a harmless, honest man, and by occupation a farrier, who went to live at *Ty yn y Fid*, in that valley, where one Morgan Lewis, a weaver, had lived before him ; and after his death had appeared to some, and troubled the house. One night, Walter being in bed with his wife, and awake, saw a light come up stairs, and expecting to see the spectre, and being somewhat afraid, though he was naturally a very fearless man, strove to awake his wife by pinching her, but could not awake her ; and seeing the spectre coming with a candle in his hand, and a white woollen cap upon his head, and the dress he always wore, resolved to speak to him, and did, when he came near the bed, and said, “ Morgan Lewis, why dost thou walk this earth ? ” To which the apparition gravely answered, like one in some distress, “ that it was because of some bottoms of wool which he had hid in the wall of the house, which he desired him to take away, and then he would trouble them no more.” And then Walter said, “ I charge thee, Morgan Lewis, in the name of God, that thou trouble my

of the person so seen, as there are many now alive, whose Llatrith has been seen by several in the Vale of Neath, when they were at a great distance from thence, and who are still alive, and in ignorance of the circumstance. This sort of vision never speaks, and vanishes when spoken to.

house no more ;” at which he vanished away, and appeared no more.

A clergyman's son in this county (Monmouth), but now a clergyman himself in England, who, in his younger days, was somewhat vicious, having been at a debauch one night, and coming home late, when the doors were locked and the people in bed, feared to disturb them ; fearing also their chiding and expostulations about his staying so late, went to the servant, who slept in an out-room, as is often the manner in this country. He could not awake the servant, but while he stood over him, he saw a small light come out of the servant's nostrils, which soon became a corpse-candle. He followed it out, until it came to a foot-bridge, which lay over a rivulet of water. It came into the gentleman's head to raise up the end of the foot-bridge from off the bank whereon it lay, to see what it would do. When it came, it seemed to offer to go over, but did not go, as if loth to go because the bridge was displaced. When he saw that, he put the bridge in its place, and stayed to see what the candle would do. It came on the bridge when it was replaced ; but when it came near him, it struck him, as it were with a handkerchief ; but the effect was strong, for he became dead upon the place, not knowing of him-

self a long time before he revived. Such is the power of the spirits of the other world, and it is ill jesting with them. A Sadducee*, and a proud ridiculer of apparitions, in this gentleman's place, now, would have a pure seasoning for his pastime. It is true these gentlemen have not seen the *corpse-candles* of Wales; but they should believe the numerous and ever-continuing witnesses of it, and not foolishly discredit abundant matters of fact, attested by honest, wise men. We have heard of others, who, from an excess of natural courage, or being in liquor, have endeavoured to stop the *corpse-candles*, and have been struck down upon the place, but now none offer it, being deterred by a few former examples related, remembered, and justly believed.

Joshua Coslet, a man of sense and knowledge, told me of several *corpse-candles* he had seen, but one in particular, which he saw in a lane called *Hoel bwch y gwynt* (Wind-gap lane) in Landeilo Fawr parish, where he suddenly met a *corpse-candle*, of a small light when near him, but in-

* By this name Mr. Jones has been pleased uniformly to designate all persons incredulous in the appearance of fairies, Cwn Annwn, (Hell-hounds), and corpse candles. After the perusal of so many detailed accounts, reader! art thou a Sadducee?

creasing as it went farther from him. He could easily perceive that there was some dark shadow passing along with the candle, but he was afraid to look earnestly upon it. Not long after a burying passed that way. He told me, that it is the common opinion, doubtless from some experience of it, that, if a man should wantonly strike it, he should be struck down by it; but if one touches it unawares, he shall pass on unhurt. He also said, that some dark shadow of a man carried the candle, holding it between his three fore-fingers over against his face. This is what some have seen, who had the courage to look earnestly. Others have seen the likeness of a candle carried in a skull. There is nothing unreasonable or unlikely in either of these representations.

One William John, of the parish of Lanboydi, a smith, on going home one night, being somewhat drunk and bold (it seems too bold), saw one of the *corpse-candles*. He went out of his way to meet it, and when he came near it, he saw it was a burying, and the corpse upon the bier, the perfect resemblance of a woman in the neighbourhood, whom he knew, holding the candle between her fore-fingers, who dreadfully grinned at him; and presently he was struck down from his

horse, where he remained awhile, and was ill a long time after, before he recovered. This was before the real burying of the woman: his fault, and therefore his danger, was his coming presumptuously against the candle. This is another sensible proof of the apparition and being of spirits.

The fore-knowledge of those *corpse-candle* spirits, concerning deaths and burials, is wonderful, as the following instance will show. One Rees Thomas, a carpenter, passing through a place called *Rhiw Edwst*, near *Cappel Ewen*, by night, heard a stir coming towards him, walking and speaking; and when they were come to him, he felt as if some person put their hand upon his shoulder, and saying to him “*Rhys bach pa fodd yr y’ch chwi?*” (Dear Rees, how are you?) which surprised him much, for he saw nothing. But a month after, passing that way, he met a burying in that very place, and a woman who was in the company put her hand upon him, and spoke exactly the same words to him that the invisible spirit had spoken to him before; at which he could no less than wonder. This I had from the mouth of Mr. T. I., of Trevach, a godly minister of the gospel.

The following account I had from under the hand of Mr. Morris Griffith, a man truly religious, and a lively preacher of the gospel among the Baptists, which came to pass in Pembrokeshire, as follows. “ When I kept school at *Pont Faen* parish, in Pembrokeshire, as I was coming from a place called *Tredavith*, and was come to the top of the hill, I saw a great light down in the valley ; which I wondered at, for I could not imagine what it meant. But it came to my mind that it was a light before a burying, though I never could believe before that there was such a thing. The light which I saw there was a very red light, and it stood still for about a quarter of an hour, in the way which went towards *Lanferch-llawddog* church. I made haste to the other side of the hill, that I might see it farther, and from thence I saw it go along to the church-yard, where it stood still for a little time, and entered into the church. I stood still, waiting to see it come out, and it was not long before it came out, and went to a certain part of the church-yard, where it stood a little time, and then vanished out of my sight. A few days afterwards, being in school with the children, about noon, I heard a great noise over head, as if the top of the house was coming down. I went to see the garret, and there was nothing amiss. A few days afterward,

Mr. Higgon of *Pont Faen's* son died. When the carpenter came to fetch the boards to make the coffin, which were in the garret, he made exactly such a stir in handling the boards in the garret as was made before by some spirit, who foreknew the death that was to come to pass. In carrying the body to the grave, the burying stood where the light stood for about a quarter of an hour, because there was some water cross the way, and the people could not go over it without wetting their feet; therefore they were obliged to wait till those that had boots helped them over. The child was buried in that very spot of ground in the church-yard where I saw the light stop after it came out of the church. This is what I can boldly testify, having seen and heard what I relate; a thing which before I could not believe.

MORRIS GRIFFITH."

Some have been so hardy as to lie down by the way-side where the corpse-candle passed, that they may see what passed; for they were not hurted who did not stand in the way. Some have seen the resemblance of a skull carrying the candle; others the shape of the person that is to die carrying the candle between its forefingers, holding the light before its face. Some have said that they saw the shape of those who were to be at

the burying. I am willing to suspend my belief of this, as seeming to be extravagant, though their foreboding knowledge of mortality appears to be very wonderful and undeniable.

STORY OF POLLY SHONE RHYS SHONE.

From the oral relation of David Shone.

“I LIVED as a servant in a farm-house in *Ystrad-fellta*, where a young woman, named Polly Shone Rhys Shone, was in the habit of coming to sew. She was employed in the neighbourhood as a sempstress. Well, it happened that I was coming home one night with William Watkin, a fellow-servant, and we perceived a light coming to meet us, which we soon discovered to be a corpse-candle. I cautioned my companion not to stand in its way (knowing the danger of such temerity), but, said I, ‘follow my instructions; station yourself here with me;’ and we placed ourselves upon a bridge over a brook, through which the road passed, and we lay down and turned our faces towards the water, and there we clearly saw the reflection of

Polly Shone Rhys Shone, bearing the corpse-candle upon the ring-finger of her right hand, and the other hand over the light, as if to protect it from the wind. We remained motionless in this position until the reflection vanished, and then we walked home sad and sorrowful; although we could not believe that it was Polly; for what should she do in that church-yard? that was not her burying-place*. But, however, sad thoughts we had, although we said nothing on our return, though repeatedly questioned why we looked so mournful. In a week after we heard that poor Polly had been suddenly taken off, and her corpse passed that very road, to be buried in that same church-yard."

* The Welsh, like the Irish, are singularly attached to the burial-place of their family, and adhere to the spot where their forefathers were laid with an extraordinary tenacity. A labourer will request to be carried to the grave of his ancestors, though his death-bed may be fifty miles distant. Every Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas the relatives of the departed are busy white-washing the head and foot-stones, and planting flowers on the graves: they also listen at the church-door in the dark, when they sometimes fancy they hear the names called over in church of those who are destined shortly to join their lost relatives in the tomb.

THE KYHIRRAETH.

(From "*A Relation of Apparitions,*" &c. by the
Rev. Edmund Jones.)

"I AM now," says the reverend author, "going to give you an account of the *Kyhirraeth*, a doleful foreboding noise before death.

"D. P., of Lan y byther parish, a sober, sensible man, and careful to tell the truth, informed me, that, in the beginning of the night, his wife and maid-servant being in the house together, which was by the way-side, they heard the doleful voice of the *Kyhirraeth*; and when it came over-against the window, it pronounced these strange words, of no signification that we know of, *woolach, woolach*; and some time after a burying passed that way. I confess a word of this sound, especially the latter part of this last syllable, sounding in Welsh like the twenty-third letter of the Greek alphabet, at least as they pronounced it formerly in the schools, pronounced by a spirit of the night, near at hand, with a disagreeable, horrid-sounding voice, was very terrible and impressive upon the mind and memory. The judicious Joshua

Coslet, who lived on that side of the river Towy, which runs through the middle of Caermarthen-shire, where the Kyhirraeth is often heard, gave me the following remarkable account of it.

“That it is a doleful, disagreeable sound, heard before the deaths of many, and most apt to be heard before foul weather. The voice resembles the groaning of sick persons who are to die, heard at first at a distance, then comes nearer, and the last near at hand ; so that it is a threefold warning of death, the king of terrors. It begins strong, and louder than a sick man can make ; the second cry is lower, but not less doleful, but rather more so ; the third yet lower, and soft, like the groaning of a sick man almost spent and dying ; so that a person well remembering the voice, and coming to the sick man’s bed who is to die, shall hear his groans exactly alike ; which is an amazing evidence of the spirit’s foreknowledge.

“ Sometimes when it cries very loud it bears a resemblance of one crying who is troubled with a stitch. If it meets any hindrance in the way, it seems to groan louder. It is, or hath been, very common in the three commots of *Ynis-Cenin*. A commot is a portion of ground less than a canttref, or a hundred : for three commots make up the hundred of *Ynis-Cenin*, which extends from the sea as far as *Landilo Fawr*, containing twelve

parishes, viz. *Landilo Fawr, Bettws, Lanedi, Lannon, Cydweli, Langenich, Penfre, Lanarthney, Langyndeirn, &c.*, which lie on the south-east side of the river *Towy*, where sometime past it cried and groaned before the death of every person, as my informant thought, who lived that side of the county. It sounded before the death of persons who were born in these parishes, and died elsewhere. Sometimes the voice is heard long before death; yet three quarters of a year is the longest time beforehand. But it must be a common thing indeed, as it came to be a common thing for people to say, by way of reproach to a person making a disagreeable noise, *Oh'r Kyhirraeth*; and sometimes to children crying and groaning unreasonable.

“Walter Watkins, of Neuath, in the parish of Landdetty, in the county of Brecon, being at school at Caermarthen, and as he and some other scholars who lodged in the same house with him were playing ball by the house late in the evening, heard the dismal, mournful noise of the *Kyhirraeth* very near them, but could see nothing, which was very shocking to hear. Though these sort of men are incredulous enough, yet they were soon persuaded that it was the voice of neither man nor beast, but of some spirit; which made them leave

their play and run into the house. Not long after, a man who lived near the house died. This kind of noise is always heard before some person's death.

“ The woman of the house where these scholars lodged related to them many such accounts, which they heard with contempt and ridicule, believing nothing of what she said. One morning they asked her sportingly what she had heard or seen of a spirit that night? She readily answered, that she heard a spirit come to the door, and passing by her while she sat by the fire, it seemed to walk into a room where a sick man was; and after some time she heard it coming back, and as if it fell down in a faint, and was raised up again. Soon after, the sick man rose up, thinking he was able to walk, came into the room where the woman heard the fall, and fell down dead in that very part of the room where the spirit made the same kind of stir which his fall made, and was made by those that raised him up.

“ In *Montgomeryshire*. Edward Lloyd, in the parish of Langyrig, being very ill, those that were with him heard the voice of some person very near them; they looked about the house, but could see no person: the voice seemed to be in the room where they were. Soon after, they heard these

words, by something unseen, *Y mae Nenbren y Ty yn craccio* (The uppermost beam of the house cracketh); soon after, *Fe dorr yn y man* (It will presently break); then they heard the same voice say, *Dyna fy yn torri* (There, it breaks!) He died that moment, which much affected the company.

“ A woman in *Caermarthen* town protested to Mr. Charles Winter, of the parish of *Bedwellty* (who was then at the academy, and since became a preacher of the gospel), that she heard like the sound of a company, as it were a burying, coming up from a river; and presently, as it were, the sound of a cart, coming another way to meet the company; and the cart seemed to stop while the company went by, and then went on. Soon after a dead corpse was brought from the river from one of the vessels, and a cart met the burying, and stopped till the company went by, exactly as the woman heard. Mr. W. was no man to tell an untruth; and the woman had no self-interest to serve by telling an untruth. The wonder is, how these spirits can so particularly foreshow things to come. Either their knowledge of future things near at hand must be very great, or they must have a great influence to accomplish things as foreshown. Be it either way, the thing is wonderful, of the very minute and particular knowledge of these spirits in the manner of deaths and burials.”

(From Roberts's *Cambrian Popular Antiquities*.)

“In South Wales another appearance is generally affirmed to take place before the death of some noted person, viz. a coffin and burial train are seen to go from the neighbourhood of the house in the dead of night towards the church-yard. Sometimes a hearse and mourning coaches form the cavalcade, and move in gloomy silence in such a direction : not a footstep is heard as they proceed along the public roads, and even through the towns; and the terrors of the few who happen to see them are spread over the whole neighbourhood. Of these appearances the causes are probably artificial; and Lear's idea of *shoeing a troop of horse with felt* may be in these instances more than imaginary.”



ADDITIONAL NOTES

ON

THE IRISH LEGENDS IN THE FIRST VOLUME.

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

The Legend of Knocksheogowna.

THIS legend resembles the German one of the boy who does not know what terror is, and whom no apparitions can frighten, less in the fable than in the character. Vide Hausmärchen, No. 4, and the notes on it.

The Legend of Knockgraston

Belongs to that class of tales in which it is represented that the spirits give good fortune only to the good, and that the same favour, when asked by the wicked, turns out to his detriment. See the notes to the third volume of Hausmärchen, p. 155.

The Young Piper.

The little bagpiper is *Hans mein Igel* of the German Tales (p. 108), who likewise asks his father for a bagpipe, on which he plays with much skill. There is a still more striking coincidence with German stories of changelings (vide our Col-

lection, i. Nos. 81 and 82), who, when they come near the water, or on a bridge, jump in, and play as merrily as in their own element; while at the same moment the true child is found strong and healthy by its mother in the cradle.

One of the oldest legends of the changeling is that in the Low German poem of Zeno (Bruns Sammlung, p. 26). The devil carries off the unbaptised child, and places himself in its cradle; but is so greedy in his demands on the mother's milk that she cannot satisfy him. Nurses are hired; but as they, too, are unable to appease the insatiable changeling, cows are brought for his nourishment. The parents are obliged to expend their whole fortune in feeding the false child.

What the poets, in a Christian point of view, ascribe to the devil, the people in their songs and tales attribute to fairies and dwarfs. The North abounds in stories of such changes (*um-skiptingar*), to which new-born, unbaptised children are exposed. See the Collection of Faroe Songs, p. 294.

The Brewery of Egg-shells.

A German tradition (Tales, iii. 39.), which is obviously the same, is superior to it in the pretty trait, that the mother recovers her own child as soon as she succeeds in making the changeling laugh. The mother breaks an egg, and in the two shells puts water on the fire to boil; upon this the changeling cries out, "I am as old as the Westerwald, and never yet saw any one boil water in an egg-shell!" bursts out into a laugh; and the same moment the real child is restored. It is also related in Denmark. Vide Thiele, i. 47.

The Legend of Bottle Hill.

The German tale of "*Table Cover-thyself*" (Hausmärchen, No. 36.) agrees with this in the main; and in the note on it the corresponding Italian story is also quoted.

Fairies, or no Fairies.

People who believe in fairies will account for the apparition, by supposing that the spirits which would not show themselves to the young people had transformed themselves into mushrooms, beneath which they are very fond of reposing ; and it is not the object of the tale to turn the belief in them into ridicule. Hence the title, in the original, *Fairies or no Fairies* ; for which we have substituted another.

The Haunted Cellar.

In German Traditions, i. 93, a farmer, quite tired of the kobold, determines to burn down the barn in which he has taken up his abode. He first removes from it all the straw, and on taking out the last load, after having closed it carefully, he sets fire to it himself. When it is all in flames, happening to turn round, he sees the kobold, who is sitting on the cart, and who calls out to him, “ It was high time for us to come out.”

Master and Man.

Sir Walter Scott, in the second volume of *Border Minstrelsy*, p. 177, relates the same story, with the remark, that it occurred in the sixteenth century ; that the man, while walking in the field, was suddenly carried off, hearing the noise of a whirlwind, and these words : (*Horse and Hattock*).

There is a similar tradition related in a letter written on the 15th of March, 1695, and printed in *Aubrey's Miscellanies*, p. 158 ; and which is likewise communicated by Sir Walter Scott, p. 178, 179.

Some schoolboys at Forres were spinning their tops in the church-yard, when, though the air was calm, they heard the noise of a wind, and saw a light dust arise in an eddy, at some distance. It came nearer, and the boys crossed themselves ;

but one of them, more undaunted than the rest, cried out, "Horse and Hattock with my top!" The top was instantly lifted up and carried off, but whither they could not tell, on account of a cloud of dust; but they afterwards found it in the church-yard, on the other side of the church.

The Spirit Horse.

In Scotland, the light which entices the wanderer from the road into marshes and precipices is called Spunkie.—See Stewart, 161, 162.

Daniel O'Rourke.

The man in the moon is a popular superstition, which perhaps even now is spread over the whole of Europe; but which prevailed in the middle ages, and is probably founded on still more ancient heathen notions. In the spots on the moon's disk, the vulgar recognize the figure of a man with a bundle of thorns on his back, and an axe in his hand. Among the people in Germany, he is the man who hewed wood on a Sunday; and, as a punishment for the profanation of the Sabbath, is doomed to freeze in the cold moon.—See Hebel's song in the Alemannic poems. It seems to have a reference to a passage in the Bible (Numbers xv. 32, 36.) The Italians of the thirteenth century imagined the man in the moon to be Cain, who is going to sacrifice to God thorns; the most wretched productions of the ground.—(See Dante, *Inferno*, xx. 124; *Paradiso*, ii. 50. (Caino e li Spine), and the commentators.) A rather difficult old English song of the fourteenth century is among Ritson's ancient songs, London, 1790, p. 35, 37. The man in the moon is represented cold and fatigued, with a pitchfork and thorns, which have torn his dress. He formerly dwelt on earth, cut wood where he had no right, and the bailiff seized his coat. Shakspeare's

allusions are more familiar (*Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Tempest*, ii. 2.) An English nursery tale says:—

“ The man in the moon
Came down too soon,
To ask his way to Norwich.”

The Crookened Back.

Similar games in Germany. V. Hausmarchen, ii. xxiii.

For similar customs on May-day, and the beginning of Spring, disseminated throughout Europe, see Hausmärchen, Introduction to second volume, p. 30.

The pernicious breath of the fairies is called *alv-gust* (see Hallagar under this word). In Norway and in Iceland, a certain kind of boil is called *álfa bruni*.

Fior Usga.

Waldron has a legend of the Isle of Man, according to which a diver came to a town under the sea, the magnificence of which he cannot sufficiently extol, and where the floors of the rooms are composed of precious stones.

There are also in Germany and other countries traditions enough of lakes, which occupy the sites of former cities and castles; see German Tales, No. 131.

The Legend of Lough Gur.

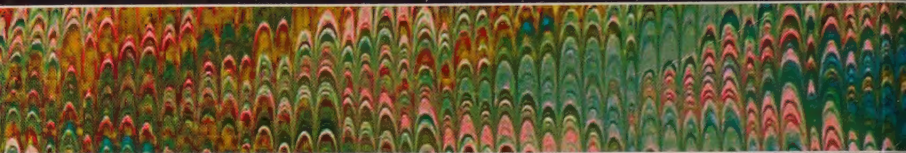
This tale is connected with the Scotch and Irish legends of the Elf-bull, respecting which see our Essay.

The Enchanted Lake.

However different in external form, this tale is, in fact, very nearly coincident with the German one of Dame Holle (*Hausmärchen*, 24). It is a singular circumstance, that the

woman under the lake has large teeth, like Dame Holle, beneath the water. It is also remarkable, that as they say in Hesse when it snows, "Dame Holle is making her bed, the feathers are flying;" the Irish children cry, with a similar notion, "The Scotchmen are plucking their geese."





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Thomas Crofton Croker was an Irish antiquary born at Cork in 1798. He helped establish the Cork Scientific Society and at various times edited *The Keepsake*, *Fraser's Magazine* and *Gentlemen's Magazine*. His true devotion was documenting and studying the poetry and folk literature of his native land.

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